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SEPTEMBER 18, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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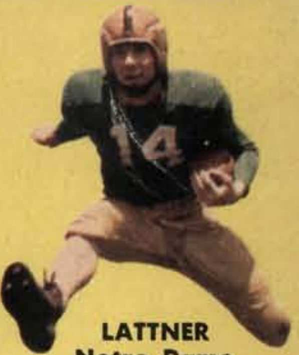
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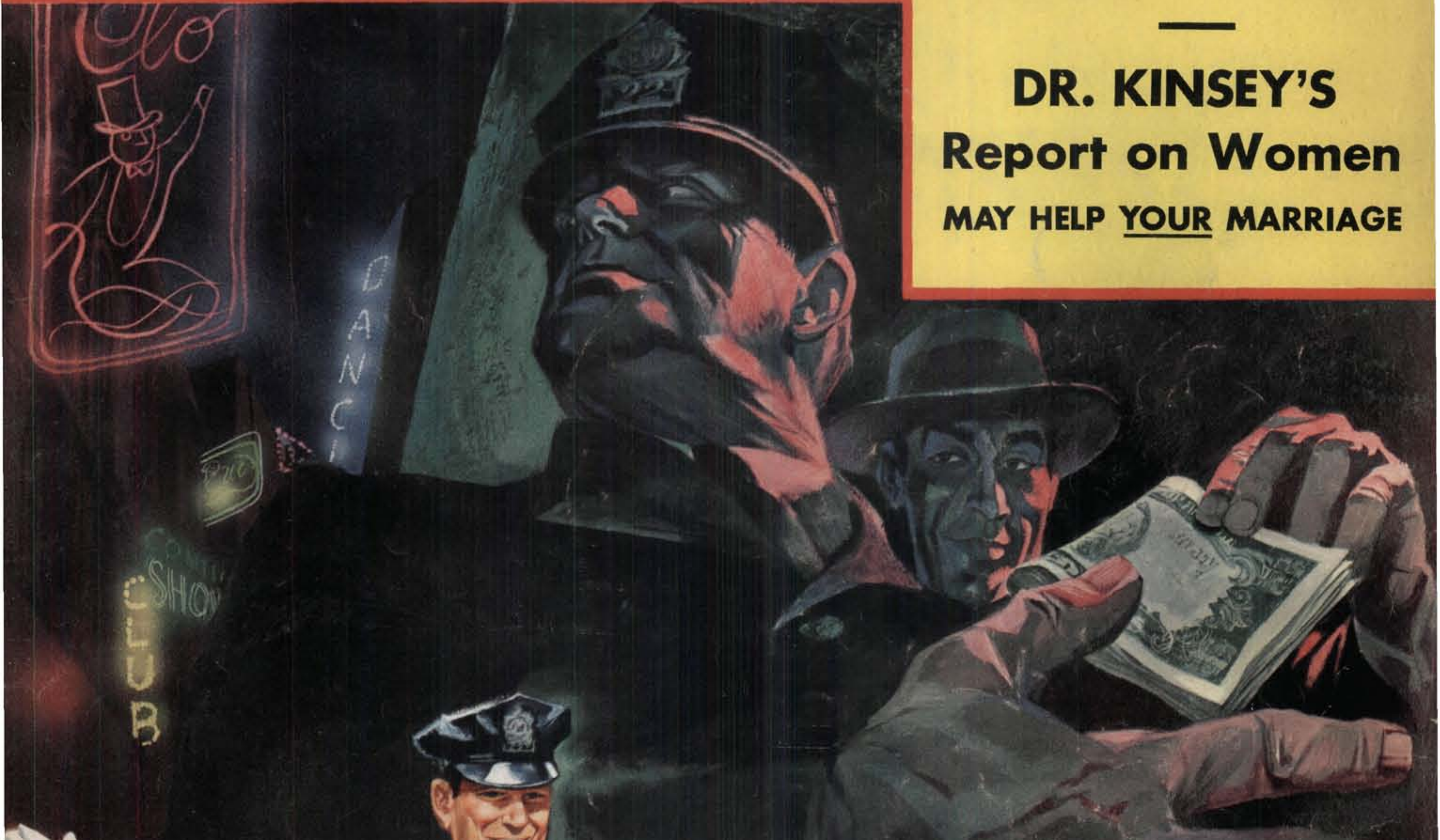
DANC
SHOW
CLUB

THE PLIGHT OF THE HONEST COP

What Have His Crooked Colleagues Done to

I MARY A BECK
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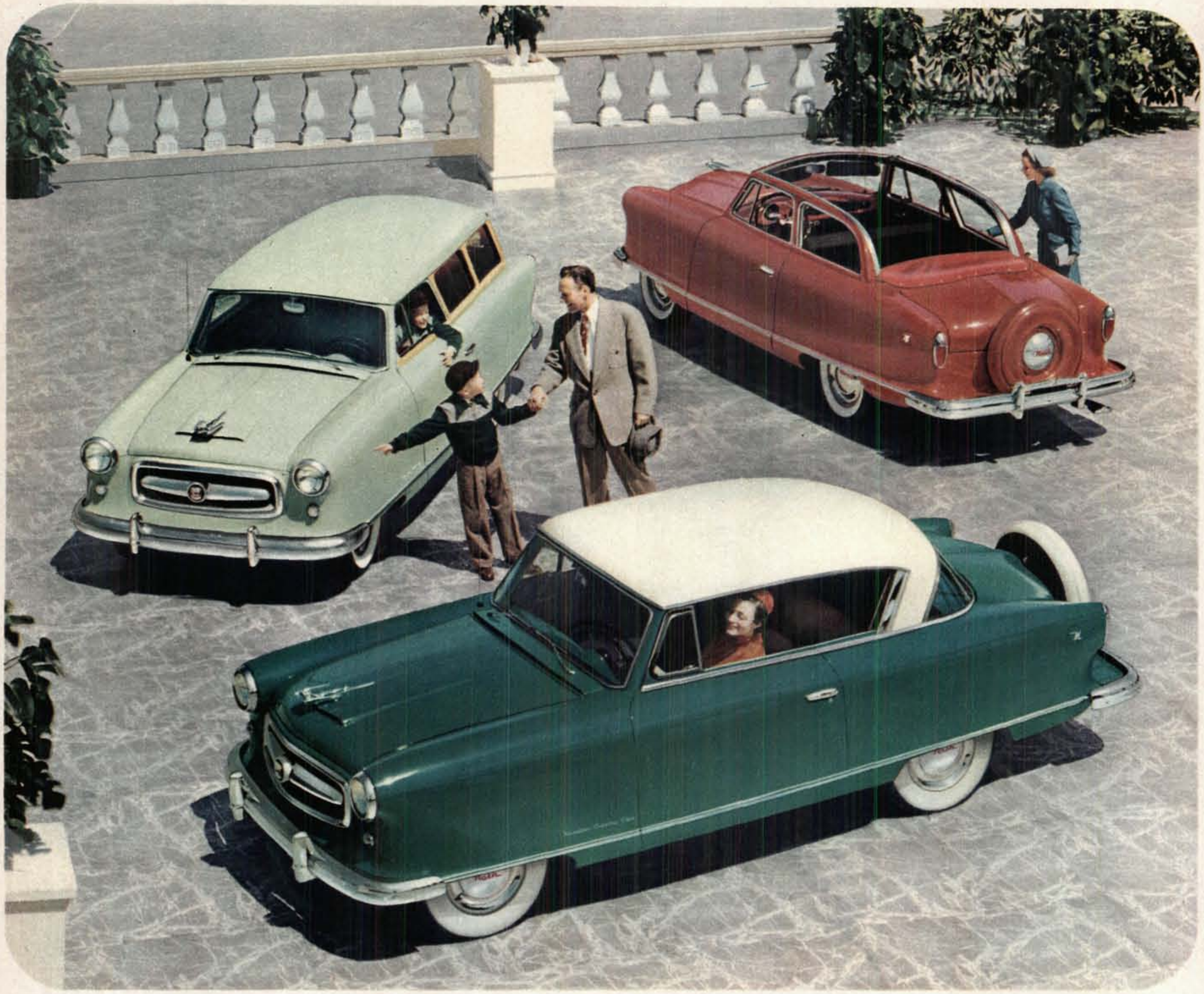

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Want the world's most distinguished styling—by famed Pinin Farina? Want the finest of custom interiors from Madame Hélène Rother of Paris? Want the most luxurious car built specially for today's traffic?

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Yes, come see all three and make your happy choice. Drive a Rambler . . . and you'll know why it's growing so fast in popularity! At your Nash dealer's now.

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TRADE-MARK

Picture
OF THE MONTH

This column is going to be a RAVE about the new M-G-M picture, "Mogambo."

When M-G-M sent a huge safari into darkest Africa to film "King Solomon's Mines" it was thought that nothing could ever equal it. M-G-M now even surpasses itself in this fabulous new adventure spectacle filmed in remote danger spots of the Dark Continent.

If anything, this lusty and lavish Technicolor safari into the terrifying Congo is even more authentically spectacular than its distinguished predecessor.

And what a love team "Mogambo" has to steam the jungle itself! Clark Gable is seen as Vic Marsdon, professional big-game (and beautiful-dame) hunter. His business is trapping wild animals for zoos and circuses, and his hobby is taming wild women for himself. And Ava Gardner appears to smoldering advantage as "Honey Bear" Kelly, a stranded playgirl who is a casual conquest for Vic.

But, later, in the shy but tantalizing Linda, Vic thinks he sees the woman he has been waiting to love all his life. Grace Kelly (of "High Noon") plays Linda, who is the wife of the British scientist Vic has agreed to lead into Gorilla Country. With this love-storm seething, the safari is in for excitement. The two women fight for the bronzed, handsome hunter like sleek jungle cats! And you're there with them in the fierce tropic maze as the feud comes to its fateful climax.

You're there when thousands of spear-brandishing bushmen attack the caravan canoes... You're there when rhinos charge the party. You're there for the nerve-racking Ceremony of Courage... for leaping impala and slithering crocodiles! You're there when weird Wagenia tribesmen dance the barbaric blood-ballet. You're there to hear the pulse-beat and see the dark savage heart of the earth's most ferocious and fascinating land. And you'll be there to see a spectacle of terror and ferocity, "The Battle of the Gorillas", that exceeds the famed animal stampede scene from "King Solomon's Mines."

And we're here to offer grateful congratulations to Producer Sam Zimbalist for topping the thrills we thought so topless in his "King Solomon's Mines"! The question will be asked many times: "What does Mogambo mean?" The answer is: "Mogambo means the greatest".

* * *

M-G-M presents MOGAMBO starring CLARK GABLE and AVA GARDNER with Grace Kelly. Color by Technicolor. Screen play by John Lee Mahin. Based upon a play by Wilson Collison. Directed by John Ford. Produced by Sam Zimbalist.

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 18, 1953

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THE COVER . . . . Frederick Siebel

There are many thousands of conscientious, honest American policemen of whom their home cities can be justly proud. But lurking in the background is a corrupt minority whose alliance with organized crime too often has led to condemnation of even blameless cops. To find out how good—or how bad—our police departments really are, Collier's assigned Albert Deutsch to make a 48-state survey. He begins his report on page 23 of this issue.

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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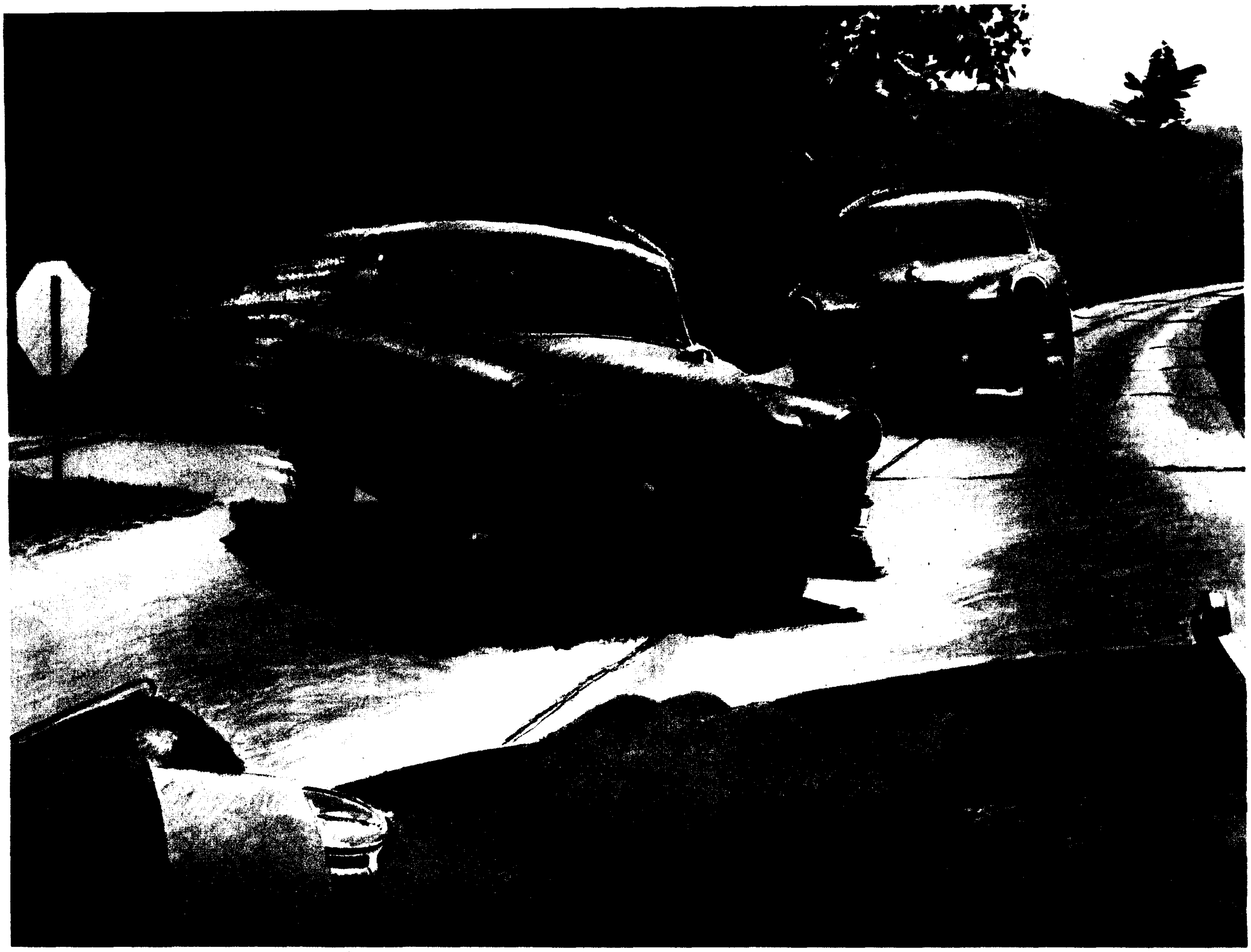

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At the telephone, the telephone book nearby, the overhead light, the electric fan... at the booth itself from which the wires run that connect you to millions of other telephones.

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SOME THINGS we *manufacture* ourselves—the rest we *buy* from other manufacturers. Our test is: which way can we assure the Bell telephone companies of *highest quality at lowest cost?* On telephones, switchboards, cable, electronic apparatus, and so on, we can best meet this test in our own factories—so we *make* them. But fans, office equipment, tools and a host of other things can best be made by others who specialize in their production—so we *buy* them.

THAT'S HOW WE FIT into the Bell System. We do our job well—and that's one reason why telephone service has gone up *so much less* in price than most other things you buy.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Two kinds of electricity...

Do you know the difference?

They seem very much alike. They do the same things. They are produced in the same ways.

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There are big differences between them—differences that directly or indirectly affect you and your family. Here's what they boil down to...

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• Its rates are strictly regulated by people chosen to represent *you.*	• Its rates are exempt from normal regulation.
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*Names on request from this magazine

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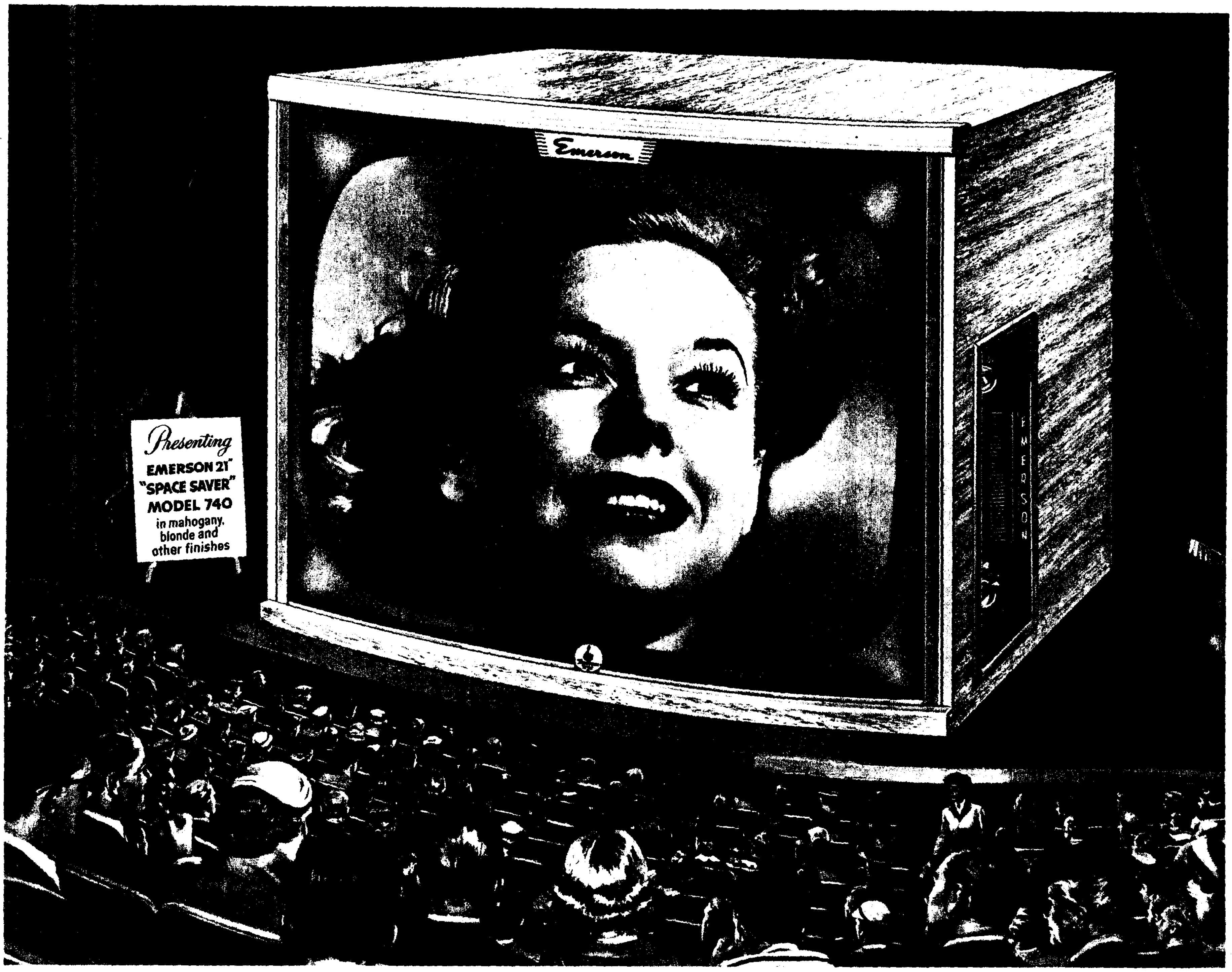

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...you'll think you're at the movies!

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Big movie-perfect 21" picture in the most *space-saving* cabinet ever designed!

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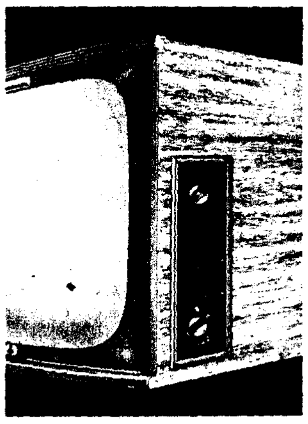
The controls are on the side; the front is all screen. It's a revolutionary advance in television engineering ... and it's exclusive with Emerson!



Switch on this Emerson, then hold tight to your chair. You'll think you're in a big movie theater!

NO FADING, NO SHADOWS, NO "SNOW"! Emerson's exclusive Dynapower Chassis blocks out interference. *And it's so powerful,* it pulls in this clear, sharp picture whether you live in a city apartment or miles from a TV station.

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THE SOUND IS MOVIE-PERFECT! Emerson's Miracle Tone Speaker brings you perfect sound. Whispers are clear; loud sounds *don't* boom.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Albert Deutsch

DURING his rounds in police circles, digging material for The Plight of the Honest Cop (page 23), Albert Deutsch picked up a few samples of regional slang you may not have heard. A policeman who accepts graft, he notes, is "on the take"; a bribe seeker is "rooting"; an influential sponsor who speeds someone's advancement through the police ranks is called "a clout"; and a poor detective is one who "can't find cheese in Wisconsin." Add information: Mr. Deutsch, stimulated by close friends in the law-enforcement field, has investigated the important social problem of juvenile delinquency, and what he found out is encased in his latest book, Our Rejected Children (Little, Brown and Company, Boston).

★ ★ ★

Associate Editor Jerome Beatty, Jr., who guided Bert Bacharach's newest sartorial session through the normal maze of magazine production, reveals an accompanying secret typifying the conscientiousness of some teen-agers in money matters. After quite a spate of correspondence with Northwestern University, our Mr. Beatty found this month's college freshman, Thomas Buskirk, on a fruit farm near Paw Paw, Michigan, had him flown to Manhattan, outfitted by Bert and photographed by Sharland. End of Act I.

Act II. After a breathless first tour of the Big City, the boy was handed, suitably suitcased, all the posed-in Back-to-School clothes and a plane ticket to Chicago, in the vicinity of which the campus photograph was eventually taken. But at La Guardia Field, Buskirk was told that the suitcase was overweight. Thoughtfully endeavoring to save Collier's a nominal excess-baggage charge, Tom had the bagful of photographically essential clothing shipped by rail to Paw Paw. Advised of this hitch in the shooting schedule, Beatty hurriedly wired photographer Sharland to duplicate the duds in the Windy City. Here, therefore, is the so-called secret: the sweater, shirt and slacks you see on page 77 aren't the same as those depicted on page 78. End of deception.

★ ★ ★

Some neat notes from fellow staffer Bill Davidson anent his page 112 article: "Dr. Emily Hartshorne Mudd, one of the nation's top-ranking career women, leads a normal home life not generally associated with career women. At least it's *almost* normal. Dr. Mudd does admit she gets to see her husband, four children and two grandchildren all together only once a year—at the Mudd summer camp in New Hampshire.

"Her husband, Dr. Stuart Mudd, a distinguished professor on the University of Pennsylvania Medical School faculty, is also U.S. representative of a United Nations scientific affiliate, which means he's always bouncing off to Brazil or Europe.

"The children include a daughter with a master's degree in public-health nursing, another doing graduate work in anthropology at the University of Chicago, a son serving as a Massachusetts General Hospital intern and a fourteen-year-old who has already decided he's going to be a psychiatrist. All in all, a pretty erudite bunch."

★ ★ ★

James J. Haggerty, Jr., adds this footnote to his page 56 jet-truck piece. "Normally, I weigh about 250 pounds," he admits in writing, "but on my 10-hour night ride in Mr. Kelly's turbine truck from Seattle to Yakima I lost six pounds. The Boeing engine is virtually vibrationless but the vehicle isn't. So my advice to those who worry about adipose tissue is to drive a 76,000-pound truck 300-odd miles up hill and down dale, constantly braking and accelerating. The massaging action is inhuman but effective."

★ ★ ★

The prize present at art director Bill Chessman's recent Jack Benny (39th) birthday was a 9½-inch-high papier mâché likeness (see below) created by Mrs. William Reed, a Westchester (New York) County neighbor. Part of the party at the Chessman residence was a natal-night jam session by a schmaltzy combo comprising illustrator Bud Hawes and editorial writer James Thrasher (dual piano), Chessman and illustrator John Pike (guitars), this column's conductor (drums) and page 98 cartoonist Dave Huffine (bass). The latter instrument is a weirdy made of a metal washtub, a harp string and a broom handle.

Practicable directions for manufacturing this gizmo will be mailed upon request. Send no cash; simply pay the postman nothing.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

Art director Chessman in papier mâché and in the flash (inset)

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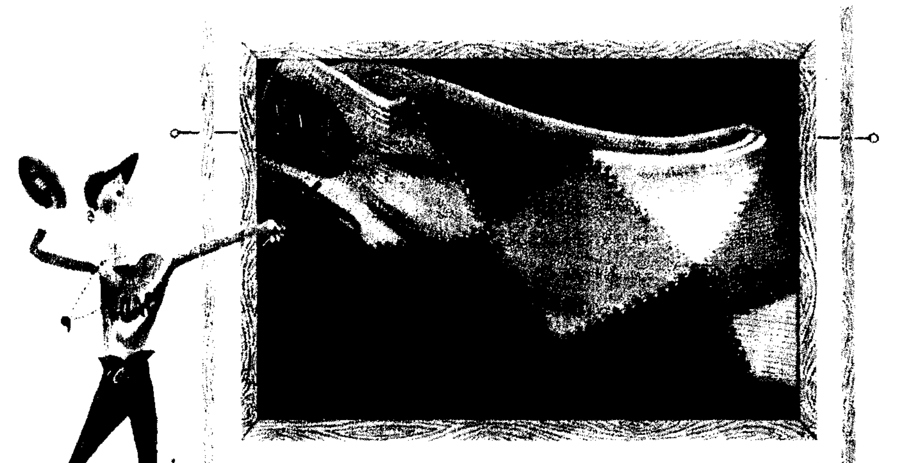

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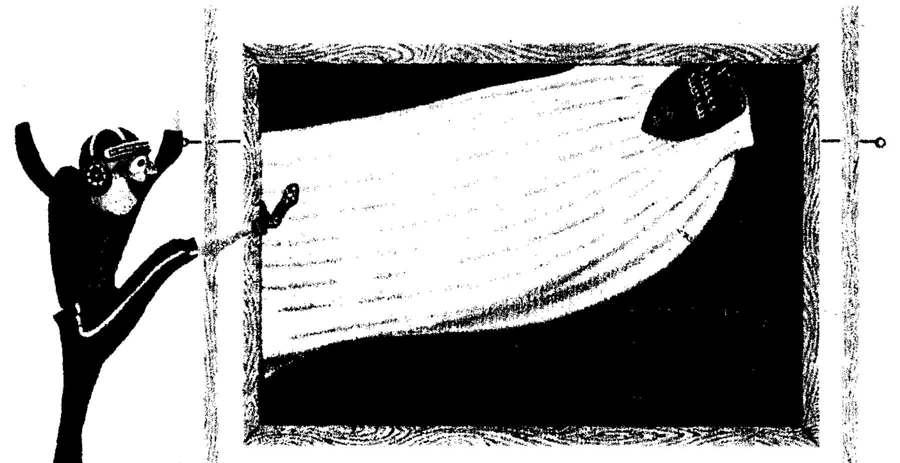

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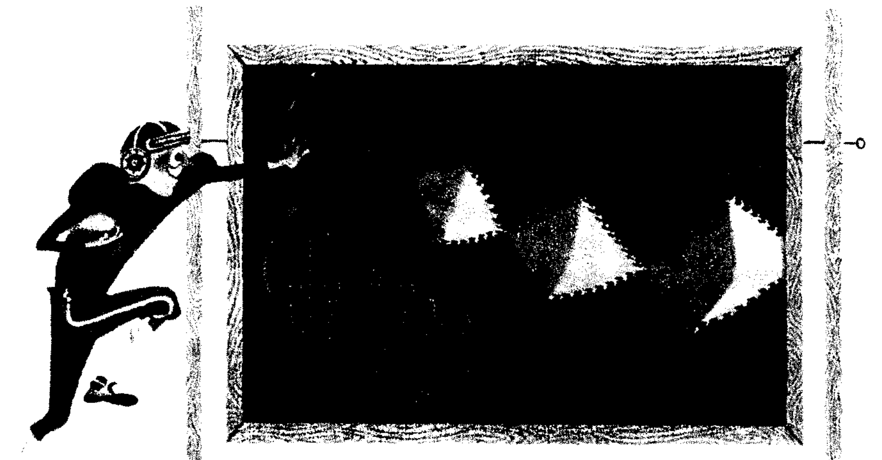

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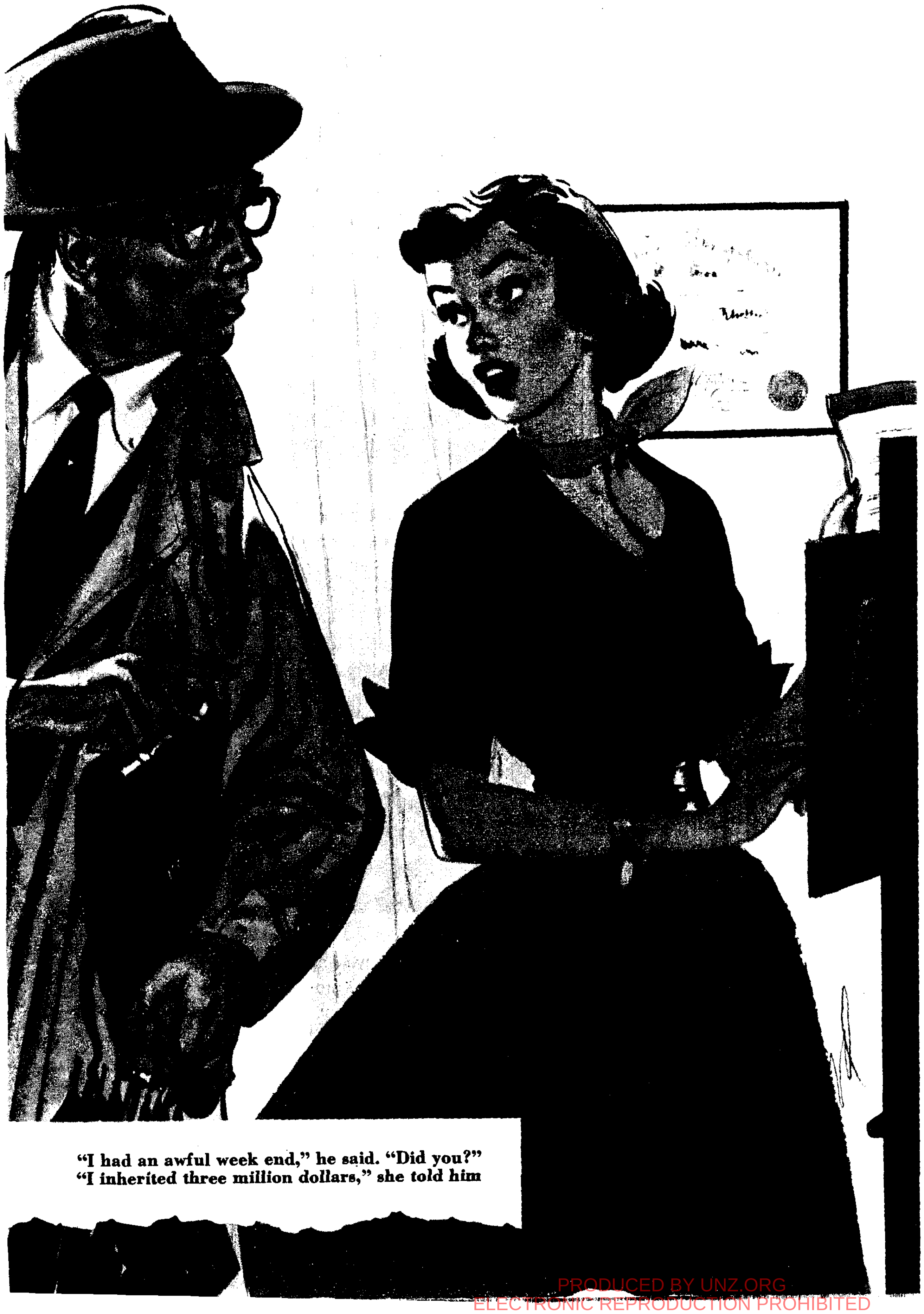
COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

The Wonderful World OF WOMEN

By EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN



"I had an awful week end," he said. "Did you?" "I inherited three million dollars," she told him

IT WAS Monday morning and it was raining—it was the start of a bad day. At breakfast his wife had mentioned some stone marten furs she wanted. He had said no. His wife had frowned. It had rained all week end. It looked as if it were going to rain all week.

"Good morning," his secretary said. "Did you have a nice week end?"

"I had an awful week end," he said. "You?"

"I inherited three million dollars," she said.

"Very funny," he said. "You ought to write poetry. Such a dreamer."

"In stocks and bonds mostly," she said. "Only about five hundred thousand in cash."

He started into his office.

"It was my grandmother," she said. "She kept it hidden in barrels and things. I was named Norah after her mother, so she left the three million dollars to me."

"Now, wait a minute," he said. "Wait. Three *million* dollars?"

"That's right," she said. "Five hundred thousand in cash and—"

"The rest in stocks and bonds," he said. He went into the office.

At eleven thirty he called her for dictation. "Mr. Bushnell," she said, "this wouldn't, I mean—it won't make you feel differently about my raise—"

"Raise?" he said. "What do you want a raise for? *Raise?*"

"Well," she said, "you said that on the fifteenth you could give me five dollars a week more. You said my work was satisfactory—"

"My dear girl," he said, "your work *is* satisfactory. But you are an heiress. What do you want to work for?"

She frowned. "Oh, I've got to," she said. "While Joe's in college. We never could have got married if I didn't." She sighed. "The five dollars a week would pay for gas for the car. If we always knew we had gas for the car, we could go to Jones Beach every week end. It's almost cheaper than staying home, if you always know you have gas. We sort of planned it."

"Mrs. Jenkins," he said, "you can buy a custom-built convertible. Buy two and have a spare. Move to Southampton, to Newport. You do *not* need five dollars!"

Tears came into her eyes. "We wouldn't know anybody," she said. "Everybody we know is at Jones Beach. Nobody is at Southampton or Newport. We'd have to meet all new people." She stood up. "Besides," she said, "three million dollars isn't money. Five dollars a week is, but three million dollars just isn't."

At dinner that evening his wife mentioned the stone martens. They'd be so nice with her beige lace, she said, for Coco's wedding, and for his college reunion in June.

His wife had brown hair with gold glints in it and eyes the same color. She had the kind of face he loved and eyebrows he loved and a smile, when she smiled, that he loved.

He frowned at her. "*You* should have three million dollars," he said. "You're the three-million-dollar type." He told her about Norah Jenkins. "Three million dollars and she wants a five-dollar-a-week raise," he said.

"Well, why wouldn't she want one?" his wife said. "You can't count the three million dollars, you know. That isn't the same." . . .

"How is it going?" he asked Norah Jenkins the next morning. She looked at him forlornly. Her eyes were red-rimmed; she had no powder on her nose. She always used to look so pretty in the mornings. She had a cap of dark hair, a small glowing face and big blue eyes. Now she sighed. "Worse," she said. "Much worse. My whole life is getting ruined."

He looked at her bowed head. "How?" he said.

"Joe," she said. "Joe says how can he be married to me and work part time and make thirty-five dollars a week when I've got three million dollars? He says he can't."

"Oh, come now," he said. "Joe just has to get used to it, that's all!"

She shook her head. "He won't," she said. "He

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER!
Cleaner,
Fresher,
Smoother!
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES

FINE TOBACCO IN A BETTER-MADE CIGARETTE

Nothing—no, nothing—beats better taste!

Never before have so many smokers been bombarded with so many reasons for smoking so many brands of cigarettes!

But actually, there's only one good reason for smoking a cigarette—*enjoyment*. And you get enjoyment from only one thing—the *taste* of a cigarette.

Luckies taste better . . . for two reasons. They're made of fine tobacco—fine, light, mild tobacco—and they're *made* better. It's as simple as that.

So, for the better taste—the cleaner, fresher, smoother taste—that only fine tobacco in a better-made cigarette can give you . . .

Be Happy-GO LUCKY!

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Florsheim Shoes

in the Newest of Fine Leathers . . .

BOOK BINDERY CALF

The Kenmoor, *S-1441;
tan calf U-wing blucher with
storm welt; brown, S-1440,* **$20.95**

The new look in fine shoes, aniline dyed calf! Premium calfskin, tanned without stretching to preserve the natural grain, and finished with a transparency that permits looking right into this "heart-of-the-hide" tannage.

Other Florsheim Styles $17.95 *and higher*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

says even if he finished college, it still wouldn't be any good. He'll never make three million dollars. Nobody *makes* three million dollars, Joe says."

"I'll talk to Joe," he said. "Tell him I'm your lawyer."

"Do you want to talk to my mother, too?" she said. "My mother says how can she keep on renting us the second-floor apartment for forty dollars a month? What will she tell my Aunt Mabel? My Aunt Mabel has wanted it for ages. Either we'll have to start paying seventy-five dollars a month or let my Aunt Mabel in, or else Aunt Mabel will never speak to my mother again." She sighed. "We won't even have a home," she said. "Of course *you* can't understand what that's like."

He went into his office. He slammed the door.

FOR the next three days the tension in the office was unbearable. His secretary never raised her head from the typewriter. He wished she would sing, the way she used to do, or that she'd talk to her friends on the telephone or something.

The tension at home was worse. He took out his wallet to pay the paper boy. "Wouldn't you rather have a snap purse?" his wife said.

"Women," he said to his barber. "I can't understand them. I never had this much trouble with the law."

"Law and women, Mr. Bushnell," his barber said. "They're different. They're awful different—"

"If you'd like me to work late, Mr. Bushnell," his secretary said when he returned from the barber's, "that's all right. I'm not going anywhere."

"What do you mean, you're not going anywhere?" he said.

"Shopping," she said. "I was supposed to go to Ohrbach's with Doris—we sort of planned it. Now Doris says no. She says why would I want to go shopping on Fourteenth Street? What do I care about bargains?" She sighed. "Doris is Jim's wife. Jim is Joe's best friend. So if you want me to work late, Mr. Bushnell—"

"No," he said. "You just go home, get a good night's sleep."

"Sleep," she said. "I couldn't *sleep.* When you have three million dollars you *never* can sleep."

He noticed the droop of her shoulders as she walked back to the outer office and began to clear her desk. . . .

On the following Monday the sun pierced down into the narrow streets of lower New York; sunshine was flooding the office when he arrived. There was a bowl of flowers on Norah Jenkins' desk and she sat behind it, her small face glowing. She was sorting the mail and singing.

"Good morning," she said. She gave him the kind of smile that must have made Joe propose.

He looked at her warily. "Well, you look cheerful," he said at last.

"Oh, I am," she said. "Really. I have to tell you all about it or you won't believe how lucky I am." She went in and sat beside his desk. "You see," she said, "I had a grandfather."

"And?" he said.

"I mean," she said, "my grandmother's husband was my grandfather. He was an actor and we thought he was dead. He went on tour with the USO during the war, doing readings from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and he never came back from Alaska. We thought he froze to death. He never liked cold weather and there he was in Alaska, and we all thought he froze." She sighed peacefully. "He didn't," she said. "He didn't and he *found* out about my grandmother dying and now he'll get the money. Isn't that the luckiest thing?"

"Now hold on," he said. "Wait. Maybe we can fight this—"

Her blue eyes were wide. *"Fight it?"* she said. "I certainly wouldn't want to *fight* it. I'm just glad he showed up, that's all. My whole life was getting ruined. Now he's going to build a home for actors in Alaska." She put a hand on his arm. "Oh, Mr. Bushnell," she said, "you don't know how it's been, me thinking that I'd lose Joe, and Joe thinking he could never give me anything! If my grandfather hadn't shown up, I might just as well have died. Mr. Bushnell, I'm only twenty-one years old. I didn't want to *die."*

He patted her hand. "When you're a woman," she said, "it's different than it is when you're a man."

"Yes," he said, "I imagine it is."

"It is," she said. "Men think money is just money. It isn't. When you're a woman, if you get things, you want *him* to give them to you. I mean, you don't care if you get them or not, but if you do, you want them to be from *him*—he gets all proud. You know the way men are. You know the way they get all proud?" She smiled. "You don't want three million dollars," she said. "Having three million dollars can be *very* miserable. *Very."*

"Look," he said, "go on outside and relax. I have to make a call."

HIS wife's voice was high-pitched with anxiety; he never called her in the mornings any more. When she had caught her breath and said softly, "Oh, *I thought something was wrong," he* wished that she weren't twenty miles away.

He wished that she could walk in, graceful and beautiful and tender, with the look in her eyes that he loved. He thought of the wonderful world where women live, where Norah Jenkins lived and where his wife lived, where once in a while a man can enter, but where women live all the time.

"Listen," he said, "get hold of those furs. For Coco's wedding. Go ahead."

Coco was his very young kid sister; Coco would think his wife was cherished, wrapped in furs. And how would he feel? All proud.

"Ah, honey," she said, "if we can't afford them, we can't—don't be silly."

"We can afford them," he said. "Pick them up today." He hung up and pulled a bill from his wallet. "Here," he said to Norah Jenkins, "have lunch with Joe. Celebrate. Have a cocktail. Have two."

"Oh, we never have cocktails," she said. "We can't afford—"

"On me," he said. "And don't you worry—someday you'll be able to afford them. You tell Joe to keep working and he'll get money. Just watch."

She smiled her special smile. "I know he will," she said. "Joe's so bright, he could do anything. You know," she said, "I wouldn't be surprised—I wouldn't be surprised at all if someday Joe even made a million dollars!" —EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

Does your husband look as smart as he *really* is?

HIS FUTURE—AS WELL AS YOURS—MAY DEPEND ON HIS APPEARANCE!

You know how able your husband really is. But what about the people in his business or social life who are so important to his success? Naturally, you can't judge a book by its cover, but it certainly helps when a man's *outward* appearance reflects his *inner* qualities.

If you want *your* husband to look his best at all times—and still have money for other things you both need—tell him about Surrétwill. Here's a smartly tailored suit that can be worn on so many different occasions—at the party tonight, or the office tomorrow, or that trip next week end—yet it costs so little! And with Surrétwill suits and slacks, it's so easy and inexpensive to build *a complete wardrobe.*

Surrétwill, tailored exclusively by Rose Brothers of fabrics woven only by Pacific Mills, is now available, for the first time, in a sturdy new 100% worsted twill. And it also comes in very becoming shades of flannel or novelty weaves, all with the Surrétwill label.

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Surrétwill
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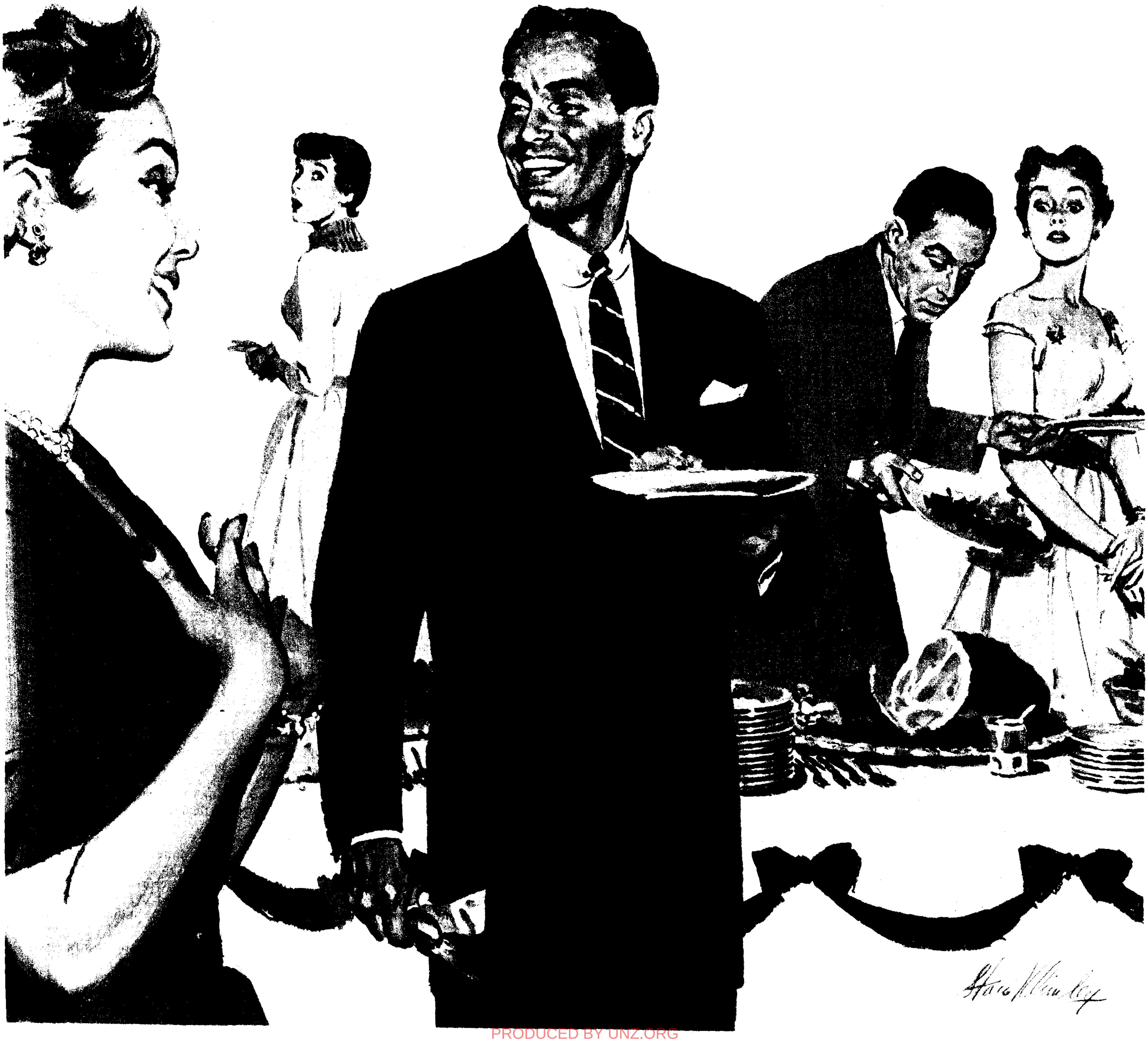
P.S. to Husbands: Your Surrétwill dealer has the suit for you—in popular shades, including the new Admiral Blue, shown below—for only $50. Surrétwill slacks for mixing and matching—$15.50.

PACIFIC Craft Fabrics for Men

For free tips on better dressed husbands, or names of Surrétwill dealers, write to: Pacific Craft Fabrics, Dept. H9, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16



Somebody Ought to Muzzle Her!
JUDY, WHAT'S THE SNARLING ALL ABOUT? WHATEVER IT IS, NAME IT—AND LET'S KICK IT AROUND AWHILE!
PETE, I CAN'T! YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO HANDLE A SUBJECT LIKE—LIKE BAD BREATH, HONEY!
JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES UP TO 85% OF DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA! AND IF YOU REALLY WANT TO PREVENT TOOTH DECAY, BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING!
BELIEVE ME, USING COLGATE'S PAYS, FOR I'M A LUCKY DOG THESE DAYS!

Now! ONE Brushing With COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Removes Up To 85% Of Decay And Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it **CLEANS YOUR TEETH** and **STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!**

COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

GIVES YOU A CLEANER, FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

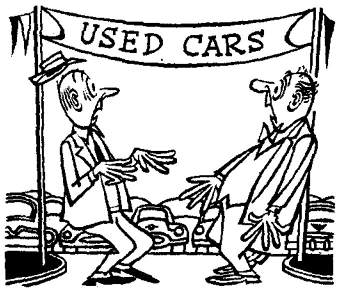
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Our mail fetches us a health preservation note from an unidentified newspaper. We're advised that when we are tired we should sit on the edge of a park bench, lean limply forward, feet wide apart, arms and head hanging down between our knees. When head and hands almost touch the ground, the advice goes on, swing them slowly to and fro. This is called the Rag Doll Relax. Try it sometime. But don't be surprised if you have a tough time convincing the cop that you've had only a couple of beers.

★ ★ ★

Seeking a used-car bargain, Mr. Omar MacDouay asked a Chicago dealer the price of a neat red job parked near the entrance. "I'm going to astonish you," said the man. "The price is only six hundred dollars." Said Mr. MacDouay: "And I'm going to astonish you. Three hundred." Replied the dealer: "I raise you one astonish. Sold."



★ ★ ★

Seems to old 48 that some kind of award is due Mr. A. K. Showalter. He's the only bureaucrat in Washington who voluntarily admits that occasionally he's wrong. Mr. Showalter, who's with the United States Weather Bureau, concedes that there are times when weather predictions fail. "Sometimes," sighs he, "we have to conclude there simply are some things that the good Lord doesn't want us to know. After all, it's His show."

★ ★ ★

In a desperate effort to swing us over to their side, the Reds have announced that under Communist rule the Chinese have killed 138,600,000,000 flies and 29,500,000,000,000 mosquitoes. Does that, by any chance, explain why pictures of Communist soldiers invariably show them with their mouths open, as though they are panting with exhaustion?

★ ★ ★

From Burlington, Vermont, a gentleman notifies us that some of his more intellectual friends were discussing politics in his house and, incidentally, drinking his beer. It was agreed they could not safely call themselves Liberals because Joe McCarthy might misunderstand and make trouble; they couldn't be Progressives because the Commies have put the snatch on that label. So they are organizing a third party, to be known as the Democratic Liberal Conservative American Antisubversive Loyal Progressives—or the DLCAALP—and they hope thereby to eliminate all doubts.

★ ★ ★

To show you what you can do with 60 cents, behold Mr. Nils A. Lennartson, assistant to Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey. From May Craig, the unsinkable Washington correspondent for Maine newspapers, we hear that when Mr. Lennartson was a mere lad, somebody gave him 60 cents. After considerable pondering he invested his entire capital—still 60 cents—in asparagus seed. In due time he had an acre of asparagus. Sold it for $250, a neat return on his money, and bought a year of college education with it. We have frequently wondered what we might be today if, in our long-ago youth, we had had 60 cents.

★ ★ ★

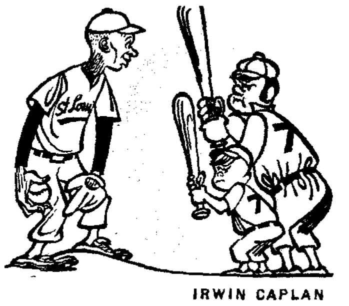
Customer in Lyons, Kansas, says his car is so old that the state has agreed to issue upper and lower plates for it.

★ ★ ★

We have been scanning the list of the countries getting assistance dough from Uncle Sam and find Congress has omitted the Tonga Islands. They're in the Pacific somewhere and have a population of 46,000, no public debt, no crime, no drunkenness. If we've ever heard of a place that needs help to become civilized, it is undoubtedly the Tonga Islands.

★ ★ ★

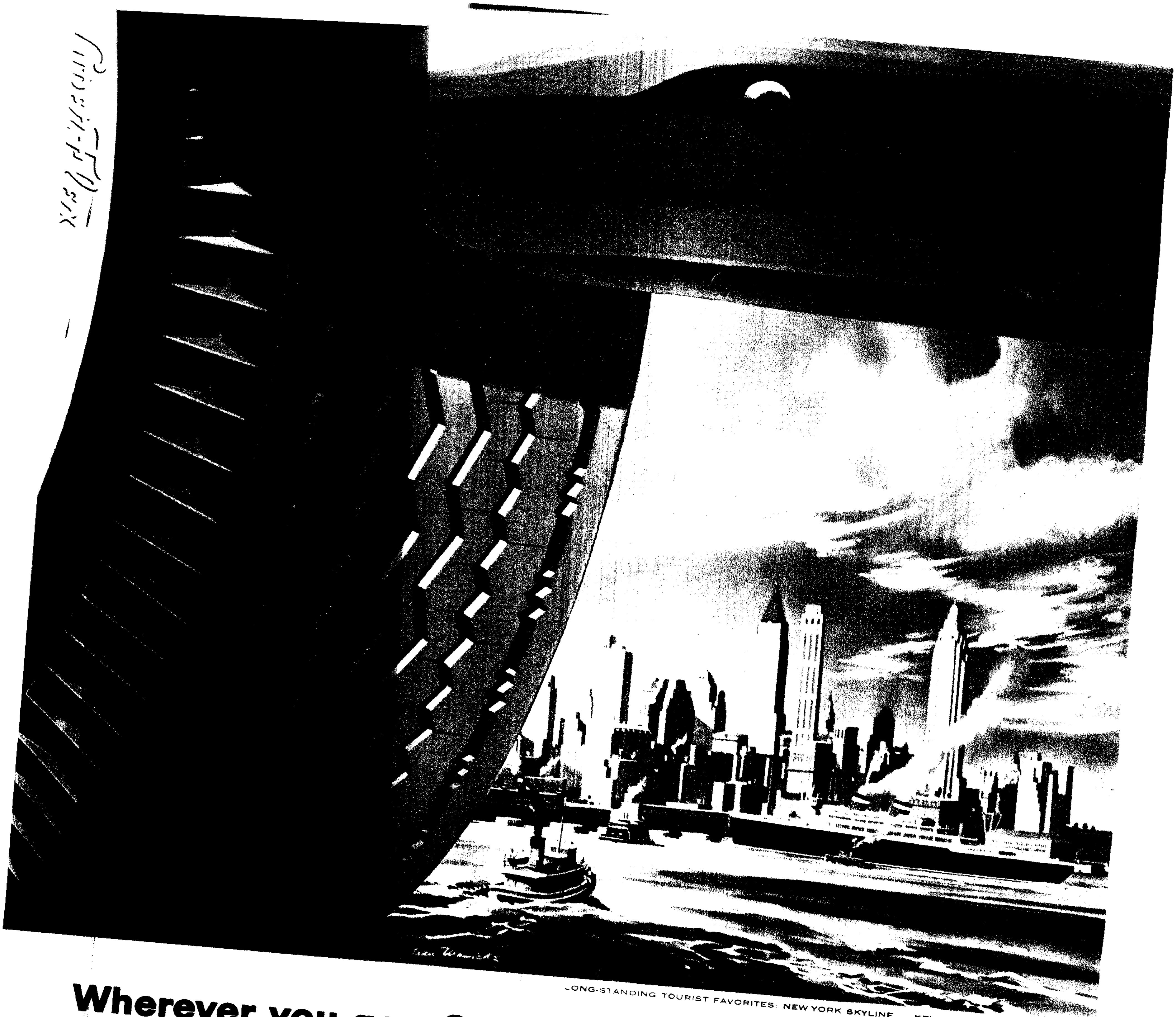
Not much worth hearing can be added to the superb profile of Satch Paige, by Dick Donovan, which recently ran in Collier's. But we've just heard that somebody asked the old boy at the All-Star game whether he had ever pitched against any of the National Leaguers. "Not agin these boys, I ain't," was his reply. "But agin some of their fathers, sure."



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Little by little, we Americans are being robbed by new laws of our initiative and enterprise. Now they've gone and passed a law in Glendale, California, making it illegal to shoot rabbits from streetcars. ▲▲▲



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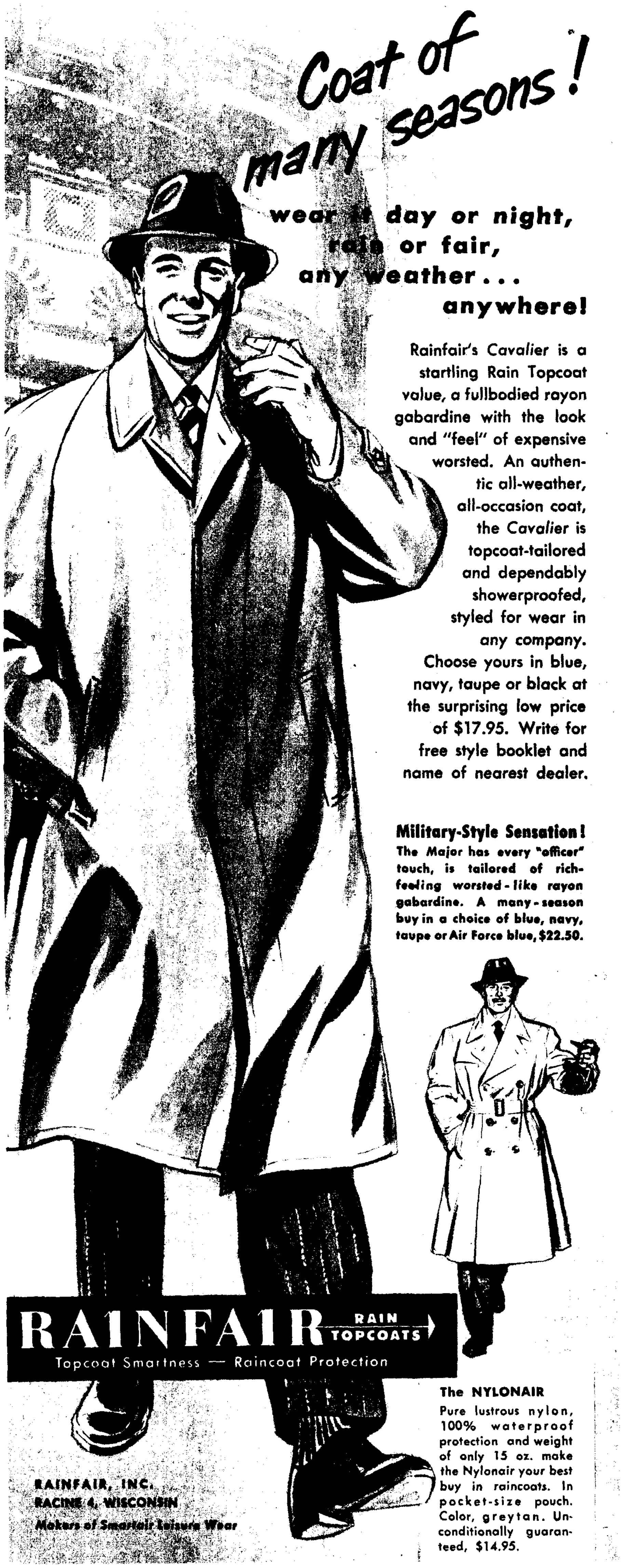

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wear it day or night,
rain or fair,
any weather . . .
anywhere!
RAINFAIR RAIN TOPCOATS
Topcoat Smartness — Raincoat Protection

Rainfair's *Cavalier* is a startling Rain Topcoat value, a fullbodied rayon gabardine with the look and "feel" of expensive worsted. An authentic all-weather, all-occasion coat, the *Cavalier* is topcoat-tailored and dependably showerproofed, styled for wear in any company. Choose yours in blue, navy, taupe or black at the surprising low price of $17.95. Write for free style booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Military-Style Sensation!
The *Major* has every "officer" touch, is tailored of rich-feeling worsted-like rayon gabardine. A many-season buy in a choice of blue, navy, taupe or Air Force blue, $22.50.

The NYLONAIR
Pure lustrous nylon, 100% waterproof protection and weight of only 15 oz. make the Nylonair your best buy in raincoats. In pocket-size pouch. Color, greytan. Unconditionally guaranteed, $14.95.

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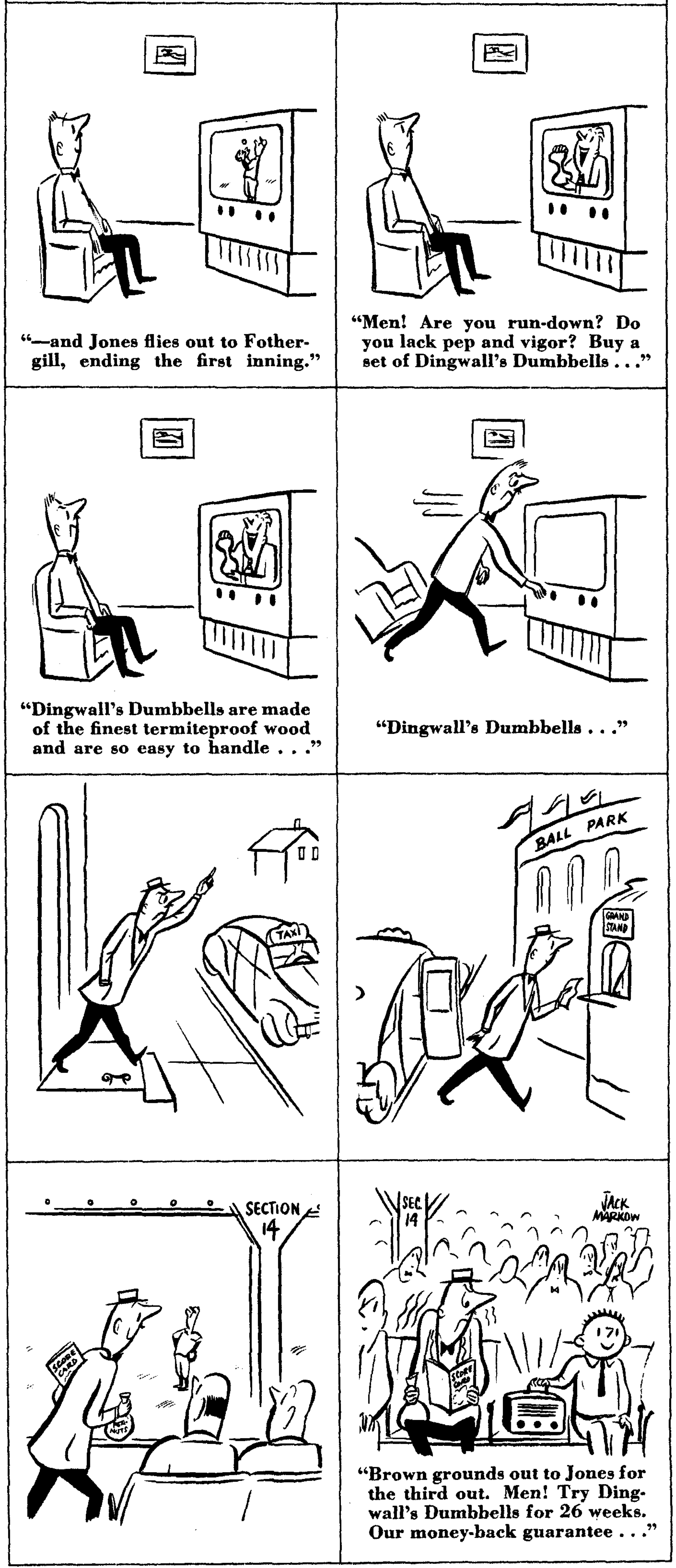
RACINE 4, WISCONSIN
Makers of Smartair Leisure Wear

Commercial

By JACK MARKOW


"—and Jones flies out to Fothergill, ending the first inning."
"Men! Are you run-down? Do you lack pep and vigor? Buy a set of Dingwall's Dumbbells . . ."
"Dingwall's Dumbbells are made of the finest termiteproof wood and are so easy to handle . . ."
"Dingwall's Dumbbells . . ."
TAXI
BALL PARK
GRAND STAND
SECTION 14
SCORE CARD
SEC. 14
SCORE CARD
JACK MARKOW
"Brown grounds out to Jones for the third out. Men! Try Dingwall's Dumbbells for 26 weeks. Our money-back guarantee . . ."

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will pay up to $400 a month for disability caused by Accident or Sickness

Every four seconds someone is injured! Every day 69,120 people are taken seriously ill! That's why it's a comfort to have MONY back of you . . . a Mutual Of New York Policy that provides a continuing tax-free income in case accident or sickness keeps you off your job. And . . . you get this income *whether you're confined to the house or not.*

Here is just a quick look at the extra-liberal benefits offered by MONY Accident and Sickness Policies . . . benefits that can be arranged to provide the best protection for you . . . and what's more, benefits that will not be reduced because of payments from any other insurance you may carry.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS

When total disability disrupts your regular income, MONY will pay up to $400 a month for 2 or 5 years or even for life, depending upon the benefits you choose. For partial disability, you can get 50 per cent of this monthly income for as long as 6 months, with a *guaranteed minimum* for some types of injuries.

MONY will pay as much as $25,000 for accidental loss of life, sight or limbs. A special accident expense benefit is also available which will pay up to $3,000 for medical care.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

When your own usual income is cut off, you can count on a regular monthly income from Mutual Of New York to keep you going while you are ill. There are policies available that will give you up to $400 monthly—payable for either a year or 2 years, while you are totally disabled, depending on the policy you choose. A MONY Accident and Sickness Policy gives you money when you need it most—when your own usual income is curtailed while you are disabled by either accident or illness.

MONY PROTECTION can provide other benefits, too

MONY will not only protect your whole family, but it will also give you hospitalization and surgical benefits, medical and nursing care, ambulance service, maternity benefits, and Polio expenses.

Let a MONY representative explain to you how inexpensively you can protect yourself and your family against the crippling expense of an accident or illness. If you are under 55 years of age, fill out the coupon at right and find out how MONY will provide money when you need it most.

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And yours, too . . . whenever you want real good eating. And say, you'll want this kind of eating often.

Inside there's crisp, crunchy, golden almonds nestled close together topping snowy nougat.

Outside, a thick layer of pure milk chocolate wraps it all up into the most luscious candy treat ever!

Have one now . . . put another in your purse, your pocket or your desk for later.

Letters...

?#*@&#¢$%?%& ?@!#*&¢@?#!$*%&¢@?*¢!%#$@#$%

The Expanded Collier's

EDITOR: Congratulations on your issue of August 7th. It's what your readers have been waiting for!
MRS. A. M. KEARNS, Phoenix, Ariz.

. . . Congratulations! The new Collier's is even better than you promised it would be. This new larger "child" of yours is so appealing, I am going to adopt it for life.
JEAN BENISE, Philadelphia, Pa.

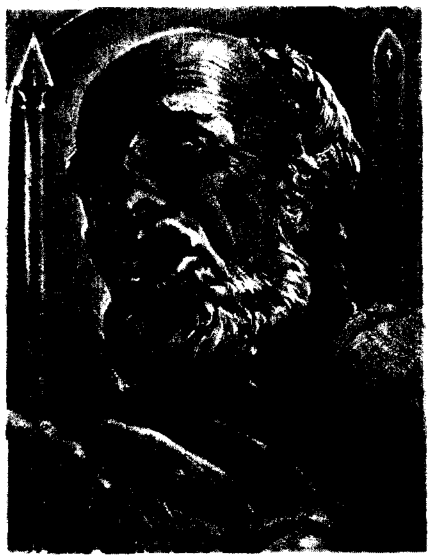
. . . I have read the first copy of the new and enlarged Collier's and may I say that it is wonderful. I couldn't lay the book down until I had finished the whole darned thing from cover to cover. I also like the idea of a Collier's every two weeks instead of every week; it makes a bigger and a more enjoyable magazine.
HELEN M. WARD, Findlay, Ohio

. . . It is very refreshing to note your declaration of continuation of policy in the first number of the expanded magazine.

We more than ever need a magazine that does not cater to the sensational, nor must we be overwhelmed by those who, as you say, "go around trying to peddle utopias."

Unless, we, again as you say, "appreciate and perpetuate all that is good in our national life," democracy as the founders planned is on the way out.
CLAUDE D. STOUT, Edgerton, Wis.

St. Paul



EDITOR: The Greatest Faith Ever Known (Aug. 7th) is the greatest story Collier's ever ran.
THE RIGHT REVEREND MAURICE S. SHEEHY, The Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.

. . . Accept my appreciation for giving us the dramatic story of Saint Paul.

The portrait and pictures—well, orchids to you and artist Guy Rowe.
ROBERT GORNY, Toledo, Ohio

. . . Just a word of appreciation for the beautiful and inspiring presentation of the late Fulton Oursler's The Greatest Faith Ever Known.

It is wonderful to find a popular magazine keeping space for the finest type of literature, and for it to recognize the spiritual values of life.
HELEN N. SMITH, Wilmington, Del.

. . . I was very happy to see your special on The Greatest Faith Ever Known. Whoever got the idea to put this into your magazine is a mighty wonderful person. It takes things such as this to show people what all Christ's followers have been through to spread this great faith.
JERRY BURNETT, Batesville, Miss.

. . . The Greatest Faith Ever Known is a tribute to Collier's and a reflection of the good taste of its editors.
LEONARD NEUMANN, St. Cloud, Minn.

Food & Health

EDITOR: Let me express the appreciation of the Food and Drug Administration for the most interesting and informative article, How Safe Is Your Food *Now?* (July 18th). I do not recall that I have ever read a story that was more revealing of behind-the-scenes activities in the prosecution of food and drug rackets.

The public has had little conception of the amount and kind of work necessary to convict some of these operators. Ben Merson's article contains some real-life detective stories that even I, familiar as I am with this work, found completely fascinating.
C. W. CRAWFORD, Commissioner of Food and Drugs, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Washington, D.C.

. . . Your publication deserves not only my thanks, but the thanks of every man, woman and child in the U.S. for presenting us with the facts in Ben Merson's article How Safe Is Your Food *Now?*

Your magazine has done more than its share by presenting these facts. I only hope that the people of all states will be intelligent enough to carry on by writing their senators and expressing their concern in this matter.
HERBERT HAYNES, Columbus, Kans.

Time Will Tell

EDITOR: Is Adlai Stevenson Through? (July 25th). I hardly think so. It seems to me that both you and Samuel Grafton went overboard in trying to establish a case to undermine the man's continued popularity.

Perhaps Senator Wayne Morse is right about Mr. Stevenson facing a tough convention fight in 1956. But I have unlimited faith in his ability to secure the nomination against all odds, politicians included. Why didn't you ask the voters, instead of the politicians, how they felt about Stevenson?
HAROLD A. KLEIN, New York, N.Y.

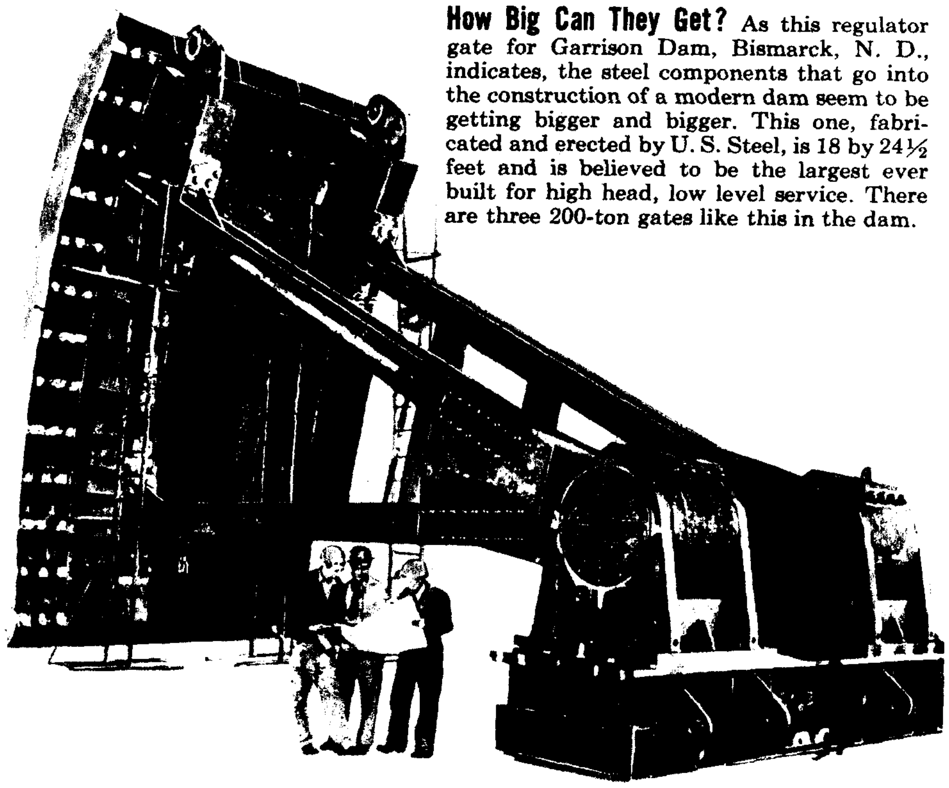
. . . Three cheers for your article on Adlai Stevenson. It confirms what a lot of Democrats have known for a long time—that Stevenson is on his way out.

The Democrats lost the Presidential election, and they use Eisenhower's

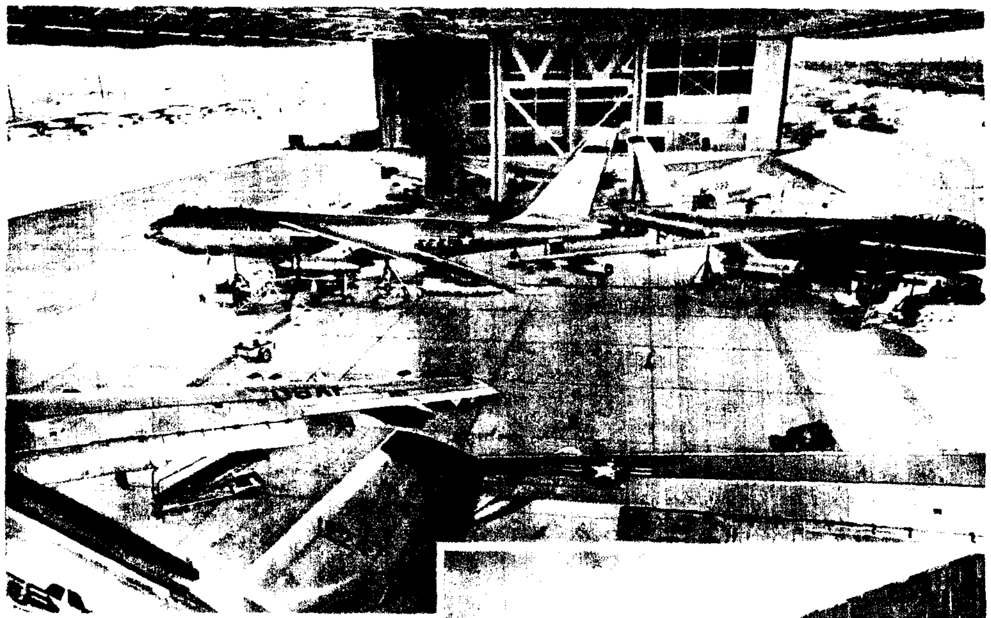
Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

Strictly for the Birds . . . but very nice for spectators, too, is the screen of U·S·S Stainless Steel wire used to keep these prize exhibits safe in their cage at the Chicago Zoological Park. The stainless steel wire is strong, safe, and long lasting . . . but has the additional advantages of corrosion resistance and smart good looks. It will stay bright and clean-looking. The inset at right shows the enormous size of the screened-in structure.

Space Saver for Small Homes. Here is a combination that is being used extensively in many of the newest homes for large housing projects where kitchen space is at a minimum . . . a sink, refrigerator and range, all in one! This combination unit, which was fabricated entirely from U·S·S steel sheets, has been awarded a prize for versatility in design.



How Big Can They Get? As this regulator gate for Garrison Dam, Bismarck, N. D., indicates, the steel components that go into the construction of a modern dam seem to be getting bigger and bigger. This one, fabricated and erected by U. S. Steel, is 18 by 24½ feet and is believed to be the largest ever built for high head, low level service. There are three 200-ton gates like this in the dam.



New Flight Hangar of Boeing Airplane Co. at Wichita has the largest hangar doors ever built. The entire sidewalls of the building move upward and outward for clearance (see below). Each side of the building has one opening 528 feet wide and another 265 feet wide, each as high as a six-story building. More than 13 million pounds of U·S·S Steel were used in building the hangar. Shown are 92½-ton Stratojet bombers.

This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

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OLIN INDUSTRIES, INC., ELECTRICAL DIVISION
New Haven 4, Conn.

popularity as an alibi. What they fail to take into consideration is the fact that the Democrats had a man equally as popular in Senator Estes Kefauver.

If our Democratic party leaders want to win in 1956, they should listen to the voice of the people.

AUDRA GILLIAM, Chicago, Ill.

Mastermind Marx

Groucho gives Leo Durocher a few fine points of strategy

EDITOR: What's Wrong with the Giants?, by Groucho Marx (July 18th), was hilarious. I turned to the story expecting to find a very technical article on how the Giants could be improved. Instead I found a side-splitting, relaxing and enjoyable summary that I wish you would have more of.

How Groucho finds something funny about everything a ballplayer does is beyond me.

MAC CROWE, Fredonia, N.Y.

Island Commonwealth

EDITOR: Thank you for that wonderful editorial about the anniversary of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico (Promising First Year, July 25th). We are happy and proud to know there are still people who remember us.

SGT. THEODORE BOTA,
Fort Benning, Ga.

Korea's Children

EDITOR: Marvin Koner's article, Korea's Children: The Old in Heart (July 25th), was of special interest to us. Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc., at 55 West 42d Street, New York City, in its 16th year has established headquarters in Pusan, Korea. Already on Foster Parents' Plan rolls there are almost 1,000 children receiving individual and consecutive aid. This means that each child receives $11 in cash per month and supplies of food and clothing.

The children's orphanages are full to overflowing, and while the plan helps many children in these institutions, it also helps children with families where a parent has been lost in the war. Contributors' funds have been used to build huts . . . it costs only $11 to build a hut.

Thus, a child who was forced to beg in the streets for his little "hop" of rice is slowly becoming rehabilitated, is once more part of a family unit, and being dignified to the rightful position of a human being.

LENORE SORIN, Director, Foster Parents' Relations, New York, N.Y.

. . . Your publication of Korea's Children: The Old in Heart was of the vintage which sells me repeatedly on Collier's. Sgt. Werner Krenzer's unselfish and generous devotion to these homeless Korean waifs is a heartwarming example of the material which distinguishes the American serviceman from all others, and living proof of our desire for lasting peace and a better world.

RICHARD E. KNIPE, USN,
c/o Fleet Post Office, New York, N.Y.

. . . Being a soldier myself, and planning to enter the field of social work after my term of enlistment, I feel that Sergeant Krenzer is an exceptionally lucky man.

One of our Army's greatest shortcomings is the fact that it offers no direct enlistment into such an organization as UNCACK. When one sees the need for enthusiastic workers, he is frustrated because he himself can do nothing to help.

PVT. DONALD WAINWRIGHT,
Fort Devens, Mass.

Too Pure?

EDITOR: Re How Soon Will Your Pantry Shelf Look Like This? (July 4th), I have two questions for Dr. B. E. Proctor:

1. Is there any danger that harmful new strains of ray-resistant bacteria will develop, as happened after the widespread use of penicillin?
2. If "radiation pasteurization" finds widespread use in the future, won't our present natural immunity to bacteria in nonpasteurized food be lessened, leaving us open to infection if we eat nonpasteurized food?

JOHN M. BRADLEY, Chelmsford, Mass.

Here are the answers of Dr. Proctor of the Department of Food Technology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology:

1. Probably not, since it is expected that a particular sample of food will only be exposed to radiations once.

2. Probably not, since "pasteurization" by ionizing radiations will still result in having some surviving organisms.

Still Big-League

EDITOR: Ted Williams—Still a Big-Leaguer (July 18th) was great. I am glad to see that there are some writers who see Williams as the great man he is, not only in baseball, but as an American.

Marvin Koner showed Williams in his true form, which most writers fail to recognize.

ANDY MASOTTA, New Haven, Conn.

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–give yourself a "Coffee-break"!

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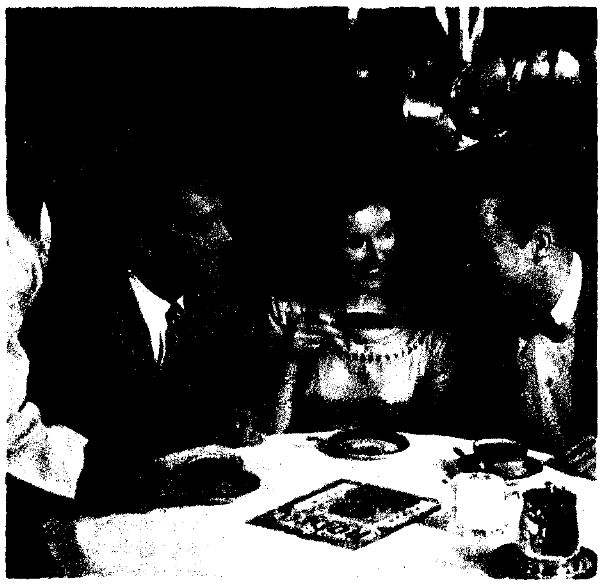
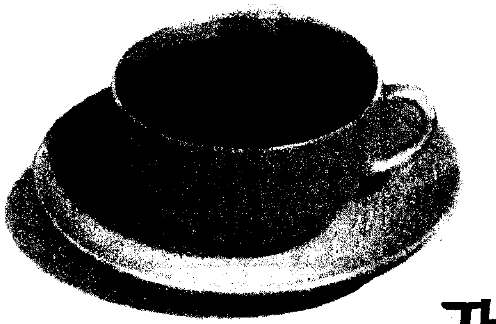


FEEL BETTER! . . . There's fun for all the family in the wild west show – and pleasure for all in a cup of fragrant coffee! Serve coffee often–at home. Drink it often–at work. Enjoy coffee anywhere you go. Take a "Coffee-break!"



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CLIFFORD DuCHARME, Pres., Aerial Blight Control, Inc., West Bend, Wisc.

Mr. DuCharme continues: "Everything about the aerial crop dusting business is unusually hazardous. We fly mostly when conditions are worst—on hot, dry days when there's lots of turbulent air. We fly so low that any loss of engine power means instantaneous danger. We use full throttle hundreds of times each day pulling up over obstructions, which puts a terrific strain on engines and spark plugs. For these reasons we use only CHAMPIONS in our 40 planes. They've never let us down. I'll heartily recommend them for any and every engine because I know you can't beat their quality and dependability."

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THE PLIGHT OF THE HONEST COP

By ALBERT DEUTSCH

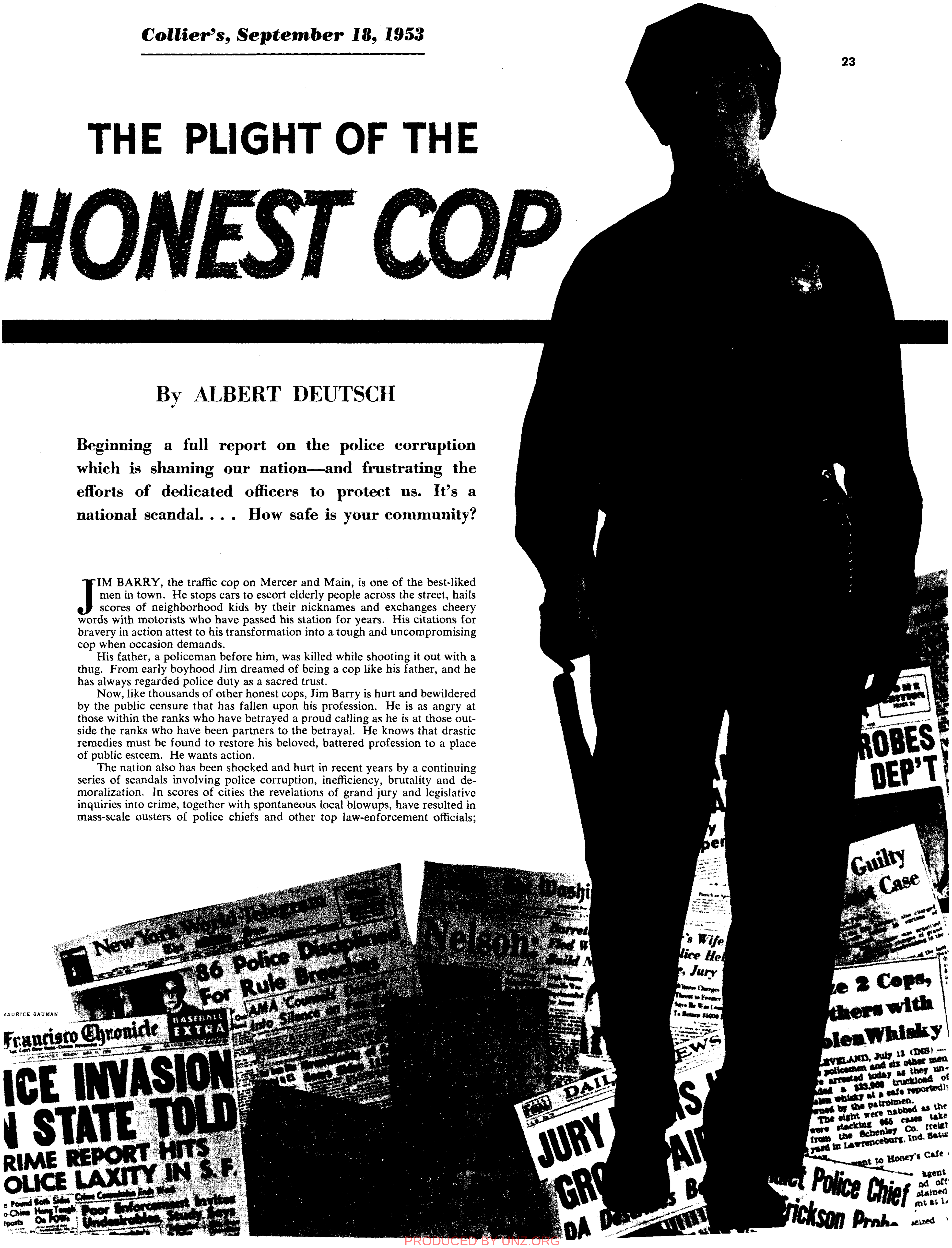
Beginning a full report on the police corruption which is shaming our nation—and frustrating the efforts of dedicated officers to protect us. It's a national scandal. . . . How safe is your community?

JIM BARRY, the traffic cop on Mercer and Main, is one of the best-liked men in town. He stops cars to escort elderly people across the street, hails scores of neighborhood kids by their nicknames and exchanges cheery words with motorists who have passed his station for years. His citations for bravery in action attest to his transformation into a tough and uncompromising cop when occasion demands.

His father, a policeman before him, was killed while shooting it out with a thug. From early boyhood Jim dreamed of being a cop like his father, and he has always regarded police duty as a sacred trust.

Now, like thousands of other honest cops, Jim Barry is hurt and bewildered by the public censure that has fallen upon his profession. He is as angry at those within the ranks who have betrayed a proud calling as he is at those outside the ranks who have been partners to the betrayal. He knows that drastic remedies must be found to restore his beloved, battered profession to a place of public esteem. He wants action.

The nation also has been shocked and hurt in recent years by a continuing series of scandals involving police corruption, inefficiency, brutality and demoralization. In scores of cities the revelations of grand jury and legislative inquiries into crime, together with spontaneous local blowups, have resulted in mass-scale ousters of police chiefs and other top law-enforcement officials;


New York World-Telegram
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AMA Counsel ...
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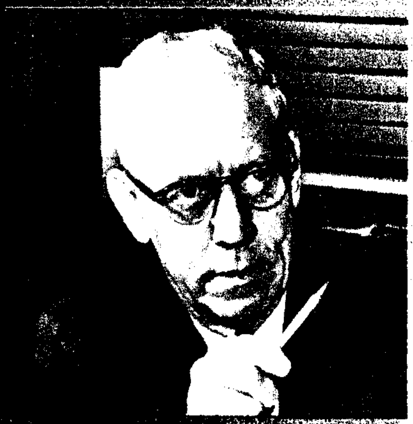
MAURICE BAUMAN

These seven police officials are generally considered among the most efficient in the United States



Chief **JEREMIAH O'CO[illegible]**
St. Louis, Mo.

[illegible]

Chief **JOHN POLCYN**
Milwaukee, Wis.

Chief **DONALD S. LEONARD**
Detroit, Mich.

Chief **BERNARD C. BRA[illegible]**
Kansas City, Mo.

[illegible] **JOH[illegible]ROM**
Ber[illegible]

Chief **WILLIAM H. PARKER**
Los Angeles, Calif.

and many have been exposed as violators of the laws they were sworn to enforce.

The sober-minded American Bar Association recently issued a report on organized crime that states: "At no time in history has public criticism of police service been as severe and as widespread as it is today." Public confidence, the Bar Association adds, has been shaken by the "alarming frequency of instances of malfeasance and corruption" reflecting a general "breakdown in police service."

Add to that indictment the words of August Vollmer, former president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, and known as "America's greatest cop," in a recent interview:

"With all our advances in police techniques, crime is as rampant today as it ever was. With the exception of a few places, we are in effect sending out undisciplined mobs in blue to combat highly efficient, well-organized battalions of criminals. Something is rotten."

Bruce Smith of the Institute of Public Administration, a leading expert who has surveyed scores of police departments over the last 35 years, echoes Chief Vollmer's plaint. In his standard textbook, Police Systems in the United States, Smith makes this general evaluation of our police forces: "Few have escaped the direct influence of political patronage, all live within its shadow, and some are tarred from head to heels with political corruption and criminal participation."

These are not the sweeping comments of carping critics, crackpots and cynics. They represent the opinion of conservative experts—judgments based on years of intensive study. The fact is plain that a crisis in our law-enforcement structure has already corroded many American communities, sapped the strength of others and threatens to corrupt still more. Here is a crisis that calls for immediate, wide-scale and forceful action against evils, old and new, that cannot be met effectively by piecemeal reforms or by the periodic sacrifice of scapegoats.

Obviously, we all have a stake in a critical situation that involves an annual crime bill of five to fifteen billion dollars a year, increasing tax burdens for the upkeep of law-enforcement machinery employing 160,000 officers in nearly 40,000 police jurisdictions, and the mass-scale human tragedy caused by the murder, maiming and mayhem perpetrated on many thousands of men, women and children each year.

We Americans are fascinated by the subject of crime. Our eyes and ears are daily assailed by news, articles, movies and radio or television programs treating crime in one or another of its aspects—and we watch and listen avidly. But few of us act to combat crime. We condemn the police, individually and collectively, but we display apathy and even obstructionism toward efforts to strike at the causes of recurrent scandals. And we continue to pay a huge toll in terms of life, property and peace of mind.

A Town Gets the Police Force It Buys

The crime problem in America is in the main a police problem; the police problem is a political and social problem, and that in turn is a general problem of community morality. It is an old saw among experts that every town gets the police force it deserves, wants and pays for.

I have just completed a journalistic survey of police problems for Collier's. In six months I have interviewed the police chiefs and other top-ranking officials of a dozen cities from coast to coast, as well as rank-and-file cops, civic leaders, FBI people, and police experts, and I have pored over scores of documents relating to police work. I tried to find answers to such questions as these:

Why has the United States a reputation as the most crime-ridden country in the civilized world? Why is public opinion of our police service at so low an ebb? Why does the average city cop on the beat lack the respect accorded the London bobby? What's wrong—and what's right—about our local law-enforcement service? And what can be done to improve both police service and public attitudes toward the police?

Nobody had all the answers. Some of the partial answers were confusing and contradictory. Yet, amidst the confusion, I found expert know-how of proved validity—know-how which, if used properly, could raise general police standards high enough so that policemen could attract and hold public pride and respect in place of the ridicule and abuse so often heaped upon them.

Let it be stressed again right here that many local police forces already have earned the high respect and gratitude of their communities. There are many thousands of honest and efficient policemen, incorruptible, dedicated to their sworn duty to protect life and property and to preserve the public peace, and ready to lay down their lives in pursuit of that duty. Hardly a week passes that does not see a police officer, somewhere in these United States, become a martyr to the public safety. The myriad acts of kindness, courtesy, skill and courage that occur daily in police routine all over the country seldom get press notice; front-page space is more usually reserved for the cop who betrays the public trust.

Unfortunately, and sometimes tragically, public reaction to publicity about dishonest police hits most unjustly at honest cops who are trying their best to protect public safety. Police Chief Carl E. Heustis of Louisville, Kentucky, gave me a striking instance. Colonel Heustis is generally respected in Louisville, where he has built a reputation for honesty during the 20 years in which he rose from patrolman to chief. Yet there are plenty of people who will whisper suspicions at the slightest provocation. Here's how Colonel Heustis tells his story:

"For the first eight years on my police job, Mrs. Heustis worked seven days a week to raise our income to a decent living standard. Twelve years ago we built a new home on a $375 lot and lived in it nine years, paying off the mortgage at $40 a month. We sold this home for $8,000 three years ago. With the proceeds of the sale, together with $3,000 in War Bonds we had saved and a $5,000 mortgage, we built a new home.

"My wife and I drew our own plans, saving the architect's fee. I supervised the construction throughout. I did much of the carpentering, all the staining and the entire painting job. I installed all the lighting fixtures, graded the yard, planted the shrubbery and seeded the lawn five times to get a good stand of grass. In all, I have worked more than 2,000 hours on my off time to complete this home, and I still have to finish the driveway.

"Our savings today are less than $500. My sal-

These seven have come under the fire of various groups investigating police-criminal tie-ups

Supt. ROBERT BARRET
Washington, D.C.

RAYMOND H. BROCK
Miami, Florida

Chief ALFRED SCHILD
Covington, Ky.

Sheriff MILTON SAULPAUGH
Columbia County, N.Y.

Capt. JOSEPH F. VITARI
New Orleans, La.

THOMAS HARRISON
Chicago, Ill.

Chief ELMER H. ADAMS
Burbank, Calif.

ary as chief until recently was $6,820 a year; it's now $7,200.

"The entire outlay for our house, including the lot, amounted to $15,317.09. We've been offered $25,000 for it, but refused to sell. Rumors come back to me that we are living in a mansion that cost from $50,000 to $60,000. Some people ask: 'How could Heustis afford that on the salary we pay him?' Most of my neighbors built their homes by hard work, too. But their occupations are teacher, machinist, grocer, accountant, lumber dealer and sewing-machine salesman. Nobody suspects them of graft."

Large numbers of policemen risk their jobs and their reputations by resisting political pressures, by enforcing the law honestly when powerful citizens threaten retaliation—and even when community opinion favors laxity. Any impartial observer must be impressed by the large proportion of cops who maintain their honor, pride, dignity and devotion in spite of low pay, demoralizing pressures from within and outside their agency, lack of public appreciation and constant abuse. With all the pitfalls that surround them, the wonder is not that so many weaken, but that so many manage to retain their integrity.

Many American cities—Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Berkeley, California, are outstanding—have established honorable reputations as clean communities with incorruptible police forces. Many individual police chiefs, such as Carl F. Hansson of Dallas; Bernard C. Brannon of Kansas City, Missouri; Jeremiah O'Connell of St. Louis; William H. Parker of Los Angeles; Donald S. Leonard of Detroit; John W. Polcyn of Milwaukee; and John D. Holstrom of Berkeley have earned national repute for their honest and efficient administrations. A number of police chiefs installed following national, state and local inquiries into criminal-cop tie-ups have done impressive cleanup jobs.

Yet the melancholy fact remains that the crooked and incompetent police in our land are not few, but many—far, far too many—and that in community after community the agency for law enforcement is a soft underbelly of the body politic.

The police crisis is a nation-wide problem. Its enormity may be gauged by a representative sample of recent revelations of police skulduggery throughout the country. Like these:

- In Washington, D.C., Hialmar H. Carper, a police lieutenant who headed the narcotics squad, is awaiting trial (together with Sergeant William L. Taylor, who worked under him) following testimony before a Senate committee that he had set up a wholesale dope peddler in business, steered retail peddlers to him, acted as his protector and on one occasion transported a shipment of illegal narcotics from an airport to the peddler's home—getting $500 a month as his protection take. Two police inspectors, Albert I. Bullock and Beverly C. Beach, were suspended for failing to explain the sources of their impressive wealth to the Congressional committee.

Indications of Large-Scale Graft

The Washington investigation turned up many instances of gambler-police tie-ups, with unmistakable signs of large-scale graft. Superintendent of Police Robert J. Barrett retired from his post during the investigation and later refused, on the ground of possible self-incrimination, to answer the committee's questions concerning large cash expenditures.

In its report last year on crime and law enforcement in the District of Columbia, the Senate committee declared:

"The metropolitan police department has been shockingly deficient in allowing certain vice activities lawlessly and viciously to flourish unchecked in the capital of the nation. Many high-ranking officials have been indifferent to the point of dereliction. A few have been outright corrupt. . . .

"Major Barrett and a number of other high-ranking police officers are shown to have received large sums of money from sources which they cannot or will not disclose. The only logical conclusion is that graft has been finding its way to these men."

- In New York City a few months ago, 23 members of the police force were dismissed following the revelations of a notorious Brooklyn bookie, Harry Gross, who masterminded a $20,000,000-a-year gambling empire. Twenty-two cops had been dismissed previously for taking graft from Gross. One hundred and fifty policemen, from lowest to highest rank, resigned or retired while under investigation on charges arising from the Gross scandal.

A recent report by the Institute of Public Administration, based on a 15-month survey of the New York City Police Department directed by Bruce Smith, was sharply critical of the nation's largest police force, stressing especially: low morale, lax discipline, wasteful distribution of man power and the appointment of many misfits.

Newspapers recently were full of stories charging New York City police brutality toward civilians. Officials were accused of trying to hide cases of brutal treatment, and with inflicting extraordinarily light penalties on those cops who are brought to book.

Bruce Smith traced a systematic effort to cover up brutality cases over a period of 15 years before the present police commissioner, George P. Monaghan, was appointed in 1951. One patrolman was given a *five-day suspension* for the following offense, as recorded in the official Police Department ledger: "Off duty, intoxicated, engaged in a fight. Accidentally killed other man. Failure to report such injury and delayed medical aid which resulted in the death of the other man."

- Albert W. Simpson, the police chief of Miami Beach, Florida, although his own honesty was not questioned, was fired last April following a long series of scandals involving subordinates—including the capture by FBI agents of a policeman charged with transporting a stolen automobile to Cuba for sale; the shooting of one cop by another in a young lady's apartment; the purchase by two policemen of automobiles from a notorious racketeer; the dismissal of two patrolmen on charges of looting a sporting goods store; dismissal of another for alleged complicity in a $200,000 payroll holdup; and arrest of a detective, now awaiting trial, on charges of complicity in a hotel holdup plot.
- In the mainland city of Miami, the scene of recurrent police-graft scandals, Police Captain Raymond H. Brock was criticized by a grand jury after three local bail bondsmen had charged that he continually pressured them for costly gifts. The

JIM HARLAN

Good cops' dilemma is typified by Louisville Chief Carl Heustis. He spent his savings on new house, worked on it himself. Now, he says, folks call it a mansion, ask how he got it

captain readily admitted he had received gifts ranging from sandwiches and coffee for himself to an expensive diamond ring for his wife, but denied that he had exerted pressure to get them.

● Last June, when large areas in Michigan were devastated by tornadoes, state troopers charged three Detroit policemen with looting a wrecked home in the Flint area. The three cops were fired by Detroit Police Superintendent Edwin Morgan and are now awaiting court trial.

● An intensive investigation of the New Orleans Police Department is now under way, following charges of police collusion with criminals. Police Captain Joseph F. Vitari, Sr., recently was jailed for contempt of a grand jury investigating bribery and corruption, and the night supervisor of police, Major Henry Clark, was fired and now is under indictment for perjury. For weeks, the local press carried sensational front-page accounts of charges that certain policemen acted as lookouts for safecrackers, who specialized in robbing big-time gamblers, figuring the gamblers might be reluctant to report the thefts for fear of income-tax involvements.

A significant feature of the New Orleans scandals is the bitter feud waged between Orleans Parish Criminal Sheriff John L. Grosch, Sr., and New Orleans Police Superintendent Joseph L. Scheuering, paralleling a demoralizing situation in many other metropolitan areas where police executives in rival jurisdictions seem more bent on fighting one another than in combining to combat crime.

Politics and Law Enforcement Don't Mix

● Jurisdictional feuding is also flagrant in the Chicago area, ridden with organized crime and police corruption. The city police commissioner, Timothy J. O'Connor, seldom speaks to John E. Babb, the sheriff of surrounding Cook County, on professional problems of common interest, although their offices are located in the same building. A succession of crime investigations has found criminals operating on both sides of the city-county line with organized effectiveness. Both city and county police agencies have been ridden with politics for many years, a fact that has contributed largely to the area's unenviable reputation as the nation's crime capital.

The Senate Crime Investigating Committee, headed by Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, heard a classic example of political influence in police work when Elmer Michael Walsh, then sheriff of Cook County, testified. Here are some excerpts from his testimony:

THE CHAIRMAN (Kefauver): Is your office run on a patronage basis?

SHERIFF WALSH: Yes, it is. It is not civil service . . . And when my term expires in December and a new man comes in, ostensibly there will be a complete turnover of employees.

THE CHAIRMAN: You mean you turned them all over when you got in?

SHERIFF WALSH: Yes. I took over from a Democrat . . . I weeded out, I would say, ninety per cent of the men he had in his office.

THE CHAIRMAN: That is a pretty bad business, is it not?

SHERIFF WALSH: It is a bad business. It shouldn't be done. . . . Of course, when you are selected as the candidate, you have to make a pledge that you will hire Republicans.

THE CHAIRMAN: To whom do you make your pledge?

SHERIFF WALSH: To the County Central Committee (of the party).

THE CHAIRMAN: If you do not make a pledge, then you are in the doghouse from then on?

SHERIFF WALSH: You probably wouldn't be selected. . . .

THE CHAIRMAN: Democrat or Republican, it is not a very good way to run a law-enforcement agency?

SHERIFF WALSH: That is right. . . .

Besides Chicago, Cook County includes scores of surrounding incorporated villages and townships; many of them have been run for years by political-criminal combines with bought-and-paid-for police forces. The city-size town of Cicero, with a population of 68,000, has been intermittently under the strong influence or tight control of criminal elements since the day, nearly 30 years ago, when Al Capone's machine gunners won a pitched battle with police in the streets.

The police force of Chicago proper has improved somewhat—but not enough—during the 25 years since a special grand jury labeled it "rotten to the core."

A few years after that jury report, Bruce Smith found the situation so hopeless at the end of an exhaustive survey that he suggested dismissing the entire police department and replacing it with a "new force, under new leadership and guided by new statutory arrangements." Smith's drastic proposal was not accepted, and none would suggest it today. However, after talking to experts, civic leaders and police officials, I am fully prepared to accept the widely held opinion that the Chicago police force is by far the most demoralized, graft-ridden and inefficient among our larger cities—notwithstanding some organizational improvements during the last few years.

A high-ranking Chicago police official, who talked frankly on my pledge not to reveal his identity, summed it up: "It's well-nigh impossible, with a few exceptions, for a police officer to remain honest for any length of time in this city."

"Richest Cop in the World" Testifies

The moral climate in which the Chicago Police Department operates is pointedly illustrated by the tales of three police captains recently in the local headlines. One, Captain Daniel Gilbert, dubbed "the richest cop in the world," told the Kefauver committee that he had amassed $360,000 by stock-market speculations and by betting on sporting events. Asked where he placed his bets, he named a gambling joint that for years had operated illegally—without police molestation—in the heart of Chicago.

"I have been a gambler at heart," the law-enforcement official testified.

For years the Chicago Crime Commission, a private citizens' agency, accumulated a bulging dossier on corruption among policemen serving under Captain Thomas Harrison. The commission sent lengthy memos to the mayor and the police commissioner detailing the pay-offs to Harrison's men. Nothing happened until Captain Harrison told the Kefauver committee that he had received a $30,000 cash gift from a race-track wire-service operator. Asked why he rated such a windfall (the tax on which had been considerately paid by the donor), Captain Harrison explained:

"I was his friend and a sort of bodyguard for him."

Captain Harrison was dismissed from the police force soon after.

Captain Redmond P. Gibbons, chief of the uniformed police force, is presently on leave awaiting civil-service action on departmental charges against him. A police department inquiry was forced when a local newspaper published excerpts from a notebook belonging to Captain Gibbons; it contained a series of addresses, with numbers ranging from 10 to 100 following each address.

The details of rampant dishonesty in the Windy City were spelled out by the Chicago City Council's Emergency Crime Committee, which revealed many instances of criminal activities within the police force. Here are some of the shady practices attributed to local cops: framing businessmen and other citizens for the purpose of extorting bribes; shaking down gamblers, prostitutes, lawbreaking tavern keepers, narcotics peddlers and traffic violators; extorting money from ex-convicts under threat of arrest; indiscriminately harassing slum-area residents; beating up and blackjacking suspects; harassing private citizens on behalf of favored politicians or hoodlums.

Last year Chicago's citizens were treated to the spectacular trial of officer Mike Moretti for the wanton killing of two innocent youths, one a fifteen-year-old boy. Moretti was sentenced to life imprisonment—but only after law-enforcement officials had almost succeeded in immersing the case in whitewash. Only the dogged persistence of the Chicago Crime Commission and the Chicago Sun-Times kept the case alive until the uniformed murderer was brought to book.

Many Americans think of police and political corruption almost exclusively as a big-city phenomenon. But one of the most significant findings of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee and other investigating bodies has been the widespread existence of criminal-police tie-ups in medium-sized and small towns.

nore than an honest policeman. But the citizens? Too often, they just don't seem to care

The Senate Crime Investigating Committee made a special study of crime in several medium-sized cities—Reading and Scranton in Pennsylvania, Newport and Covington in Kentucky, and Atlantic City, New Jersey—to find if the crime patterns of the large cities also prevailed in smaller communities. It reported:

"The committee found that the same crime pattern does exist . . . Territories may be more restricted but the *modus operandi* of the small-town racketeers is virtually a carbon copy of that followed by the big-city mobs. . . . Gambler-politico-police alliances are readily discernible."

In Reading, Police Chief William P. Birney (now dead) told the committee that, yes, he had heard certain bookie joints had operated openly in the city for the past 20 years, but no investigation was ever made because he had received no official complaints. "The policy of the department is to act on complaints, only on orders from the mayor," Chief Birney said. "No complaints were received, nor no orders given."

When David F. Haggerty, a Scranton constable, was asked about the source of $19,500 in "commissions" listed in his 1949 and 1950 tax returns, and whether he knew of political contributions made by gambling interests, he refused to answer on the grounds of possible self-incrimination.

Police Chief Alfred S. Schild of Covington admitted that gambling clubs advertised in the official organ of the Kentucky Peace Officers Association. Asked if he considered it ethical for a police magazine to accept advertisements from gamblers, he explained that "they didn't advertise as gamblers," adding that the clubs had advertised also in other magazines.

Similar conditions were found later by the California Special Crime Study Commission, which described how criminal elements had invaded a number of smaller communities in that state, unhampered by local law-enforcement officials.

The commission found that Burbank, a suburb of Los Angeles, "was virtually without protection from professional criminals who were on intimate terms with members of the city council and the police department." The records showed that Elmer H. Adams, then chief of police, was a close associate of well-known racketeers, including the notorious Mickey Cohen. Adams conferred an honorary police captaincy on an ex-convict who reputedly had been a member of Detroit's murderous Purple Gang; he granted the same man a gun permit. At the crime study commission hearings, the chief refused to answer many questions concerning his income or his relations with local gamblers on the ground that his answers might incriminate him.

A Letter to the District Attorney

So shocked were the commission members that they sent a letter to the Los Angeles County district attorney urging action aimed at removing the police chief. The letter stated:

"When professional criminals have gained such a hold upon local government that the chief law enforcement officer cannot testify concerning his relations with them without involving himself in crime, the whole community is in danger and the situation is an emergency."

Chief Adams resigned three days later.

During the 1951 hearings held by the New York State Crime Commission, Milton V. Saulpaugh, the sheriff of Columbia County refused, on the grounds of possible self-incrimination, to answer questions concerning political contributions which he collected as chairman of the Republican County Committee. The commission heard considerable testimony, including statements that Saulpaugh, who was responsible for city jail food purchases, had given half the business to one merchant—and that the merchant had left political contributions of $100 to $500 a year in Saulpaugh's office for 10 years. The commissioner also questioned former Police Chief Herbert S. Meyers of Ogdensburg, who refused, on the same grounds, to testify about his personal income. Here is an excerpt from the testimony of Hudson Police Chief John J. Sullivan, who had been on the force for more than 20 years:

Q: During the course of time that you were on the police force in various capacities in Hudson, were you aware of the flourishing of vice conditions in the city of Hudson?

A: Yes.

Q: You knew there was prostitution?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: You knew there were numbers?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: You knew there were horserooms?

A: Yes, sir.

Vincent Leon, a local justice of the peace, admitted patronizing a big-time crap game which drew patrons from various parts of the state and where a New York lawyer had lost an average of $15,000 a month over a period of more than four months; the lawyer had embezzled the money from the funds of clients. And when state troopers raided a house of prostitution in Hudson, they found two local policemen among the patrons.

The state crime commission found three basic causes underlying the conditions in these and other towns:

"First . . . the corruption, by organized racketeers, of officials charged with the enforcement of the laws.

"Second . . . political deals or considerations which may or may not involve financial gain to the law-enforcement official who is persuaded not to do his duty.

"Third . . . (police) incompetence or reticence born of personal friendship with the criminal."

As a result of its investigations, the New York State Crime Commission last spring recommended drastic bills, most of them later passed by the legislature, which considerably expanded state supervision of local police departments.

Inquiries into crime and the police have been followed by similar cleanup drives in scores of communities across the land. Some of these cleanups have been dramatic. But the dramatic ones are not always the most lasting, and the history of police reform reveals a melancholy tendency to revert to police-criminal business-as-usual once the flurry of public concern has died down. And, of course, there are scores of towns that were not even touched by the recent investigation.

Nothing permanent can be accomplished by the patch-up approach, by firing a police officer here and there, or by improving a few minor segments of the service. The underlying causes of the breakdown in police machinery must be sought and rooted out. These causes are complicated, but most of the major ones are no mystery to the experts. They are present in part within the structure of our police service, but the main causes lie beyond that structure in the community that supports—or fails to support—the police. Often, a potentially good police force is repressed or destroyed by corrupt political overlords, inefficient courts, lax or overworked judges, and don't-care communities.

The next article in this series will present more fully the policeman's side of the problem, with the inside story of how good communities nourish honest and efficient police service—and how crime-tolerant towns break good cops and make police corruption inevitable. ▲▲▲

Read the second of three parts on the police problem in the Oct. 2d Collier's, out Sept. 18th

HARRIS & EWING

Senator Kefauver says:

IT'S OUR PROBLEM

I am glad Collier's is exploring the serious problem of police corruption. My experiences as chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee from May, 1950, to May, 1951, convinced me that the honest cop deserves far better support than he usually receives from his community.

We on the committee met many police of high integrity during our investigation—men who told us of the difficulties they have in enforcing the law because of a lack of support from the law-abiding but apathetic citizens of their community; men who told us how pressure to obtain special consideration or favors breaks down the whole system of law enforcement.

The time has long since come for the American people, for their own preservation, to move in righteous rage against the malignancy of crime in their communities. If we neglect this local responsibility, we will have failed in the great American test of maintaining government of the people, by the people and for the people.

We Americans spend more for police service than any other country in the free world. Yet we may not be spending enough at the local level. Low police pay in the name of economy often results in police corruption at a far greater cost to the taxpayer. Most of our cops are honest. They want to stay cops, and stay honest. Let each one of us in his own community study the crime situation. Let's be certain we are supporting the honest cop in his brave efforts to protect us. Such support is a duty of citizenship. Each of us must exercise that duty if we are to be worthy of the fine heritage of local self-government won for us and handed on by our fathers.

George understood women: they liked to run things, to act important. So he put up with his wife's little projects—until he found they involved another man

Get Going, George!

By IRENE and LOUIS KAMP

"GO AHEAD, Hayes, call your wife's secretary," George Hayes's boss said and laughed. "And tell *her* that!"

George Hayes was the copy chief of a small advertising agency in the home-appliance field. He had just translated another one of his boss's thin ideas into another substantial ad campaign. George's boss had, as usual, taken credit for George's triumph and had summoned George to his office to tell him so. It was while George was en route that the call had come through. The boss had taken the call and the message with it.

"Your wife's secretary just called," the boss had said as George entered his office. His loud laugh boomed out as it always did when he was about to make fun of someone.

"What did she want?" George asked politely.

"She said she wants you to call her back. The secretary. Urgent, she said." The boss seemed to think it very funny.

George was used to being needled about his wife's being a big gun while he was just an air rifle. It was no secret to anybody that his wife Phyllis had a better-known and more important job in the home-appliance field.

George tried not to let this bother him too much. He thought, and sometimes said, that business was a brand-new form of vanity for women and they were apt to take it very big until they got used to it. After all, as George now pointed out to his boss, all the means for providing everything from sustenance to culture had been discovered or developed by men, and so men were less apt to be so pretentious about earning a few bucks. Women, on the other hand, still found the whole thing rather heady. That was when George had been challenged to call his wife's secretary and tell her that.

"You can use my phone," his boss had added and choked on his own laughter. But George preferred to make the call in the privacy of his own office without a heckler breathing down his neck.

"Oh, Mr. Hayes," Phyllis' secretary, Mary Combes, said, "your wife had to go out. With Mr. Wendell Honeycutt. You know?" Mary Combes lowered her voice confidentially. "You know about him?"

George knew all right. Phyllis had been determined to land a big job with the New York office of the Honeycutt Infrared Broiler Corporation ever since she'd met Wendell Honeycutt at the big home-appliance show in Chicago last year. George supposed Phyllis had let her secretary in on the secret plan. But really, George thought now, do they have to take it so big? It's only business—not a matter of life and death.

"Let's get the show on the road, Mary," he said patiently. "What's this message you have for me?"

"Oh," Mary Combes said, hurt at being denied her role of co-conspirator. "Mrs. Hayes asked Mr. Honeycutt to dinner tonight. That is, she said to ask you if it was all right."

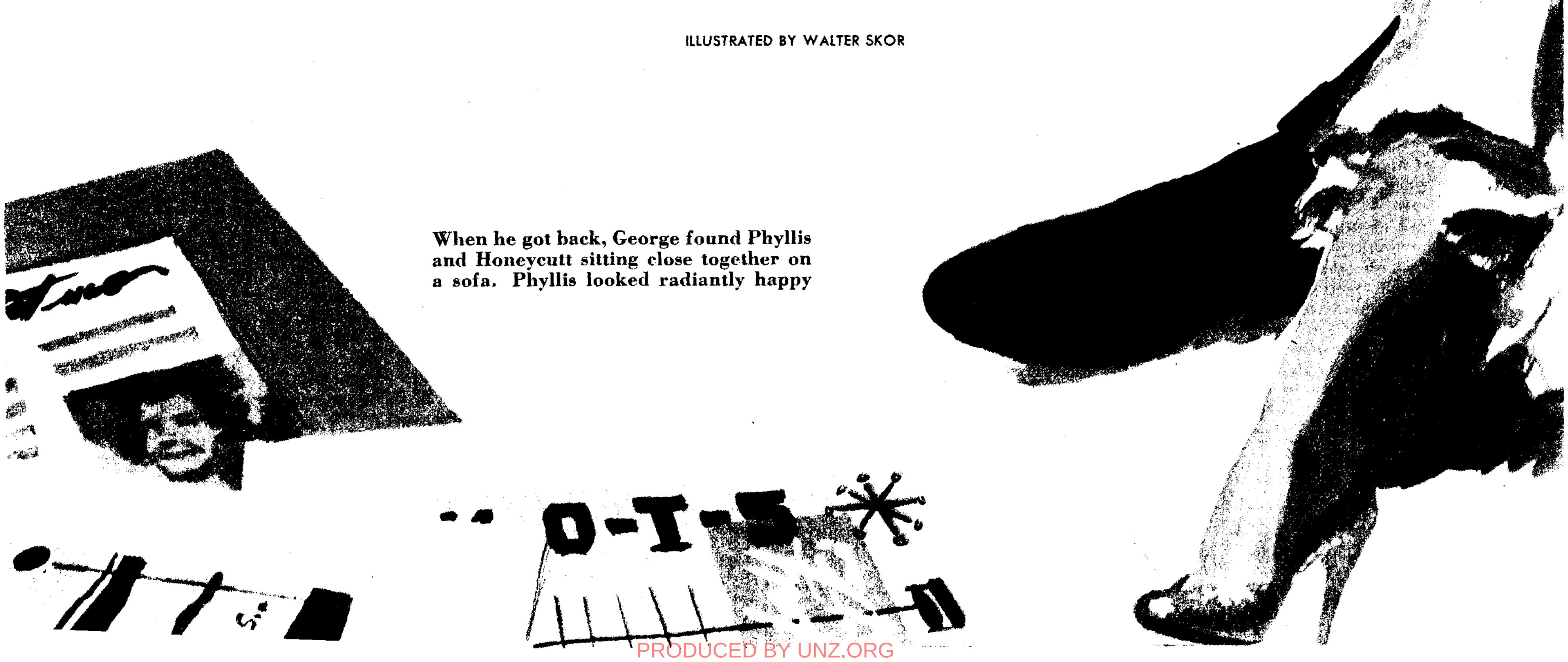
"Tell her yes," George said.

"Great!" Mary said crisply. "Then she said when you'd said yes to ask you if you'd do that marvelous roast-chicken dish of yours. Then she said when you'd said yes to that to ask you to pick up the chicken yourself, because she is absolutely up to her *eyeballs.*"

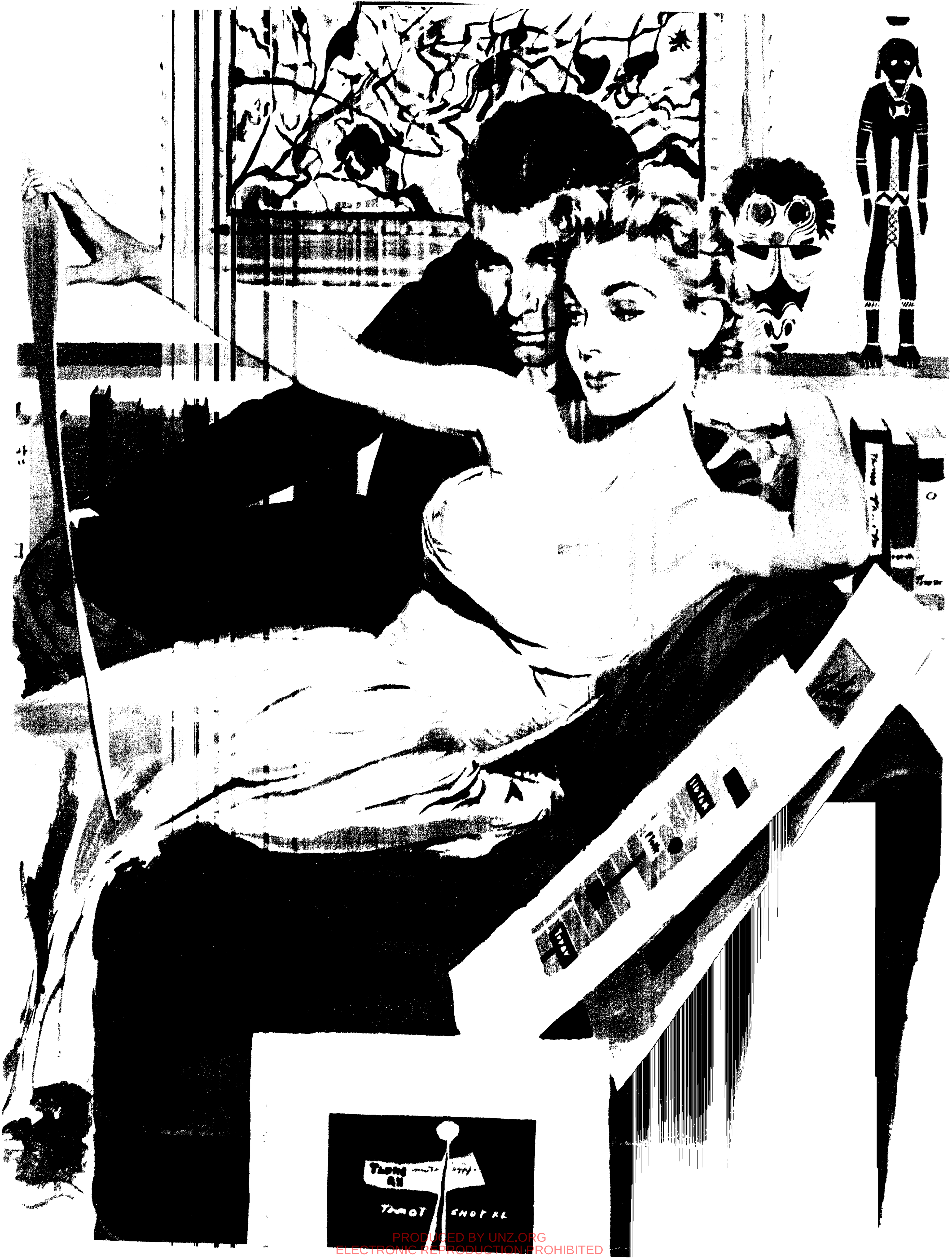
George always thought of himself as a tolerant person, but somehow this kind of imitation male talk from a girl embarrassed him. He also resented Mary's cool implication that he always jumped to do his wife's bidding. Perhaps man's status in the world was changing more than he, George, liked to believe.

"Tell her yes to everything," George *(Continued on page 96)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR



When he got back, George found Phyllis and Honeycutt sitting close together on a sofa. Phyllis looked radiantly happy



Ingrid's NEW

Posing for exclusive photos in Rome's Old Forum, Ingrid still radiates fresh-faced charm fans in U.S. remember. Busy making Italian films with husband-director Roberto Rossellini, she says she'll never go back to Hollywood

The beautiful Swede who went to Rome via Hollywood now helps Swedish starlets grapple with their own careers. As wife, mother, actress and benefactress, she has her capable hands full. And Bergman, as you can see, never looked lovelier

ROLE

Ingrid helps guide careers of young Swedish actresses Mai Britt (left) and Marta Toren, entertains them often at country home north of Rome. Marta, like Bergman, switched from Hollywood to Italian movie making

FOUR years ago Ingrid Bergman renounced Hollywood for an uncertain future as the wife of film director Roberto Rossellini. Now thirty-seven, the *signora* is a serenely beautiful Italian matron, as natural to the Roman scene as pizza or long-stemmed pines. But her Scandinavian blood flows deep. To a crowded career as housewife, mother and motion picture star (her new film, tentatively titled Europe '51, will be released in America this fall), Ingrid has added a new role—that of friend and adviser to young Swedish actresses away from home.

The mature Bergman has become a sort of oracle of wisdom and experience to freckled, tawny-haired Mai Britt, a nineteen-year-old film newcomer; and Marta Toren, an unaffected, brown-haired girl reminiscent of a younger Ingrid, who, after starring in several American movies, is at the age of 27 in mid-career. The Rossellinis' gleaming new glass-and-marble apartment in Rome, and seaside villa at nearby Santa Marinella, are comfortable havens where they can bring personal and professional problems, exchange Scandinavian chitchat and catch a breath of home.

Mai, who has made five films (her latest, La Lupa or The She-Wolf) since leaving Sweden a year ago, had had no acting experience when she first arrived, spoke not one word of Italian.

"Not many people know," Mai explains, "that if it hadn't been for Miss Bergman, I probably wouldn't be in pictures at all. Mario Soldati, a director friend of the Rossellinis, was looking for someone to play the ingénue role in a new film. He needed a girl who could masquerade convincingly as a boy—and even a *young* Italian girl wouldn't do. Too many curves. Miss Bergman suggested he try a Scandinavian type. They combed the schools and model agencies in Stockholm, with no luck. Finally, they went to see a photographer where I happened to be working as a retoucher, gave me a screen test, and three weeks later I was off to Rome. When I finally met Miss Bergman, we were both working at the same studio. I was so excited I forgot to be impressed. She asked me to tea, urged me to study acting, recommended a coach and has guided me ever since."

Marta, who knew Ingrid in Hollywood, has drawn from their friendship a different sort of solace. When she went to Rome nine months ago to make Italian films (her current film is The Life of Puccini), her husband could not immediately join her. And she was about to have a baby.

"Hotel living in a strange city can be cold and empty," says Marta. "Ingrid's household teemed with children (Robertino, three and a half; the twins, Ingrid and Isabella, fifteen months) and sheer domesticity. She became a great friend, told me what layette to buy, what baby nurse to get, answered the thousand questions a woman faces with her first child."

To Ingrid, her role as mentor to young compatriots offers something in return. "No actress ever really listens to advice," she says. "But when I am with Mai and Marta, I remember myself at the same stages of my own career. Mai has great emotional capacity—but must worry about competition and proper casting. Marta has the age-old problem of combining stardom with motherhood."

If Ingrid can't point the way, no one can. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

RANCIS WALLACE'S 7th

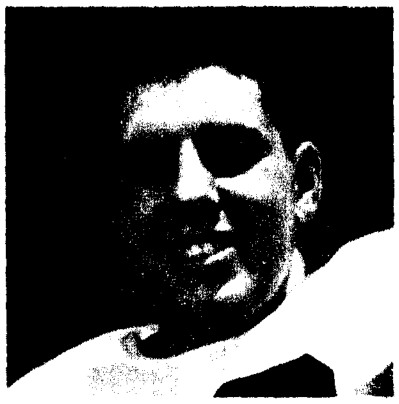
Carlton Massey, Texas, End

Don Dohoney, Mich. State, End

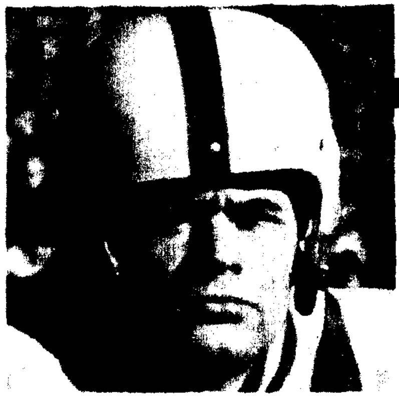
Ed Meadows, Duke, Tackle

Dick Chapman, Rice, Tackle

J. D. Roberts, Okla., Guard


Steve Eisenhauer, Navy, Guard

L. Morris, Ga. Tech, Center


Paul Giel, Minnesota, Back

Paul Cameron, UCLA, Back

Jackie Parker, Miss. State, Back

OUR Pigskin Panel's big news this year is that college football coaches, after their first tornadic dissent, have realistically reconverted to the one-platoon system—and you're going to like the result. The game will undoubtedly be less smooth-running in the professional sense, but it also will be less like something turned out by a coaching mimeograph machine. It will be more human, more imaginative, more fun to watch. This year we'll have real All-Americans instead of half-Americans. It will be *football* again.

That, at least, is the enthusiastic opinion of your moderator and most of the 232 pigskin patrons who participated in this annual Grid Quiz. My guess is that the new rule, after some liberalization next year, is here to stay for a while, and that it will prove to be another stumble toward progress in the constant technical evolution which has lifted football from the status of a game to its present position as a combination of outdoor theater and national diversion.

And now let's move on to certain administrative developments at least as vital as anything which could happen on the field.

College football makes money out of an amateur sport, which the amateur definition prohibits. Standard treatment of this ulcerous paradox has been evasion. Two years ago, frightened by the basketball scandals, the nation's college presidents brought forth another stringent amateur "reform" which was promptly toned down by their own athletic directors and faculty representatives on the National Collegiate Athletic Association. So here's the picture today:

1. One of the presidential suggestions was that the eight regional academic accrediting agencies take over the job of policing athletics. Only one of these, the 19-state North Central Association, followed through—but its effort to outlaw the principle of the athletic scholarship was met head on by presidents from the Big Ten, Big Seven and smaller conferences within the North Central jurisdiction. Public announcements have been obscure, but I am most reliably informed that the regional presidents won the fight by threatening to form their own accrediting group.

2. As a result of certain "indiscretions," all Virginia colleges are now required by state law to disclose details of alumni and other contributions to athletic scholarship funds.

3. The Colorado Supreme Court ruled in April that the University of Denver had *hired* Ernest E. Nemeth to play football and that he was entitled to compensation for an injury received during practice three years ago—which would seem to reduce the whole question of amateurism to its ultimate absurdity.

4. Most significant of all is a quiet move initiated by some of the most powerful people in football to rewrite the amateur definition to conform to the fact of life that "amateur" football players are engaged in a money-making enterprise. I have been informally consulted, possibly because this is precisely the simple solution I've been advocating in these and other pages for almost 20 years. The project is still in blueprint stage, but if brought to the floor at the January NCAA meetings it could produce that long-delayed schism between the realists

The All-America Squad

(Does not include All-America Eleven)

ENDS—Nickoloff (USC); Black (Wash.); Dugger (Ohio St.); Arnelle (Penn. St.); Deitrich (Pitt); Hensley (Ga. Tech); Pitt (Duke); Collier (NW); Carson (Ga.); Ryan (Ill.); Morley (Stan.)

TACKLES—Doud (UCLA); Jacoby (Ohio St.); Culpepper (Ala.); Morgan (Md.); Walker (Mich.); Minnick (Neb.); Dunkerley (W. Va.); Fleck (Syr.); Lansford (Texas); Kovatch (Prince.); Sherman (Ga. Tech)

GUARDS—D'Agostino (Fla.); Reichenbach (Ohio St.); Kraemer (Pitt); Polich (Yale); Mims (Miss.); Palumbo (ND); Manoogian (Stan.); Bettis and Preziosio (Purd.); Salsbury (UCLA); Timberlake (USC); Miller (LSU); Robelot (Tul.)

CENTERS—Neal (Mich. St.); Carrigan (Ala.); Cudzik (Purd.); O'Shaughnessy (Mich.); Beatty (Miss.); Szymanski (ND); Hazeltine (Cal.)

BACKS—Meilinger (Ky.); Smith (Prince.); Hardeman (Ga. Tech); Ameche (Wisc.); Casares (Fla.); Bratkowski (Ga.); Tharp (Ala.); Borton (Ohio St.); Leake (Okla.); Faloney (Md.); Filipski (Villa.); Yewcic and Wells (Mich. St.); Lutz (Duke); Schmaling (Purd.); Worden (ND); Quinn (Texas); Coody (Baylor); Molloy (Yale); Varaitis (Penn.); Rados (Penn. St.); Lofton (Miss.); Larson (Cal.); Crow (USC); Turner (Ga. Tech); Clasby (Harv.)

Football

[illegible]

The Preseason All-America Eleven

CARLTON MASSEY, Texas	***End***	**Rockwall, Tex.**
DON DOHONEY, Mich. State	***End***	**Ann Arbor, Mich.**
ED MEADOWS, Duke	***Tackle***	**Oxford, N. C.**
RICHARD CHAPMAN, Rice	***Tackle***	**Waxahachie, Tex.**
STEVE EISENHAUER, Navy	***Guard***	**Sheffield, Pa.**
J. D. ROBERTS, Oklahoma	***Guard***	**Dallas, Tex.**
LARRY MORRIS, Ga. Tech	***Center***	**Decatur, Ga.**
JOHN LATTNER, Notre Dame	***Back***	**Chicago, Ill.**
PAUL GIEL, Minnesota	***Back***	**Winona, Minn.**
PAUL CAMERON, UCLA	***Back***	**Burbank, Calif.**
JACKIE PARKER, Miss. State	***Back***	**Knoxville, Tenn.**

Johnny Lattner of Notre Dame, preseason choice as All-American and Back of the Year, snares a 51-yard pass against Navy in '52

Notre Dame's the choice for National Champion this year—even though its first five

and idealists among football's ruling powers.

Don't count old Simon Pure out yet. But even the academic mind might begin to see something ludicrous in insistence on classic amateurism during the current gold rush toward the lush profits of television and bowl games. With the major bowls gradually becoming closed to all but major conferences, the trend is to split the bowl profits ($1,350,000 from the four top games last January) among conference members—and the same principle has already been adopted by the Southeastern Conference for sharing TV money.

The larger problem posed by television—its effect on attendance and the question of how many games should be televised each week—has yet to be solved to everyone's satisfaction. The NCAA is still allowing only hand-picked games to be screened; although the opponents of NCAA control are presently passive—with Notre Dame sitting it out with a theater-TV experiment—there are signs of potential ferment from these sources:

"Independents" who fear they will be shut out by the conferences if the NCAA keeps control; small colleges which fear they will be forgotten by everybody; big colleges which could televise every week and still sell out their stadia; state legislatures which have already made abortive moves to assure a place on the screen for state-supported colleges; schools, like Harvard, which refuse to go along on principle; at least one other powerful Ivy League member which is interested in institutional advertising; colleges with their own TV stations; possible adverse court decisions; and the most persuasive of all: the set owner with his half buck ready to drop in the slot if and when subscription television becomes reality.

The situation is unique, complex and much too big to be permanently controlled. One of these days—and it could happen suddenly, most likely with the advent of subscription TV, or possibly by the formation of a "TV league" among the "haves"—it will jump up and control itself. Meanwhile, there will be NCAA-selected network games each Saturday from September 19th to December 5th, with roundups—high spots from top games around the circuit—on October 24th and November 7th.

The fuss over the ending of unlimited substitutions has taken the spotlight away from some other rules changes. The NCAA Rules Committee recognized agitation over the "sucker shift" used by Notre Dame and others last year (it was a last-second shift, remember, which often pulled the defensive team offside—legal, but upsetting) and changed the wording of the pertinent regulation to discourage the idea.

The penalty for defensive pass interference will now include an automatic first down. The penalty for illegally handing a ball forward will now include the loss of a down as well as a five-yard loss.

Only two name schools have dropped football since the last report—Santa Clara and NYU. Occasional losses to the draft are now more than offset by returning servicemen. There are growing complaints of tampering by major-league baseball; during the summer, Virginia, Princeton and Syracuse lost top grid stars who succumbed to the blandishments of pro baseball. But the coaches, amid all other harassments, have been remarkably free from job pressure. There were only eight forced resignations at major schools, none of them in the East or Midwest.

I didn't do too badly last year myself. My 1952 "Maryland parlay"—two Terps on my preseason All-America; one of them, Jack Scarbath, my Back of the Year; Jim Tatum, my Coach of the Year, and the whole squad as National Champion—went somewhat sour on the final Saturdays last season but I still wound up with four of the first five top teams and in exact order. Also included in the Associated Press final poll were the first eight of my 20 best, 11 of the first 13, 13 of the 20. I had four of eight sectional leaders, and three of eight bowl picks. (Incidentally, the team rankings throughout recognize severity of schedules—which is why you will sometimes see a squad poorly placed despite a good estimated record.)

Six of my 11 All-Americans made the consensus team: Lattner (ND); Vessels (Okla.); Scarbath (Md.); McPhee (Prince.); Michels (Tenn.); Modzelewski (Md.); and a seventh, Catlin (Okla.), was barely nosed out. Ten of the 11 on the Collier's and the consensus teams were included on my preseason All-America squad.

And here's a bonus brag: of my 1950 sophomore eleven, "the All-Americans of '52," two came through—Moomaw (UCLA) and Miller (Ga. Tech)—and four others were in contention.

My '52 won-lost forecasts held up this way: of the final 20 top teams I had four on the nose (Michigan State, Texas, Princeton and Syracuse), missed three by half a game, nine by one game, only one by more than two games.

Well, I tried. Now let's begin our annual trek through the highways and buy-ways of classic amateurism, noting as we go the influence of administration policy on gridiron fortunes. And don't forget your lanterns.

EAST

The old homestead of the sport has been sort of run-down lately, but the roof really fell in when Syracuse, the Lambert Trophy winner, was trampled by Alabama's red-hot Red Elephants on the day after New Year's Eve, 61 to 6, and an outraged Orange Bowl spokesman banned all Eastern slickers forthwith and forever. Well, the worms in those oranges show signs of turning ere this 1953 crop is in. I see a half-dozen Eastern squads capable of putting the blight on important sectional opponents—chiefly because of more favorable administration policies.

Gridmen of the Year

Back of the Year
JOHN LATTNER
Notre Dame

Lineman of the Year
STEVE EISENHAUER
Navy
(Guard)

Coach of the Year
HENRY (RED) SANDERS
UCLA

Soph Back of the Year
BILL KRIETEMEYER
Vanderbilt

Soph Lineman of the Year
FRANKLIN D. BROOKS
Georgia Tech
(Guard)

Time was when Navy used to bring in a new coach from sea duty every three years; about the time he got acquainted he was shipped out. They changed that and also took some of the suicide out of the schedule, so in his fourth year, skipper Eddie Erdelatz is about ready to bombard. (There's even talk that the Middies might listen to a bowl offer this year.) Eddie's executive officer will be my Lineman of the Year, Steve (Ike) Eisenhauer, who would hit as hard under any other name. Army's comeback has been retarded by the new substitution rule, since Earl Blaik was an all-out platooner; but even though the Kaydets may start slowly they will be nobody's pigeon down the stretch.

Pitt, which hasn't been much of a factor since the famous de-emphasis policy of 15 years ago, now has coach Red Dawson, and Red has the horses, especially linemen Eldred Kraemer and Dick Deitrich. But the schedule is the usual rough-cut. Rip Engle also has a flock of puissant Percherons at Penn State; if passer Tony Rados, who missed spring practice after a knee operation, is okay as expected, the Orange Bowl folks might be

First Flight

Duke 8-2 West Virginia 7-2
Maryland 9-1 Wake Forest 7-3

Second Flight

N. Carolina 5-5 Wash. & Lee 5-5
Virginia 6-3 VMI 5-5
Clemson 5-4 George Wash. 5-4
S. Carolina 5-5 N. C. State 4-6
Virginia Tech 6-4 Furman 6-3
Wm. & Mary 5-5 Richmond 5-5

First Flight

Georgia Tech 10-1 Florida 9-1
Alabama 10-1 Miss. State 8-2
Mississippi 8-2

Second Flight

Tulane 7-3 Auburn 5-5
Tennessee 7-4 Vanderbilt 5-5
Georgia 7-4 Miami (Fla.) 6-3
Kentucky 6-4 Miss. South. 8-2
LSU 5-6 Florida State 5-5

First Flight

Texas 8-2 Rice 8-2
Baylor 7-3

Second Flight

SMU 5-5 Arizona 6-4
TCU 5-5 Tempe 7-3
Arkansas 4-6 East Texas 10-0
Texas A&M 3-7 W. Texas 6-4
Texas Tech 7-4 North Texas
Hardin-Sim. 7-4 Tex. West.
Abilene McMurry 7-3
Flagstaff

Missouri Valley

First Flight

Oklahoma 9-1 Colorado 6-4
Nebraska 7-3 Missouri 5-5
Kansas 5-5

Second Flight

Okla. A&M 8-2 Iowa State 3-6
Houston 6-3 Detroit 5-5
Tulsa 5-5 Wichita 3-6
Kansas State 4-6 Drake 4-4

pponents are listed among the Top Twenty

camping in Panther Hollow the night before the Pitt-State finale.

Syracuse bought its Orange Bowl ticket last January by reaching its peak against Penn State and could repeat by doing it again; the schedule is tidy. Villanova, with Gene Filipski and "a first team as good as any," could be bowl-bound—*if* it gets by Georgia and Texas in the openers. Coach Hal Lahar had a surprisingly good season in his first year at Colgate and, though lacking spring practice, should repeat.

The Ivy League, which has been true to old Simon Pure after its fashion, has just about moved itself out of the big focus. Only Penn and Princeton have recently displayed proper regard for students with big muscles, although the Yale Bulldog is growling again and Cornell, with soph backs, is bullish for '54. Brown will finally have some reserve strength and Harvard has a really fine back in Dick Clasby, but Lou Little apparently has little at Columbia besides a lifetime job.

Princeton has won six consecutive Big Three titles and 30 of its last 31 games, and I see the Tigers losing only one this season—to Navy, in the key contest of the section. Another fine Tiger squad will be led by fullback Homer Smith.

Princeton clings to Ivy schedules, but Penn jumped (or was it pushed?) into an All-America card which includes only Cornell of the old crowd—with the further disadvantage, in this year of coaching reconversion, of no spring practice. And so the Quakers quarreled and two good men were sacrificed—Franny Murray, the aggressive athletic director, and George Munger, who will quit at the conclusion of this his sixteenth season. But Penn, asking and giving no quarter, will have fullback Joe Varaitis, several tough linemen and a soph tackle, Dick Pomygalski, "big enough to eat hay."

Yale's Jordan Olivar—one of the better young coaches who brought new life to New Haven—will have a fine thrower in Ed Molloy. The fur should really fly at Tigertown in the only struggle I see eluding the Elis.

Graduation losses were lighter than usual at Dartmouth, and the sophomores are better, but captain Bayard Johnson was hurt in an auto accident and probably lost for the year. Boston College is very optimistic and may be the class of New England, although Holy Cross will have another fighting team. Fordham's schedule again looks tougher than the material. Rutgers, Bucknell and Lehigh send happy greetings to alumni. Temple, lacking other material, has a top-flight back in Tex Robinson.

Fullback Pat Abbruzzi should waltz Rhode Island home in the tough little Yankee Conference, though New Hampshire might cut in. The prize in that little island of contentment known as The Potted Ivy League should go to the winner of the annual tussle between Williams and Amherst, with Trinity and Bowdoin contending. Benny Friedman might have an undefeated season in the third year of Brandeis football—*if* he can upset Boston U., which will be hankering for Harry Agganis, last year's star back, but otherwise cheerful.

MIDWEST

The victory gardens grow best out here where the only policy anybody remembers is *win*. There's not a small potato in the Big Ten. And there's one very large Irish spud in Frank Leahy's Notre Dame team, my pick for National Champion despite the fact that its first five opponents are included in my top twenty. The Irish are said to mature slowly, so it has taken all of four years for The Man to reassemble a group resembling his early paragons. The keg-legged lads in the chorus line include guard Sam Palumbo, the type you hear stories about from other linemen. There will be worse All-America backfields picked this year than Notre Dame's John Lattner, Neil Worden, Joe Heap and Ralph Guglielmi, with Dan Shannon of the Punt Patrol still on

Top Twenty Teams

National Champion: **NOTRE DAME 10-0**

2.	UCLA	9-0	12.	PURDUE	7-2
3.	GEORGIA TECH	10-1	13.	DUKE	8-2
4.	OHIO STATE	8-1	14.	NAVY	7-2
5.	MICHIGAN STATE	8-1	15.	MICHIGAN	7-2
6.	ALABAMA	10-1	16.	MISSISSIPPI STATE	8-2
7.	OKLAHOMA	9-1	17.	RICE	8-2
8.	MARYLAND	9-1	18.	MINNESOTA	6-3
9.	FLORIDA	9-1	19.	PITT	6-3
10.	SOUTHERN CAL	8-2	20.	PRINCETON	8-1
11.	TEXAS	8-2			

POSSIBLE BREAK-THROUGHS: Mississippi 8-2; Penn St. 6-3; Tulane 7-3; Yale 8-1; W. Va. 7-2; Kentucky 6-4; Villa. 7-2; Nebraska 7-3; Utah 8-2; Baylor 7-3; Holy Cross 8-2; Georgia 7-4; Penn 5-4; Syracuse 6-2

Coach of the Year **Henry (Red) Sanders, UCLA**

Bowl Prospects

Rose Bowl
UCLA over OHIO STATE
Sugar Bowl
GEORGIA TECH over OKLA.
Cotton Bowl
ALABAMA over TEXAS
Orange Bowl
FLORIDA over MARYLAND

ocky
untain

First Flight

Utah 8-2 Wyoming 6-4
New Mex. 6-3 Colo. A&M 5-4

Second Flight

Utah State 4-7 Idaho State 7-1
Denver 4-6 Colorado State
Brig. Young Colorado Col. 6-3
Montana 4-4 Colo. Mines 4-4

acific Coast

First Flight

UCLA 9-0 USC 8-2
California 7-3

Second Flight

Washington 6-4 Oregon St. 3-6
Washington St. 6-4 Idaho 5-3
Stanford 5-5 San Jose 5-4
Oregon 5-5 Col. of Pacific 6-4

First Flight

Notre Dame 10-0 Purdue 7-2
Ohio State 8-1 Michigan 7-2
Mich. State 8-1 Minnesota 6-3

Second Flight

Wisconsin 5-4 Cincinnati 8-2
Northwestern 5-4 Ohio 7-2
Illinois 5-4 Xavier 7-3
Iowa 4-5 Dayton 5-4
Indiana 3-6 John Carroll 7-2
Marquette 6-4 Western Res. 6-3
Miami (O.) 9-0 Toledo 4-5

First Flight

Navy 7-2 Penn 5-4
Princeton 8-1 Villanova 7-2
Pitt 6-3 Yale 8-1
Penn State 6-3 Army 5-4
Syracuse 6-2

Second Flight

Holy Cross 8-2 Boston U 4-5
Boston College 7-2 Rutgers 5-3
Cornell 5-4 Bucknell 7-2
Dartmouth 4-5 Lehigh 6-3
Colgate 4-5 Delaware 6-3
Harvard 5-3 Temple 3-6
Columbia 3-6 Carnegie 4-4
Fordham 3-6 Lafayette 2-7
Brown 5-4

NEW ENGLAND
(Yankee Conference)

Rhode Island 6-2 Maine 4-3
Connecticut 5-3 Mass. 4-4
N. Hampshire 5-3 Vermont 4-3

Amherst 6-2 Wesleyan 5-3
Williams 6-2 Colby
Brandeis 7-1 Tufts
Trinity 5-3 Middlebury
Bowdoin 4-3 Bates 2-5

There's an unusually large group of good sophs—the potential All-Americans of 1955

Sophomore Squad

The All-Americans of 1955. (Capitals indicate soph eleven. Asterisks—played as freshmen)

ENDS: *TUMINELLO (LSU); QUINLAN (Mich. St.); Tarasovic (Yale); Beagle (Navy); *Mulherin (Ga.); Amyett (Baylor); McComb (Villa.); Phillips (Calif.); Flynn (Md.); Gilliam (Iowa); Curtis (TCU); Stewart (Stan.); Springer (Purd.)

TACKLES: BOLINGER (Okla.); *BIRCHFIELD (Duke); *Krupa (Purd.); *Bartholomew (WF); *Mingis (Ky.); Barron (Miss. St.); Machinsky (Ohio St.); Pomygalski (Penn); Anders (Iowa); Gray (Texas); Wharton (Md.); Walker (Tex. Tech.); Oliver (Calif.); Tunning (Pitt.)

GUARDS: *BROOKS (Ga. Tech.); JONES (Iowa); Weaver (Ohio St.); Stowe (Pitt.); *Sardisco (Tul.); Monlux (Wash.); Moreno (UCLA); Cunard (Prince.); Smith (Syr.); Huff (W. Va.)

CENTERS: VARGO (Ohio St.); Wilson (Rice); Neider (Kans.); Harris (Va.); Ethridge (Ind.)

BACKS: *KRIETEMEYER (Vand.); HARKRADER (Ohio St.); DECKER (USC); *KING (Clem); *Wyant (W. Va.); *Starr (Ala.); *Branoff, Baldacci, Hendricks, Corey (Mich.); McKeiver, Troglio (NW); Schaefer, Fitzgerald, Gaffney, Keller (ND); Flippin (Prince.); Jenkins (Col.); *Riggs (Duke); Dearing (Fla.); Burris (Okla.); Welsh (Navy); *Cassady (Ohio St.); *James (Aub.); Blair (Miss.); *Gutman (Purd.); Hall (Rice); McIlhenny (SMU); Youngblood, Womack (Texas); *Kun, Rogers (Ind.); Davenport (UCLA); Thompson (Brown); James (Ore.); DeGraaf, Meade (Corn.); Monroe, Lederman (Wash.); Moore (Penn St.); Krol (Dart.); Morrall (Mich. St.); Beightol, Vereb (Md.); *Shatto (Ky.); Jacobs (COP); Tarr, Truher (Stan.); Lindbek, Caroline (Ill.); Micho (Syr.); Parham (WF); Fischer (Neb.); *Newman (NCU); Elekes (Va.); Hill (W&L); Sticka (Trin.); *Williams (Ga.); *Schwanger (Tenn.); *Marconi (W. Va.); Huddleston (Tex. A&M); Detring (Mo.); Martin (W&M); Moran (Iowa); Donarski (Marquette); Roether (Kansas State); Iverson, Hagerty (Washington State); Ciemnicki (George Washington)

the prowl, and several promising soph backs—including quarterback Don Schaefer, rated a future star.

Here's why Mr. Lattner is my Mr. (All) America. Last year, on a schedule which included five conference champions, he played both ways; paced the Leahy Lads in minutes played (422), rushing and pass interceptions; was second in pass receiving, recovered fumbles and scoring; third in punt returns; fourth in kickoff returns. He did most of the punting, made quite a few tackles, threw some blocks. He did *not* sell tickets or sweep out the stadium.

I'm told that this year, for the first time in recent grid history, there's an outside chance Mr. Lattner and his fellow South Benders may see bowl service, perhaps in New Orleans, where the sugar is sweet.

A-huffin' and a-puffin' for the Rose Bowl will be Michigan State—eligible for the first time as a member in good standing of the Big Ten—Ohio State, Purdue, Minnesota and Michigan. Michigan State, defending national champion, might be getting into contention just one year late. The Spartans are still stocked like a department store, but the new substitution rule will hurt if their lightweight offensive men lose any of their sustained speed as a result of playing defense. Tom Yewcic, Billy Wells, or Jim Neal could crash my first eleven, where Spartan end Don Dohoney already is lined up.

Michigan State carries the longest winning streak, 24 straight, but my on-the-crystal-ball vision shows the string being broken after 30 by Ohio State. There must be a reason to pick against the champ and the Buckeyes have a field-full—a litany of linemen like George Jacoby, Jim Reichenbach, Mike Takacs, Dean Dugger, Bob Joslin; a great passer, who also has backed the line, in John Borton; sophomore backs like Jerry Harkrader, who would be my pick of those who did not play as freshmen; and Howard (Hopalong) Cassady, who did star as a frosh and also went that-a-way for 95 yards in a spring practice game. There will be two new tackles—the by-now fabulous junior transfer Dick Hilinski and soph Francis Machinsky, who picked Ohio State in a popularity contest in which many schools were entered.

The Bucks should buck through the first six on their schedule, but the faithful will be watching the final three (Purdue and Michigan follow the Spartans), sniffing for attar of Roses—and with an eye for a new coachie in the window, just in case.

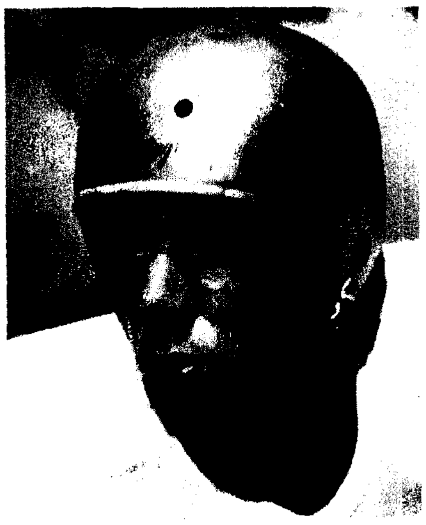
Michigan, with good sophs, will be dangerous again, just a shade off the pace, perhaps, but eager to hijack the Rose Bowl special, which could be done by beating Ohio State, Michigan State and Minnesota.

Alonzo Stagg, who year after year "feared Purdue" on Friday and lambasted Purdue on Saturday, would have had cause for concern this year. The Boilermakers have lost only two Big Ten games in two years. Few will be bigger or better than the men of Purdue—whom I fear, too, since they could drop firecrackers into my preseason brew. I see them losing to Notre Dame and Michigan State—but beating Ohio State. Minnesota could be the skylark of the year—if the Gophers should win their first two, at Southern Cal and against Michigan State at home. Wes Fesler will have a cloak-and-dagger guy in Paul Giel, who will be all over the stadium daring this and doing that. But he'll miss right halfback Bob McNamara, who hurt his knee playing softball.

Wisconsin, last year's passenger to Pasadena, looks like the snake-bit team. After grid injuries laid co-captain Jerry Wuhrman low and sidelined end Don Voss and halfback Harland Carl, apparently for the year, passer Jim Huluska broke a leg in a baseball game and another regular was declared ineligible. But there's still fullback Alan Ameche and a good coach, Ivy Williamson.

Illinois, depending on sophomores, is about a year away; but those Iowa sophs who embarrassed the varsity last year might start embarrassing other varsities right away. Northwestern has a great little soph triple-threater in Bob McKever and will be stubborn. Bernie Crimmins will have a toughie in his second year at Indiana. (Who made that schedule?) Cincinnati has dropped from the Mid-American Conference, but the big game will still be with neighbor Miami, which I see as undefeated. Harvard is hereby warned about its opener with Ohio U. Marquette will be very good, thanks to one of those bargain backs, Ron Drzewiecki.

Soph Back: Krietemeyer, Vand.


Soph Lineman: Brooks, Ga. Tech

SOUTH

There was a parting of ways on the Tobacco Trail; at the fork of the road, the little fellows with least to lose and most Southern Conference votes pointed to the bright blue yonder of classic amateurism. But the big fellows, who had been watching a round $100,000 go skyward each year, said: "You take the high road and we'll take the Bowl Road." And that's how the Atlantic Coast Conference was born. It extends from Maryland to South Carolina with Duke, North Carolina, North Carolina State, Clemson and Wake Forest between. These secessionists have represented most of the power and the glory—and also the money. The ten little fellows retain the Southern Conference name and treasury. Each group courted independent Virginia, which at last report awaited only the nod from a hesitant president to take the Bowl Road. It will be at least a year before schedules are rearranged.

In August, the new conference indicated a policy of stern realism. One team, selected by the conference, will be permitted to go to a bowl each year, with a division of the profits; there were indications of a future Orange Bowl tie-up with the Big Seven champ.

Maryland, one of my problem children (the Terrible Terps just don't follow script) is off and running again with another star-studded lineup. This time the Terrapins catch Ole Miss and Alabama—which made soup of them (and me) last year—at home; nevertheless, I figure the Terps will be dampened again by the rampaging Crimson Tide from Alabama.

Duke could be the surprise of the year. All-America tackle Ed Meadows and halfback Red Smith bucked those books in summer school to join as nifty a nucleus of veterans as you'll find, with Worth (-a-Million) Lutz at quarterback, and two scintillating sophs, Jesse Birchfield and Mickey Riggs, at tackle and halfback.

Virginia and North Carolina are both "processing" this season with new coaches—well, practically new. George Barclay was brought to Chapel Hill a year ago to install the split-T; the material is there—no less than 37 letter men—so don't sniff at the Tarheels. Ned McDonald improved his lot at Charlottesville after seven years as line coach under Art Guepe; unfortunately, Virginia's material didn't improve along with him.

Wake Forest, South Carolina and Clemson look like middle-of-the-roaders, each with enough stars and spirit to make trouble. Clemson is sky-high on split-T quarterback Don King, who earned his spurs as a frosh.

West Virginia looks like the big loser in the conference split-up. The Mountaineers, once sectional orphans, had just found hospice in the Southern Conference, and—minus only three letter men and buoyed up by that '52 victory over Pitt—were aiming at the big fellows. But the big fellows went elsewhere.

SOUTHEAST

Six Dixie teams finished in the top 20 last year and with all squads improved that many could do it again. There are stars aplenty in this Sunburn League, probably because it's the only major area which still plays freshmen. (Or maybe it's bowl fever. Five schools collected $556,400 from four games, kicking back 25 per cent to the conference.)

The statistics on Georgia Tech read like an encyclopedia gridannica: undefeated in 26 games; one of Collier's '52 All-America specialists back again at halfback (Leon Hardeman); the three greatest guards on any one team (Orville Vereen, Jake Shoemaker and Franklin Delano Brooks, my Sophomore Lineman of the Year). For a while, there was one more statistic—the two best fullbacks—but then Larry (Brahma Bull) Morris

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Unsung Squad

(A token roster of boys from major schools shut out from the All-America flight by our lack of space, estimated team records or better publicized men from their own squads. A dozen broke out of this limbo each of the last two years)

ENDS: Rotroff and Franklin (Tenn.); Hair (Ga. Tech); Joslin (Ohio St.); O'Brien (Fla.); Willis (Ala.); O'Malley (Ga.); Barnes (Ore.); Carroll and Lemire (HC); Fenton (Iowa); Ondilla (WF); Proffitt (Ky.); Bennett (S.C.); McCants (Wash. St.); McClary (Wash.); Crouch (TCU); Kay (Kans.); Katusa (Miss. St.); Thielscher (Dart.); Malinak (Penn St.)

TACKLES: Lenzini (Ill.); Hunter (ND); Nelson (Okla.); Hilinski (Ohio St.); Reeve (Ore.); Ellena (UCLA); Jones (Md.); Fournet (LSU); Mehalich (Va.); Shanafelt (Penn.); Fisher (Tenn.); Knowles (Baylor); Grier (Penn St.); Chelf (Iowa); Yarborough (NCU); Prentiss (Yale); N. Gressette (Clem.); Armitage (Stan.); Balog (Mich.); Jagielski (Ind.); Bixler and Lundy (Kans.); Miller and Parker (BC); Faragalli (Villanova); McClelland (Syracuse)

GUARDS: Williams (TCU); Paul (Rice); Takacs (Ohio St.); Dutton (Cal.); Correll (Ky.); Vereen, Shoemaker (Ga. Tech); Bowman (Oklahoma); Hantla (Kansas); Schoderbek (Penn St.); Lunn (Army); Wimberley (Ga.); Dugger (Mich.); Mincevich (S.C.); Duncan (Aub.); Breniff (Mich. St.); Oniskey (Corn.); Ferguson (Ore. St.); Burrows (Duke)

CENTERS: Schrader (ND); Olson (Navy); Farris (Army); Cunningham (S. C.); Trautman (Penn); Easterwood (Miss. St.); Peterson (UCLA); Dildy (LSU); Rucka (Rice); Morze (BC); Papantones (Dart.); Adkins (Ky.)

BACKS: Lewis and Luna (Ala.); Heap, Guglielmi, Shannon (ND); Hardy (Col.); Stits, Debay and Stalwick (UCLA); McGee, Kennedy, Clement (Tulane); Epps (Pitt); Johnson and Gaskamp (Rice); Norton, Eidom (SMU); Shaw (Ore.); Bordogna (Neb.); Barbish, Wade and Oleksiak (Tenn.); McNamara (Minn.); Dupre (Baylor); Dooley (Aub.); Felton and Hanulak (Md.); Smith (Duke); Ellis (Mich. St.); Boydston and Grigg (Okla.); Burkhart (Wash. St.); Clinkscale (TCU); Hynoski (Penn); Johnson (BC); Newman (Vand.); Jones (Yale); Attaya (Army); Wetzel (Syr.); Brock (Purdue); Brancato (LSU); Gramling and Wilson (S.C.); Ellis (Tex. A&M); O'Leary (HC); Thomas and Lauter (NW); Baumgartner (Minn.); Weaver (Navy); Parker and Worrell (NCU); Lalla, Chandler (Colg.); Watkins and Leggett (Ohio St.); Witt (Wisc.); George (Clem.); Turner (Dart.)

was shifted to center . . . just in time to make my first eleven (as a junior—but he's that kind of guy). The remaining half of the statistic, Glenn Turner, is good enough for my All-America Squad—behind the first eleven. But I figure Tech's streak (including one tie) will be broken in the thirty-second game at Notre Dame.

Alabama is weeping softly, but its 26 letter men include one of the backfields of the year—Tommy Lewis, Corky Tharp, Bobby Luna and sophomore Bart Starr—and luminous linemen Ed Culpepper, Ralph Carrigan and Bud Willis. The Bama-Tech battle November 14th should be as tough as last year, when Tech won 7-3 without Hardeman. Florida, with handy man fullback Rick Casares, Jos D'Agostino, a great guard, and a rich squad expertly coached by Bob Woodruff, could be the sleeper.

Mississippi State sprang the surprise backfield man of '52: Jackie Parker walked in from junior college, became an A student, played quarterback for the first time, scored 16 touchdowns, passed for eight more, led the major elevens in scoring with 120 points—and is back again with better support. Kentucky's 34 letter men will be shepherded by Steve Meilinger, who plays halfback, quarterback and end so well that if there were room I'd add a utility role on my All-America for him. Ole Miss has lost heavily from its Sugar Bowl team, but the schedule is favorable.

Tennessee, lacking the ailing general Bob Neyland and impressive backs, has been dropped a notch; assistant Harvey Robinson should develop a hard-hitting squad nevertheless. Tulane alternated its elevens last year, and with a fine backfield and fairly deep reserves could spend the season springing surprises.

Georgia still has Zeke Bratkowski, a great passer and punter, but the Bulldog supporting cast may lack teeth. LSU has two-way line stars and the faculty of upsetting anybody when the Tiger is savage. Auburn sees a return to glory days with Vince Dooley, who almost upset Maryland last year all by himself. The Vanderbilt Commodores should improve in rank under imaginative Art Guepe, who inherits my Soph Back of the Year, Bill Krietemeyer. There's a youth movement at Miami, with two-way end Frank McDonald heading a soph-heavy squad. Tom Nugent is aiming to establish another major gridiron grove at Florida State.

SOUTHWEST

The drought that bedeviled farmers and ranchers down here was nothing new to gridiron folk; they've had that dry, dusty feeling for three years now. The Steers and the Owls manage to look sleek, and the bears seem to have hibernated well; the Mustang is fairly prancy; but the Aggies, Horned Frogs and Hogs are plain mean lean. This gridiron jive talk means Texas and Rice look good enough for my second ten, nationally, with Baylor a possibility, SMU a remote chance, A&M, TCU and Arkansas also-rans. New coaches have been imported at parched SMU, TCU and Arkansas in the hope they'll make the rains fall again.

Jess Neely is a calendar coach, who builds through a few lean years to a fat one, and this is his year at Rice. He opens with Florida, and somebody is in for a shock—possibly me, since I'm picking the Gators on what looks like more backfield strength (unless soph Jerry Hall emerges as the Rice secret weapon). The Owl line is topped by six-foot-six, 225-pound All-America tackle candidate Dick Chapman, who majors in atomic physics and was prez of the junior class, a sort of all-around All-American lad. The Owls are trained both ways, so they don't give a hoot if it's one platoon or two, and the squad has depth and confidence.

Nevertheless, I'm again riding the Texas Steer in this section; although coach Eddie Price's team had important losses last year, it also seems to have the New York Yankee (pardon me) touch at coming up with replacements. Billy Quinn tops the backs and Carlton Massey makes this the eighth time in thirteen years Texas has had a potential All-America end.

Unsung Heroes

JACK GIBBS, Ohio State
(Back)

JOHN HALL, Vanderbilt
(Lineman)

LOU LITTLE, Columbia
(Coach)

ERNIE GODFREY,
Ohio State
(Assistant Coach)

Baylor, in betting parlance, could be an overlay—a possible sleeper. Jerry Coody, top back of the section, can and will do everything but play on Sunday. (He's a ministerial student and conducts revival meetings all over the territory.) L. G. Dupre is able to get lost with that ball any time. Nine men return from '52's offensive team: a bad-for-your-blood-pressure outfit which played seven thrillers on a ten-game schedule.

SMU won't seem the same without coach Rusty Russell, who's now at Schreiner Institute with a squad of 30, all of whom will be playing offense, you can be sure. Rusty left a powerful corral of young Mustangs which Chalmer Woodard, the new coach, may have kicking in time to run strong in the conference race and in the TV finale against Notre Dame. This could be 1953's surprise team.

After 19 successful years, coach Dutch Meyer booted himself upstairs to the athletic director's office, leaving TCU to his aide Othol (Abe) Martin, who has installed a split-T, single-wing combination. The four top ball carriers and three top passers return—but last year's Horned Frogs scored 67 points in conference games while allowing the same number, which could be described as good-field-no-hit. The third coaching change is at Arkansas, to which Bowden Wyatt traveled from a successful tour at Wyoming. He's putting in the Tennessee wing. Texas A&M has better backs but a weaker line and does not look to be a factor.

The Border Conference fight will be four-cornered, with Texas Tech looking a shade better than Hardin-Simmons, Arizona or Tempe. Pro scouts will find nine desert standouts gracing my player lists—including two from East Texas State, where Catfish Smith won eleven straight last year; he expects to go through again.

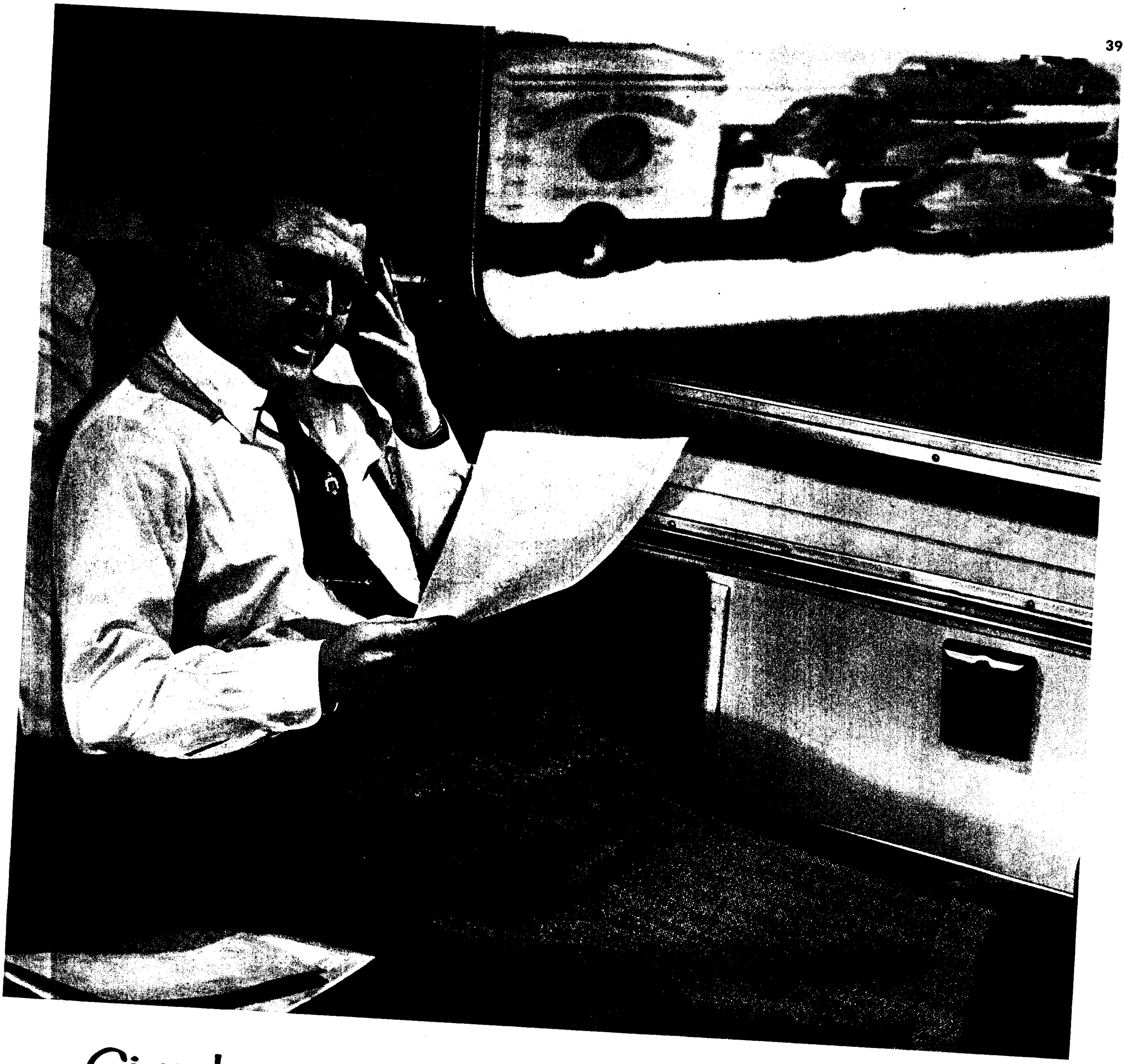
A few years ago I predicted that Billy Burkhalter of Rice would become the father of a boy the week of the Texas game and that the proud papa would personally bulldog the Steers. It turned out to be the Arkansas game and a girl, but Pops did play his greatest game. This fall another little angel is due at the home of Rice's Horton Nesrsta, but the reservation date is a little cloudy. So let's be consistent and predict that it will be a boy on the Texas week end and that the happy Pappy will prance all over the place.

MISSOURI VALLEY

To many football fans, it must seem that there have been glaciers in the Dust Bowl since Oklahoma last lost a Big Seven game—actually, it was in postglacial 1946—but this year gloom is busting out all over. Former halfback Buddy Leake has been taking a cram course in the intricate ball handling required of the split-T quarterback. Fullback Max Boydston is a

Unsung Lineman: Hall, Vanderbilt

Unsung Back: Gibbs, Ohio State



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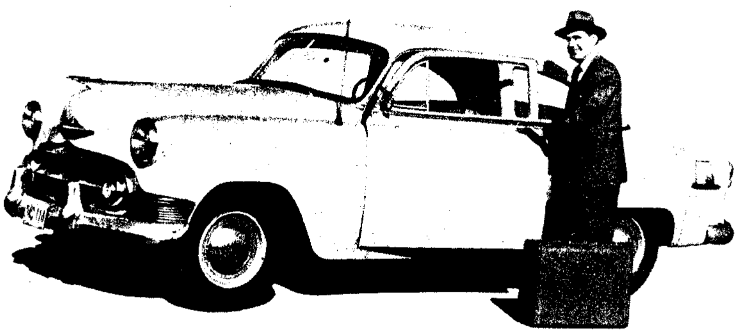

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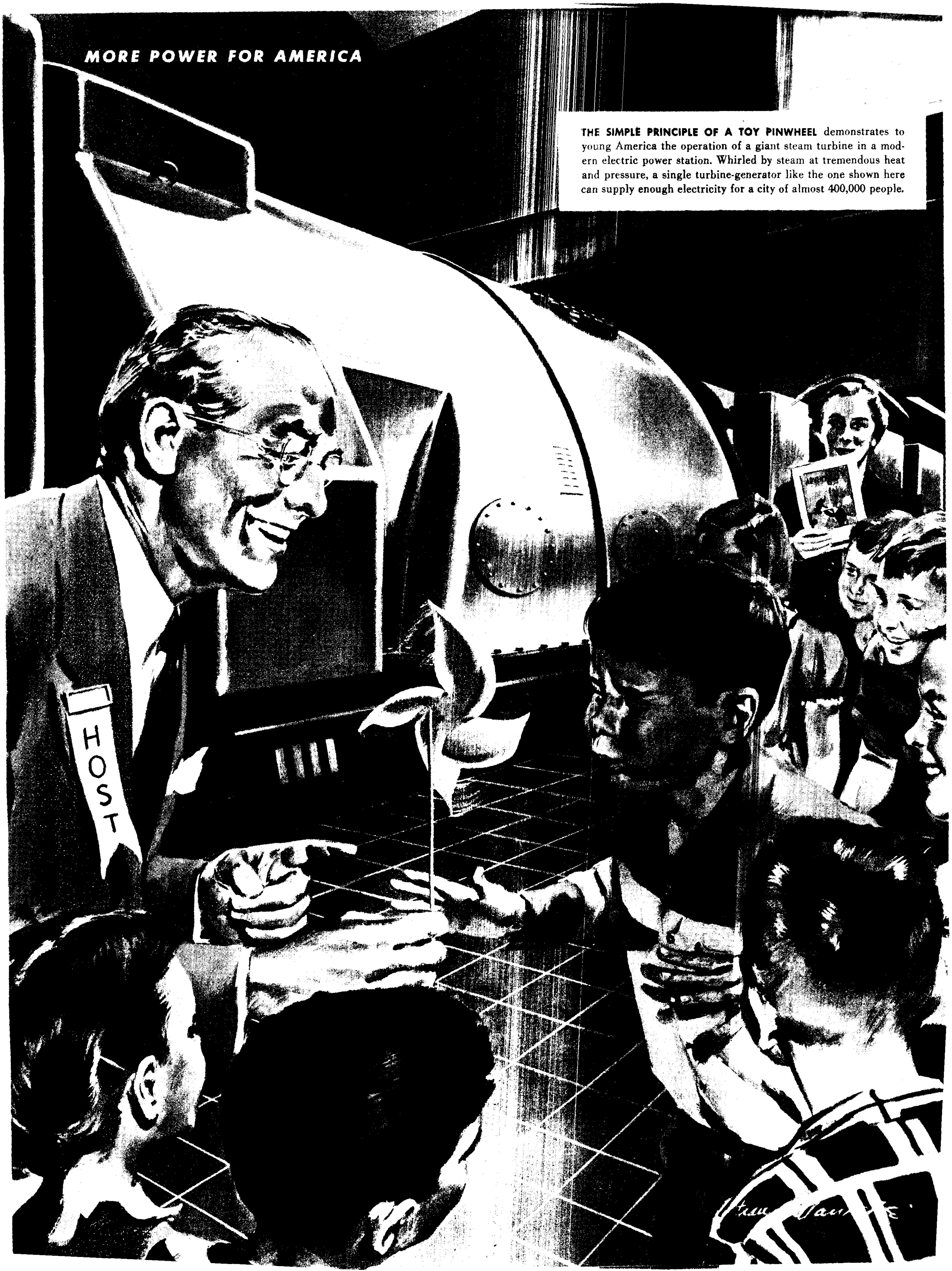

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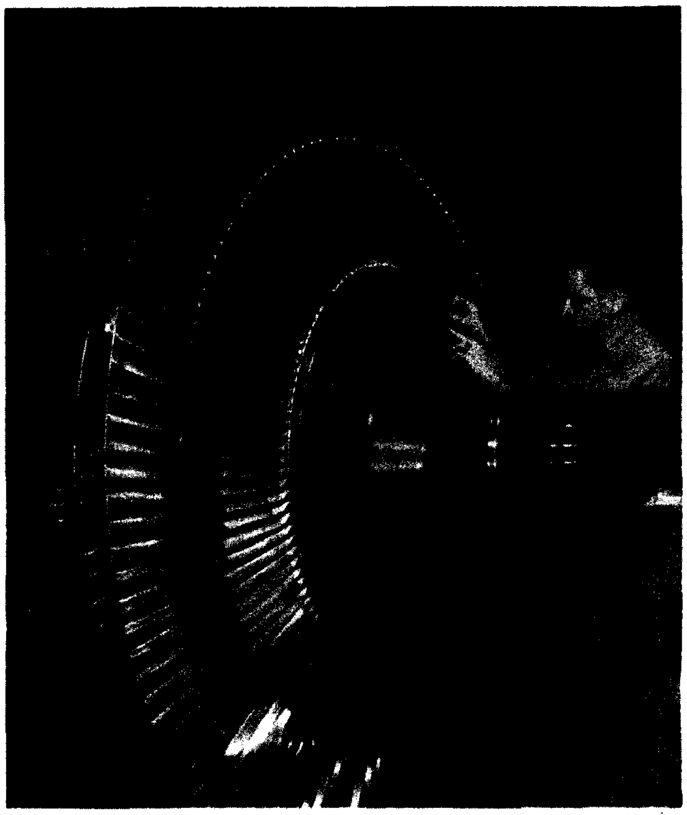

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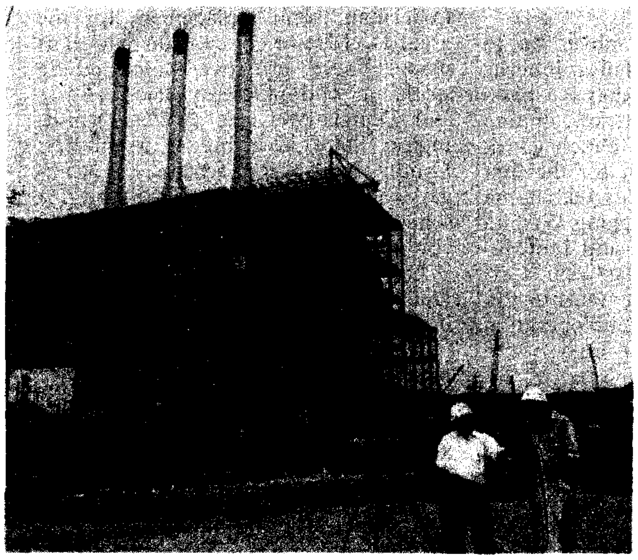

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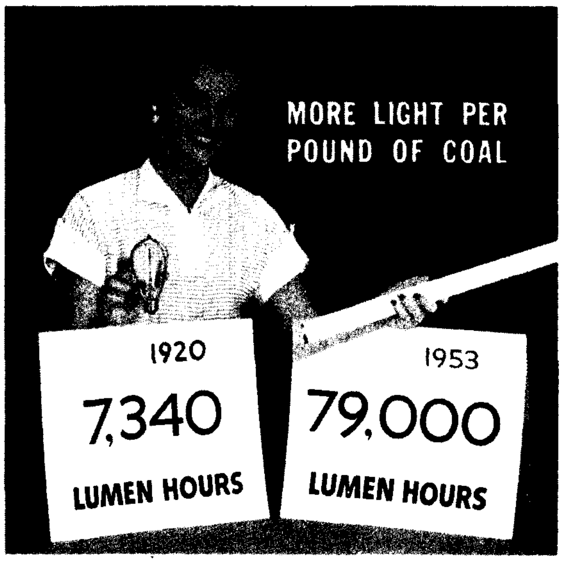

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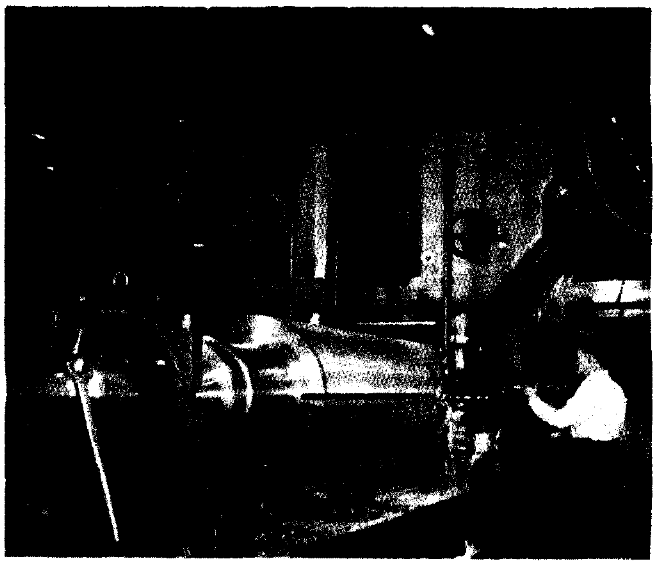

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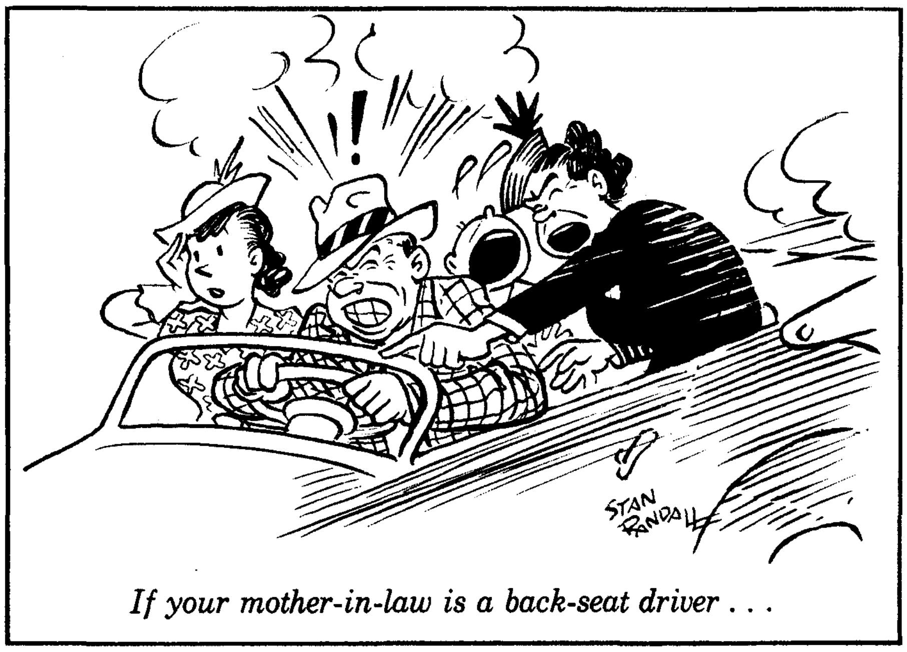
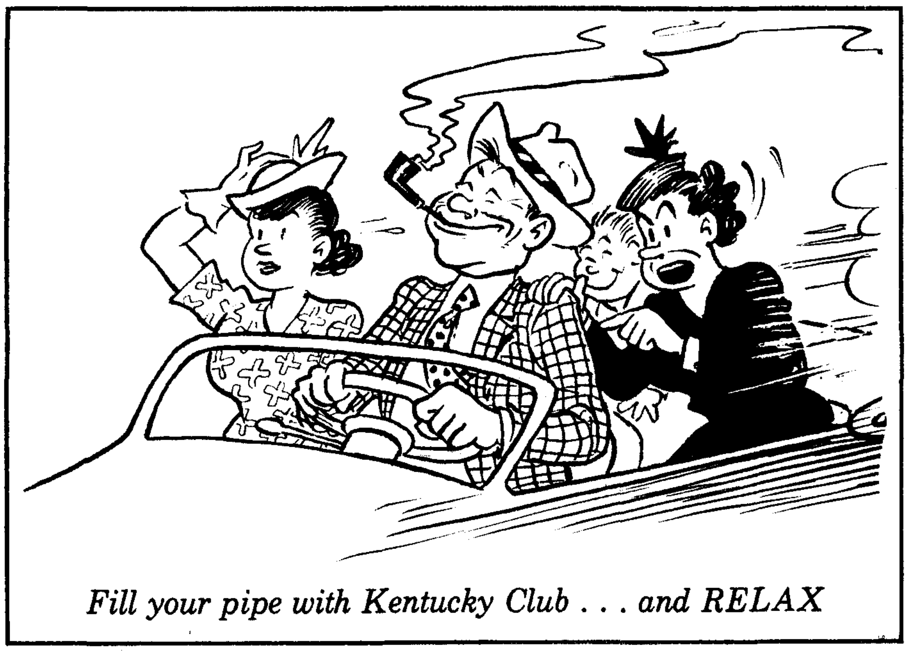


If your mother-in-law is a back-seat driver . . .



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reconverted end. Tackle Roger Nelson had a second operation for a bone spur last spring but hopes to play. Guard J. D. Roberts, "fast as a hiccough," is about the only regular who looks par for the Oklahoma course. The season opens against a horrific trio—Notre Dame, Pitt and Texas. But don't bet any oil wells against the Sooners; Oklahoma has been the most consistent winner of the last five years and Bud Wilkinson is especially adept at developing quarterbacks.

Nebraska is reported to be loaded in the "nameless" manner of Florida, Rice, Pitt and a few others—no widely known stars, but lots of material. A sophomore tailback named Rex Fischer had them thinking, during spring practice, in terms of "another Bobby Reynolds." Don Faurot, current president of the Coaches Association, is hoping for a more dignified won-lost record at Missouri than last year's 5-5, and will probably get it, though his Tigers are playing a rough schedule without marquee names. Kansas, wheat-high the last few seasons, is suddenly very short of backfield strength. Colorado could be tough by midseason if the sophomores come a-whoopin'; Carroll Hardy needs only to improve his passing to be a top star, and soph Homer Jenkins is a great triple-threat prospect.

There's unaccustomed optimism at Kansas State, where back Veryl Switzer will have some help. Iowa State report: "Green, thin, 28 major injuries in '52. If we get hurt, we'll send you a uniform." (Stay healthy, boys.) The Missouri Valley Conference race looks like a tight tussle between Oklahoma A&M and Houston, with their October 17th game deciding. Houston, which has been coming fast, won 10 to 7 last season, but the Aggies have also been loping back under J. B. (Old Ears) Whitworth. They lost six games by a total of 21 points in '52 and believe they now have the reserves to reverse those adversities.

Bernie Witucki, who moves up to Buddy Brothers' job at Tulsa, inherits Tom (Monk) Miner, a massive pass-catching end and point-kicker, among a meager 13 letter men. Dutch Clark has good news at Detroit for the first time. Jack Mitchell, ex-Oklahoma quarterback, will start digging Wichita out of that ditch. Drake and Joe McClaran caught 47 passes last year. Carl Snavely seems happy at Washington U. in St. Louis, an amateur operation with schedule to match.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS

It's Utah by acclamation—one of the rare times I've had a unanimous choice among my correspondents. Colorado players last year voted Don Rydalch "a better T-quarterback than Oklahoma's Eddie Crowder," and Donnie, the useful Ute, has fine support. Wyoming's new coach is another Tennessee product, Phil Dickens, fresh from a six-year 40-16-7 reign at Wofford. The material? Adequate.

There are new coaches at Denver (Bob Blackman succeeds John Baker) and at New Mexico (Bob Titchenal in for Dud DeGroot)—but for opposite reasons. Denver, which had slid to a 3-7 record, announced it was "burying the Ivy," whereas at New Mexico they seem to be planting it: Dr. DeGroot had lifted the Lobos to a 7-2 peak, but disagreed with the administration on matters of (here it comes again) policy. Colorado A&M reported a rare complaint—several lads in danger of being drafted because they allowed their academic average to drop below the deferment point!

PACIFIC COAST

The Far Western gridiron sun will confine its activities to the environs of Los Angeles (which will seem only proper to Angelinos) and finally, if my calculus—and scouting—is correct, will set scientifically at Westwood, home of UCLA. There was strong opinion here, remarkable since El Trojan won El Rose Bowl. But UCLA's Persuasive Paul Cameron is another of those whoop-de-doo backs (nothing is official unless he's in on it) and the supporting cast is excellent, featuring Chuck Doud, "possibly the best tackle in America." Red Sanders, my Coach of the Year, has been building for this season since he left Vanderbilt in 1948.

The Trojans of Southern Cal still have most of last year's remarkably inoffensive offensive squad, which made much of its fortune from runbacks of punts and intercepted passes. Jess Hill has hopped up his formations and imported backfield coach George Ceithaml from Michigan to improve offensive blocking. He also has a sophomore speed-gun named Jim Decker who may help wingback Lindon Crow release the potential power. Pappy Waldorf claims to be all but barren at California; few people out there can believe it, but if a rebuilding job is in order the soph bricks are available.

Washington: "A new coach, new hope, no Heinrich." The successor to Howie Odell is alumnus and former frosh coach John Cherberg. Mike Monroe is a hard-hitting soph back of the Hugh McElhenny type, and Sandy Lederman, soph replacement for the great Don Heinrich, can run as well as pass. There are two pass-catching storks at end—George Black (6′5″) and Dough McClary (6′8″). Washington State is a bit of a puzzler. Loudly bugled last season, the Cougars were victimized by a see-America schedule. If they should rebound, they could make trouble.

Oregon has genuine hopes. The Ducks lost several close ones last year; if quarterback George Shaw plays to his potential, he and 26 other letter men might produce the best season since '49. Oregon State has lost several of its best prospects; it could be a long winter up there, starting in September. Stanford has a fine passing battery in Bob Garret and Sam Morley; there are some ignitible sophs, too, but Chuck Taylor is hurting for a spark. Idaho will be rough and tough as usual. College of the Pacific and San Jose State, last of the strong Coast independents, expect good seasons.

THE STANDOUTS

And now let's take a stroll down Alibi Lane.

It is possible for both Coach and Back of the Year to come from the same team—if it's a winning team. So last year Jim Tatum and Jack Scarbath were trotting tranquilly in tandem until they reached the Faulkner

players, looks like the pride of the West

country around Oxford, Mississippi; what happened there shouldn't even happen to novelist Faulkner's heroes. But like all hoss players I had backed up my Maryland parlay with a few judicious "savers," so the take-home wasn't too bad. Biggie Munn, the winning coach, was my second choice. Scarbath finished second in the Heisman Poll; the winner was my fourth, Billy Vessels. Including Johnny Lattner, three of my four selections finished in the top five.

There was a similar misprint among the linemen, where my man, Tom Catlin, finished second. The usurper, Donn Moomaw, was not exactly a stranger. He was my soph center in '50 and a first-string All-American in '51, but was out much of that season with injuries. I dropped him a notch in '52—so, of course, he came back healthy. (Like to try your hand, folks?) Alan Ameche, my soph back, was good as anybody. My soph lineman apparently was not; let him be anonymous.

So here we go again, by guess and by gosh, and if you miss the names of some of your favorite players (I get some dandy letters from their wives), relax—I'll agree with you. There must be a hundred potential Marilyn Monroes in college (but only one who ever reached Hollywood) and there are at least as many college players in the All-America flight; my great sorrow each year is that I can present only those (about half of the 800 nominated) who, through the accidents of publicity, have been able to crash my space barriers.

I'm picking Lattner over the other Three Musketeers in the backfield—Giel, Cameron and Parker—because he's the proven rugged two-way man of the quartet in this two-way season, and should have the better team. And "Ike" Eisenhauer is my choice over Meadows, Morris and Chapman as top lineman; this is just an Ike year.

Coach of the Year? If Notre Dame goes through (and Notre Dame mournfully warns me it will not) Frank Leahy will have done a magnificent job. But he has won before and the coaches who do the actual balloting seem to like to spread the honor. I'm also passing previous winners Biggie Munn, Bud Wilkinson and Charlie Caldwell for this coaching eleven of fresh faces: Henry (Red) Sanders (UCLA), Coach of the Year; Bobby Dodd (Ga. Tech.); Harold (Red) Drew (Ala.); Woody Hayes (Ohio St.); Bob Woodruff (Fla.); Jim Tatum (Md.); Jess Hill (USC); Eddie Erdelatz (Navy); Wes Fesler (Minnesota); Bill Murray (Duke) and Stu Holcomb (Purdue). Four of my '52 coaching eleven finished among the top 11 last year.

My sophomore squad is again large because so many came to my attention by playing as freshmen last year. Bill Krietemeyer, my soph back, will be another cloak-and-dagger lad who might slip craftily into the All-America. Georgia Tech goes without reservation for Franklin Delano Brooks, my Lineman of the Year, and Oklahoma is equally high on Virgilee Bolinger.

My Unsung Heroes are chosen to represent various solid groups who seldom feel the warm sun of publicity. I know of nobody who has worked longer or harder for the best interests of the game than Lou Little. Ernie Godfrey is the key man in Ohio State affairs, a man who has survived all those coaching changes and bitter feuds, while stanchly insisting on saying his piece. John Hall, Vanderbilt junior, regular defensive guard since he entered as a freshman, weighs all of 177, missed spring practice because of a knee injury but will be back battling this fall. And last year John was also getting 14 A's and 3 B's while messing around with chemical engineering, physics, calculus and such.

You probably won't see or hear much of fullback Jack Gibbs this fall. I picked him out of the crowd during the Ohio State spring game and was told that he was married, supported two little sisters, worked a full night shift in a Columbus aviation plant, carried a crowded schedule of classes—and squeezed football practice into all this (plus, somewhere along the line, a few hours' sleep). They do have such types in football, you know—but they don't usually make All-America until later years.

Keep punching; see you on the fifty-yard line. ▲▲▲

Pro Scout List

(A token list mostly from minor and intermediate squads, as good as the best but out of the publicity sun)

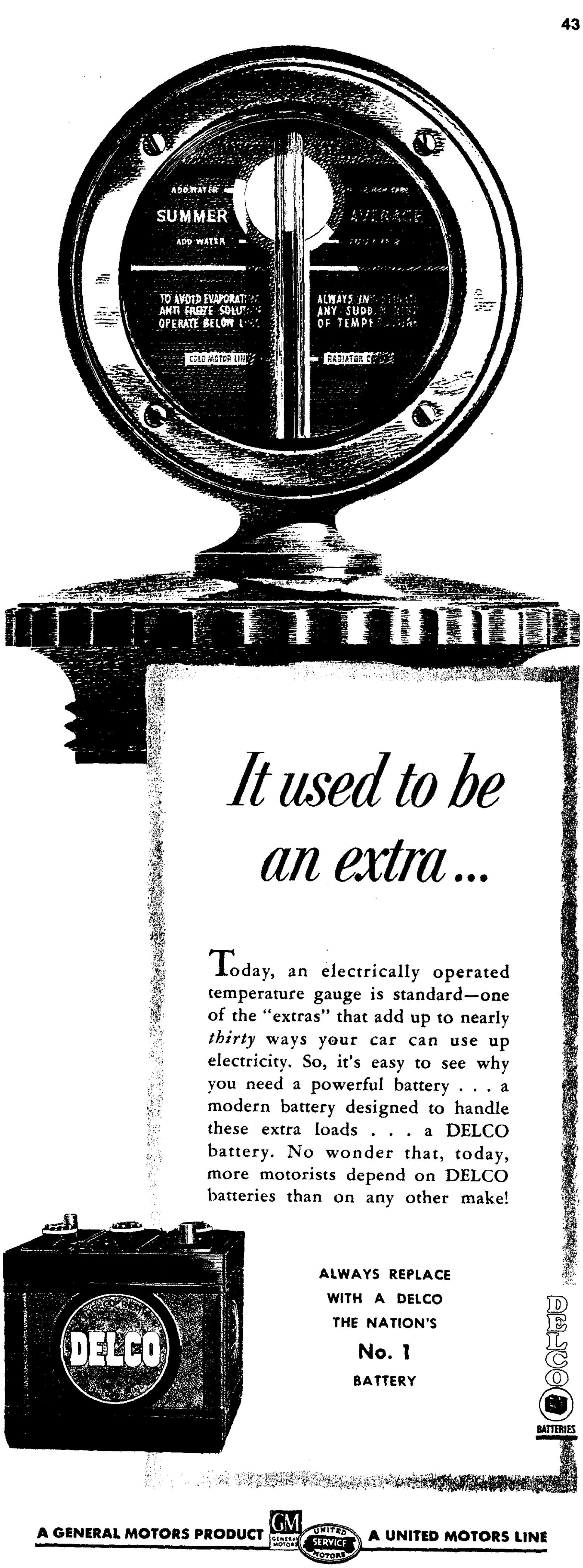
ENDS: Andrews (H-S); Sims (Marq.); McDonald (Miami, F.); Miner (Tulsa); Bubak, Nellestein (Utah); Gaskin (Clem.); Spooner (Tex. Tech); Sawchik (Ohio U.); Chambers (Mass.); Gunn (Lehigh); Ford (Ida. St.); McClaran (Drake); Brumfield (Miss. So.); Fritz (Cin.)

TACKLES: Hauser, Baele (Xav.); Gillioz (Houst.); Preas (Va. Tech); Krol (Det.); Sazio (W&M); Jones (Miami, O.); Lewis (Ariz.); Driscoll (NH); Goldstein (Brand.); Ashley (E. Tex.); Shepherd (Miss. So.); Miyata (Day.); Hess (Ida.); Christensen (Rich.)

GUARDS: Thalacker (Ia. St.); Cox (W&M); Schaeffer (Wich.); Golden (Me.); Meenan (Wms.); O'Hearn (Rut.); Weems (McM.); Marich (Cin.); O'Boyle (Kan. St.); Cataloni (BU); Rutkowski (Ariz.)

CENTERS: McHenry (W&L); White (N. Mex.); Grann (RI); Pappas (BU); Korchek (George Washington); Bertrand (Idaho)

BACKS: Rydalch (Utah); Pagna (Miami, O.); Switzer (Kan. St.); Abbruzzi (RI); Carr (Houst.); Robinson (Temple); Thacker (Dav.); Cavazos (Tex. Tech); Drzewiecki (Marq.); McElroy, Pepper (Miss. So.); Curran (Tempe); Connor (Ida. St.); Bowman (W&M); Unitas (L'ville); Burkett (Ia. St.); Bogdanovich (Me.); Cosgrove (Bowd.); Goldfader (Brand.); Matthews (S. Jose); Carroll (W. Res.); Duncan (Rut.); Klingberg (Union); Kaser (Toledo); Burton (Wich.); Williams (H-S); Riley (Det.); Gray (E. Tex.); Kercher (Tulsa); Judd (Xav.); Ottoson, Liebscher (COP); Broderick (Wms.)



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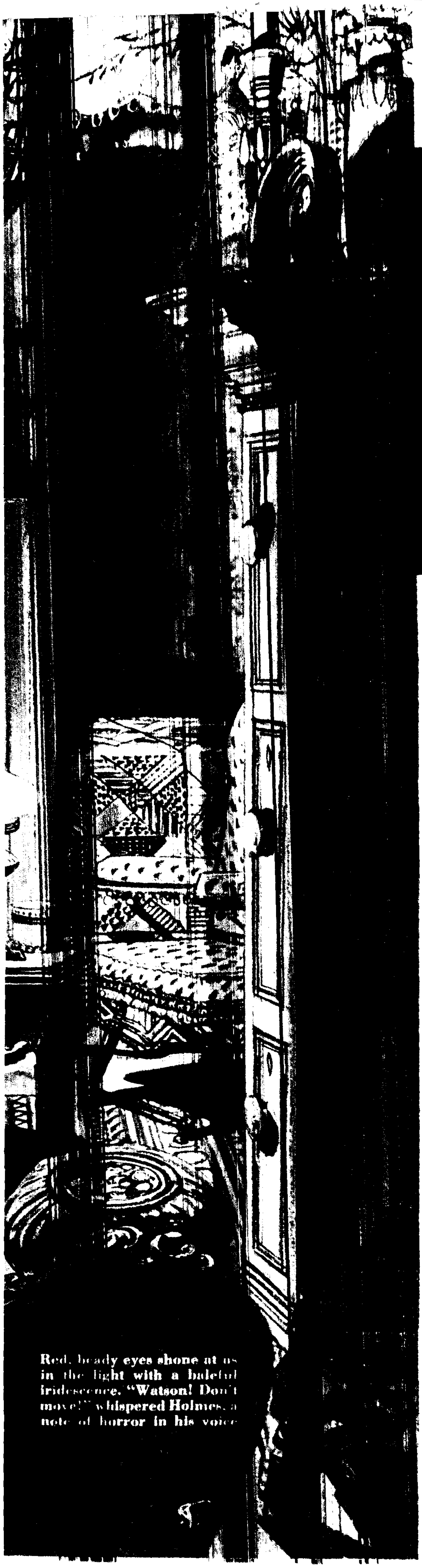

Red, beady eyes shone at us in the light with a baleful iridescence. "Watson! Don't move!" whispered Holmes, a note of horror in his voice

The Adventure of the DEPTFORD HORROR

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

Three members of one family had been murdered—

two remained. If Holmes failed, tomorrow

there would be only one

I HAVE remarked elsewhere that my friend Sherlock Holmes, like all great artists, lived for his art's sake and, save in the case of the Duke of Holdernesse, I have seldom known him to claim any substantial reward. However powerful or wealthy the client, he would refuse to undertake any problem that lacked appeal to his sympathies, while he would devote his most intense energies to the affairs of some humble person whose case contained those singular and bizarre qualities which struck a responsive chord in his imagination.

On glancing through my notes for that memorable year of 1895, I find recorded the details of a case which may be taken as a typical instance of this disinterested and even altruistic attitude of his which placed the rendering of a kindly service above that of material reward. I refer to the dreadful affair of the canaries and the soot marks on the ceiling.

It was early in June that my friend completed his investigations into the sudden death of Cardinal Tosca, an inquiry which he had undertaken at the special request of the pope. The case had demanded the most exacting work on Holmes's part and, as I had feared at the time, the aftermath had left him in a highly nervous and restless state that caused me some concern both as his friend and his medical adviser.

One rainy night toward the end of the same month, I persuaded him to dine with me at Frascatti's and thereafter we had gone on to the Café Royal for our coffee and liqueurs. As I had hoped, the bustle of the great room with its red plush seats and stately palms bathed in the glow of numerous crystal chandeliers drew him out of his introspective mood. As he leaned back on our sofa, his fingers playing with the stem of his glass, I noted with satisfaction a gleam of interest in those keen gray eyes as he studied the somewhat Bohemian clientele that thronged the tables and alcoves.

I was in the act of replying to some remark when Holmes nodded suddenly in the direction of the door. "Lestrade," said he. "What can he be doing here?"

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw the lean rat-faced figure of the Scotland Yard man standing in the entrance, his dark eyes looking slowly

Another New Sherlock Holmes Story

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ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

around the room. The police agent caught sight of us and pushed his way through the throng.

"He may be seeking you, Holmes," I remarked, "on some urgent case."

"Hardly, Watson. His wet boots show that he has walked. If there was urgency, he would have taken a cab. But here he is."

"Only a routine check," said Lestrade, drawing up a chair. "But duty's duty, Mr. Holmes, and I can tell you that I've netted some strange fish before now in these respectable places. While you are comfortably dreaming up your theories in Baker Street, we poor devils at Scotland Yard are doing the practical work. No thanks to us from popes and kings, but a bad hour with the superintendent if we fail."

"Tut," said Holmes good-humoredly. "Your superiors must surely hold you in some esteem since I solved the Ronald Adair murder, the Bruce-Partington theft, the—"

"Quite so, quite so," interrupted Lestrade hurriedly. "And now," he added, with a heavy wink at me, "I have something for you."

"Ah!"

"Of course, a young woman who starts at shadows may be more in Dr. Watson's line."

"Really, Lestrade," I protested warmly, "I cannot approve your—"

"One moment, Watson. Let us hear the facts."

LESTRADE continued: "Well, Mr. Holmes, they are absurd enough, and I would not waste your time were it not that I have known you to do a kindness or two before now, and in this instance your word of advice may prevent a young woman from acting foolishly. Now, here's the position.

"Down Deptford way, along the edge of the river, there are some of the worst slums in the East End of London but, right in the middle of them, you can still find some fine old houses, which centuries ago were the homes of wealthy merchants. One of these tumble-down mansions has been occupied by a family named Wilson for the past hundred years and more. I understand that they were originally in the China trade and when that went to the dogs a generation back, they got out in time and retired into their old home. The recent household consisted of Horatio Wilson and his wife, with one son and a daughter, and Horatio's younger brother Theobold, who had come to live with them on his return from foreign parts.

"Some three years ago, the body of Horatio Wilson was hooked out of the river. He had been drowned, and, as he was known to have been a hard-drinking man, it was generally accepted that he had missed his step in the fog and fallen into the water. A year later his wife, who suffered from a weak heart, died from a heart attack. We know this to be the case, because the doctor made a very careful examination following the statements of a police constable and a night watchman employed on a barge."

"Statements to what effect?" interposed Holmes.

"Well, there was talk of a noise that seemed to come that night from the old Wilson house, but the nights are often foggy along Thames-side and the men were probably misled. The constable described the sound as a dreadful yell that froze his blood in his veins. If I had him in my division, I'd teach him such words should never pass the lips of an officer of the law."

"I need the car for the same reason you needed the horse and buggy"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

"What time was this noise heard?"

"Ten o'clock at night, the hour of the old lady's death. It's merely a coincidence, for there is no doubt that she died of heart."

"Go on."

Lestrade consulted his notebook for a moment. "I've been digging up the facts," he continued. "On the night of May seventeenth last, the daughter went to a magic-lantern entertainment accompanied by a woman servant. On her return, she found her brother, Jabez Wilson, dead in his armchair. He had inherited a bad heart and insomnia from his mother. This time there were no rumors of shrieks and yells, but owing to the expression on the dead man's face, the local doctor called in the police surgeon to assist in the examination. It was heart all right, and our man confirmed that this can sometimes cause a distortion of the features that will convey an impression of stark terror."

"That is perfectly true," I remarked.

"Now, it seems that the daughter Janet has become so overwrought that, according to her uncle, she proposes to sell the property and go abroad," went on Lestrade. "Her feelings are, I suppose, natural. Death has been busy with the Wilson family."

"And what of this uncle? Theobold, I think you said his name was."

"Well, I fancy that you will find him on your doorstep tomorrow morning. He came to me at the Yard in the hope that the official police could put his niece's fears at rest and persuade her to take a more reasonable view. As we are engaged on more important affairs than calming hysterical young women, I suggested that he call on you."

"Indeed! Well, it is natural enough that he should resent the unnecessary loss of what is probably a snug corner."

"Oh, there is no resentment, Mr. Holmes. Wilson seems to be genuinely attached to his niece and concerned only for her future." Lestrade paused, while a grin spread over his foxy face. "He is not a very worldly person, is Mr. Theobold, and though I've met some queer trades in my time, his beats the band. He trains canaries."

"It is an established profession."

"Is it?" There was an irritating smugness in Lestrade's manner as he rose to his feet and reached for his hat. "It is quite evident that you do not suffer from insomnia, Mr. Holmes," he said, "or you would know that birds trained by Theobold Wilson are different from other canaries. Good night."

"What on earth does the fellow mean?" I asked, as the police agent threaded his way toward the door.

"Merely that he knows something that we do not," replied Holmes dryly. "But, as conjecture is as profitless as it is misleading to the analytical mind, let us wait until tomorrow. I can say however that I do not propose to waste my time over a matter that appears to fall more properly within the province of the local vicar." . . .

To my friend's relief, the morning brought no visitor. But when, on my return from an urgent case to which I had been summoned shortly after lunch, I entered our sitting room I found that our spare chair was occupied by a bespectacled middle-aged man. As he rose to his feet, I observed that he was of an exceeding thinness and that his face, which was scholarly and even austere in expression, was seamed with countless wrinkles and of that dull parchment yellow that comes from years under a tropic sun.

"Ah, Watson, you have arrived just in time," said Holmes. "This is Mr. Theobold Wilson about whom Lestrade spoke to us last night."

Our visitor wrung my hand warmly. "Your name is, of course, well-known to me, Dr. Watson," he said. "Indeed, if Mr. Sherlock Holmes will pardon me for saying so, it is largely thanks to you that we are aware of his genius. As a medical man doubtless well versed in the handling of nervous cases, your presence should have a most beneficial effect upon my unhappy niece."

Holmes looked at me resignedly. "I have promised Mr. Wilson to accompany him to Deptford, Watson," said he, "for it would seem that the young lady is determined to leave her home tomorrow. But I must repeat, Mr. Wilson, that I fail to see in what way my presence can affect the matter."

"You are overmodest, Mr. Holmes. When I appealed to the official police, I had hoped that they might convince Janet that, terrible though our family losses have been in the past three years, nevertheless they lay in natural causes and there is no reason why she should flee from her home. I had the impression," he added, with a chuckle, "that the inspector was somewhat chagrined at my ready acceptance of his own suggestion that I seek your aid."

"I shall most certainly remember my small debt to Lestrade," replied Holmes dryly as he rose to his feet. "Perhaps, Watson, you would ask Mrs. Hudson to whistle a four-wheeler, and Mr. Wilson can clarify certain points as we drive to Deptford."

IT WAS one of those gray brooding summer days when London is at its worst and, as we rattled over Blackfriars Bridge, I noted that wreaths of mist were rising from the river like the poisonous vapors of some hot jungle swamp. The spacious streets of the West End had given place to the great commercial thoroughfares that resounded with the stamp and clatter of the dray horses, and these in turn merged at last into a maze of dingy streets. As we followed the curve of the river, I noted the neighborhood grew more and more wretched the nearer we approached to that labyrinth of tidal basins and dark evil-smelling lanes that were the ancient cradle of England's sea trade and of the Empire's wealth.

I could see that Holmes was listless and bored to a point of irritation and I did my best, therefore, to engage our companion in conversation. "I understand that you are an expert on canaries," I remarked.

Theobold Wilson's eyes, behind their powerful spectacles, lighted with the glow of the enthusiast. "A mere student, sir—but with thirty years of practical research," he cried. "Can it be that you too— No? A pity! The study, breeding and training of the Fringilla *canaria*—a rare species I have helped develop—is a task worthy of a man's lifetime. You would not credit the ignorance, Dr. Watson, that prevails on this subject even in the most enlightened circles."

"Inspector Lestrade hinted at some special characteristic in your training of these little songsters."

"Songsters, sir! A thrush is a songster. The Fringilla is the supreme ear of nature, possessing a unique power of imitation which can be trained for the benefit and edification of the human race. But the inspector was correct," he went on more calmly, "in that I have put my birds to a special effect. They are trained to sing by night in artificial light."

"Surely a singular pursuit."

"I like to think that it is a kindly one. My birds are trained for the benefit of those who suffer from insomnia and I have clients in all parts of the country. Their tuneful song helps to while away the long night hours; only the dousing of the lamp-light will terminate the concert."

"It seems to me that Lestrade was right," I observed. "Yours is indeed a unique profession."

During our conversation Holmes, who had idly picked up our companion's heavy stick, had been examining

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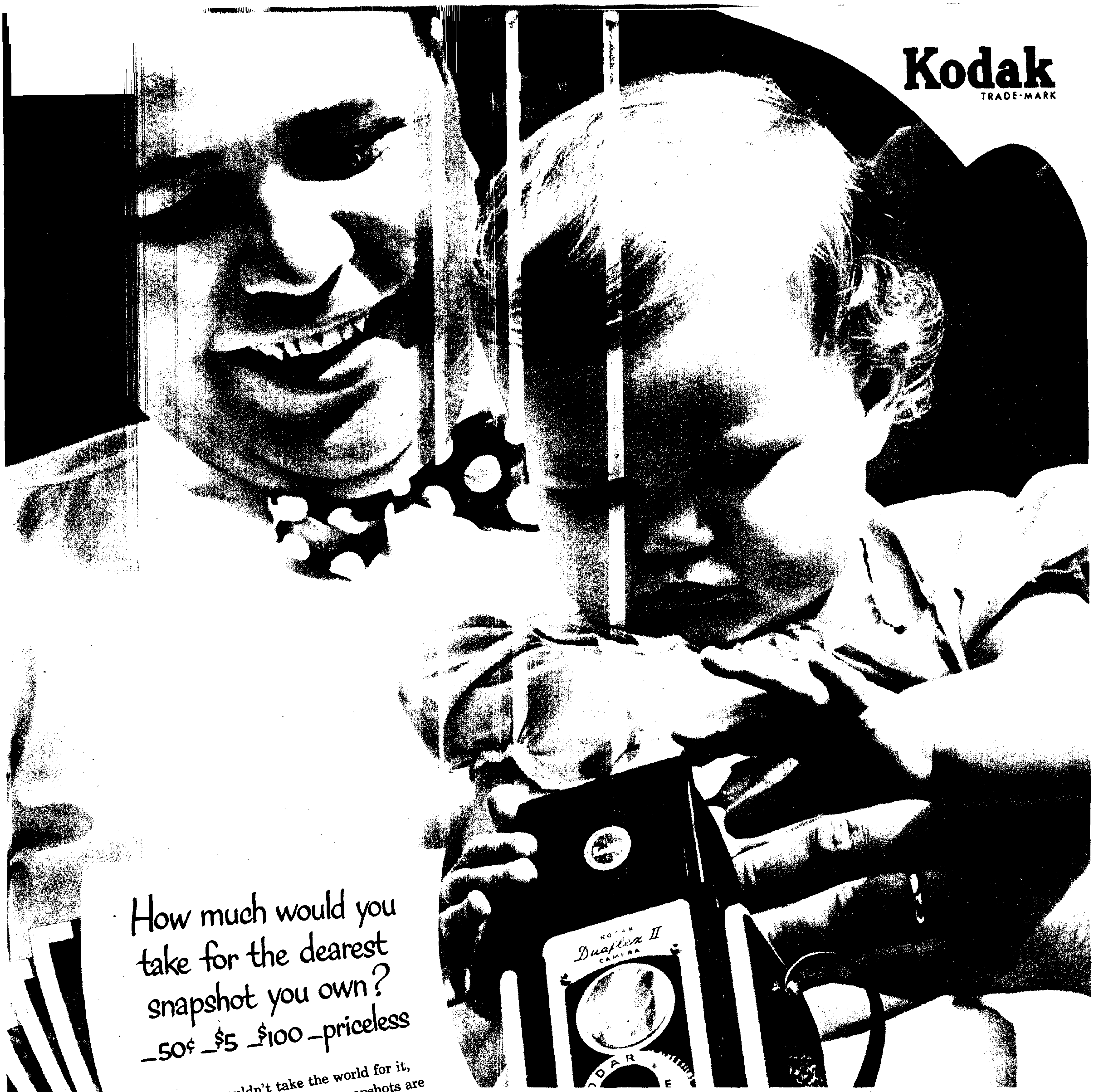

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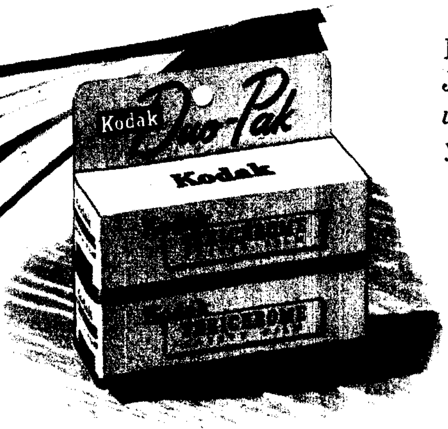

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it with some attention. "I understand that you returned to England some three years ago," he observed.

"I did."

"From Cuba, I perceive."

Theobold Wilson started and for an instant I seemed to catch a gleam of something like wariness in the swift glance that he shot at Holmes. "That is so," he said. "How did you know?"

"Your stick is cut from Cuban ebony. There is no mistaking that greenish tint and the high polish."

"It might have been bought in London since my return from, say, Africa," Wilson suggested.

"No, it has been yours for some years." Holmes lifted the stick to the carriage window and tilted it so that the daylight shone upon the handle. "You will perceive," he went on, "that there is a slight but regular scraping that has worn through the polish along the left side of the handle, just where the ring finger of a left-handed man would close upon the grip. Ebony is among the toughest of woods and it would require not only considerable time to cause such wear, but also a ring of some harder metal than gold. You are left-handed, Mr. Wilson, and wear a silver ring on your ring finger."

"Dear me, how simple. I thought for the moment that you had done something clever. As it happens, I was in the sugar trade in Cuba and brought my old stick back with me. But here we are at the house and, if you can put my silly niece's fears at rest as quickly as you can deduce my past, I shall be your debtor."

ON DESCENDING from our four-wheeler, we found ourselves in a lane of slatternly houses. So far as I could judge, for the yellow mist was already creeping in, the lower end of the lane sloped down to the river's edge. At one side was a high wall of crumbling brickwork, and set in it was an iron gate through which we caught a glimpse of a substantial mansion surrounded by its own garden.

"The old house has known better days," said our companion, as we followed him through the gate and up the path. "It was built in the year that Peter the Great came to Deptford to study shipbuilding."

Usually I am not unduly affected by my surroundings but I must confess that I was aware of a feeling of depression at the melancholy spectacle that lay before us. The house, though of dignified and even imposing proportions, was faced with blotched weather-stained plaster which had fallen away in places to disclose the ancient brickwork that lay beneath, while a tangled mass of ivy covering one wall had sent its long tendrils across the high-peaked roof to wreathe itself around the chimney stacks. The garden was an overgrown wilderness, and the air of the whole place reeked with the damp musty smell of the river.

Theobold Wilson led us through a small hall and into a comfortably furnished drawing room. A young woman with auburn hair and a freckled face, who was sorting through some papers at a writing desk, sprang to her feet at our entrance.

"Here are Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson," announced our companion. "This is my niece Janet, whose interests you are here to protect against her own unreasonable conduct."

The young lady faced us bravely enough, though I noted a twitch and tremor of the lips that spoke of a high nervous tension. "I am leaving tomorrow, Uncle," she cried, "and nothing that these gentlemen can say will alter my decision. Here there is only sorrow and fear—above all, fear!"

"Fear of what?" asked Holmes.

The girl passed her hand over her eyes. "I—I cannot explain. I hate the shadows and the funny little noises."

"You have inherited both money and property, Janet," said Mr. Wilson earnestly. "Will you, because of shadows, desert the roof of your fathers?"

"We are here only to serve you, young lady," said Holmes with some gentleness, "and to try to put your fears at rest. It is often so in life that we injure our own best interests by precipitate actions."

"You will laugh at a woman's intuitions, sir?"

"By no means. They are often the signposts of providence. Understand clearly that you will go or stay as you see fit, but perhaps, as I am here, it might relieve your mind to show me over the house."

"An admirable suggestion!" cried Theobold Wilson cheerily. "Come, Janet, we will soon dispose of your shadows and noises."

In a little procession, we trooped from one overfurnished room to another on the ground floor.

"I will show you the bedrooms now," said Miss Wilson as we paused at last before the staircase.

"Are there no cellars in a house of this antiquity?"

"There is one cellar, Mr. Holmes, but it is little used, save for the storage of wood and some of Uncle's old nest boxes. However, this way, please."

It was a gloomy stone-built chamber in which we found ourselves. Logs were piled against one wall, and a potbellied stove, its iron pipe running through the ceiling, filled the far corner. Through a glazed door at the top of a flight of steps, a dim light filtered down upon the flagstones. Holmes sniffed the air keenly, and I was myself aware of an increased mustiness from the nearby river.

"Like most Thames-side houses, you must be plagued by rats," he remarked.

"We used to be. But since Uncle came here, he has got rid of them."

"Quite so. Dear me," Holmes continued, peering down at the floor, "what busy little fellows!"

FOLLOWING his gaze, I saw that his attention had been drawn by a few garden ants scurrying across the floor from beneath the edge of the stove and up the steps leading to the door. "It is as well for us, Watson," he said, pointing with his stick at the tiny particles with which they were encumbered, "that we are not under the necessity of lugging along dinners thrice our own size. It is a lesson to us."

Mr. Wilson's thin lips tightened. "What foolery is this!" he exclaimed. "The ants are there because the servants would throw garbage in the stove to save themselves the trouble of going to the dustbin."

"And so you put a lock on the lid?"

"We did. If you wish, I can fetch the key. No? Then, if you are finished, let me take you to see the bedrooms," said Mr. Wilson.

"Perhaps, Miss Wilson, I may see the room where your brother died?" requested Holmes as we reached the top floor.

"It is here," replied the girl, throwing open the door.

It was a large chamber furnished with some taste and even luxury, and it was lighted by two deeply recessed windows flanking another potbellied stove. A pair of bird cages hung from the stove pipe.

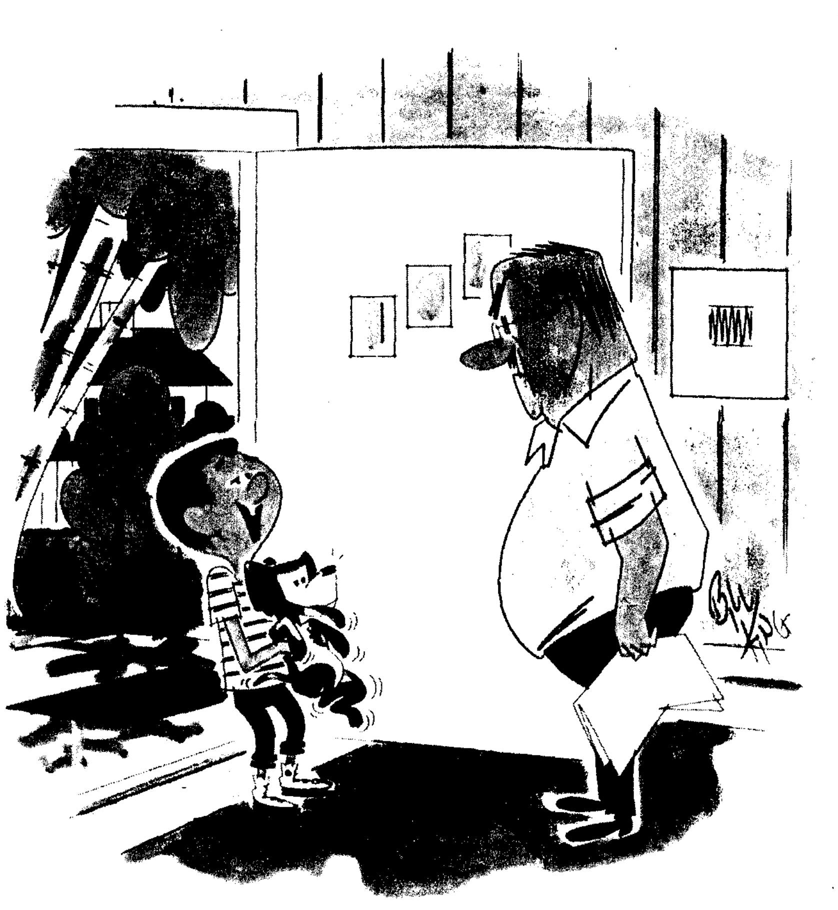
"Where does that side door lead?" asked my friend.

"It opens into my room, which was formerly my mother's," she answered.

For a few minutes, Holmes prowled around listlessly. "I perceive that your brother was addicted to night reading," he remarked.

"Yes. He suffered from sleeplessness. But how—"

"Tut, the pile of the carpet on the right of the armchair is thick with traces of candle wax. But hullo! What have we here?"



"He went to the highest bidder.
We owe Bobby Eddy $37.85"

Holmes had halted near the window and was staring intently at a section of the wall up near the ceiling. Then, mounting the sill, he stretched out an arm and, touching the plaster lightly here and there, sniffed at his finger tips. There was a puzzled frown on his face as he climbed down and commenced to circle slowly around the room, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

"Most singular," he said.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Holmes?" asked Miss Wilson.

"I am merely interested to account for these odd whorls and lines across the upper wall and ceiling."

"It must be those dratted cockroaches dragging the dust all over the place," exclaimed Wilson apologetically. "I've told you before, Janet, that you would be better employed in supervising the servants' work. But what now, Mr. Holmes?"

My friend, who had crossed to the side door and glanced within, now closed it again and strolled across to the window. "My visit has been a useless one," said he, "and, as I see that the fog is rising, I fear that we must take our leave. These are, I suppose, your famous canaries?" he added, pointing to the cages above the stove.

"A mere sample. But come this way." Wilson led us along the passage and threw open a door. "There!"

OBVIOUSLY it was his own bedroom, yet it was unlike any bedroom that I had entered in all my professional career. From floor to ceiling it was festooned with scores of cages, and the little golden-feathered singers within filled the air with their sweet warbling and trilling.

"Daylight or lamplight, it's all the same to them. Here, Carrie, Carrie!" he said and whistled a few liquid notes. The bird took them up into a lovely flow of song.

"A skylark," I cried.

"Precisely. As I said before, the Fringilla if properly trained are the supreme imitators."

"I confess that I do not recognize that song," I remarked, as one of the birds broke into a low rising whistle ending in a curious tremolo.

Mr. Wilson threw a towel over the cage. "It is the song of a tropic night bird," he said shortly, "and, as I have the foolish pride to prefer my birds to sing the songs of the day while it is day, we will punish Peperino by putting him in darkness."

"I am surprised that you prefer an open fireplace here to a stove," observed Holmes. "There must be a considerable draft."

"I have not noticed one. Dear me, the fog is indeed increasing, and you have a bad journey before you."

"Then we must be on our way," said my friend.

We descended the stairs and, while Theobold Wilson fetched our hats, Sherlock Holmes leaned over toward our young companion. "I would remind you, Miss Wilson, of what I said earlier about a woman's intuition," he said quietly. "There are occasions when the truth can be sensed more easily than it can be seen. Good night."

A moment later we were feeling our

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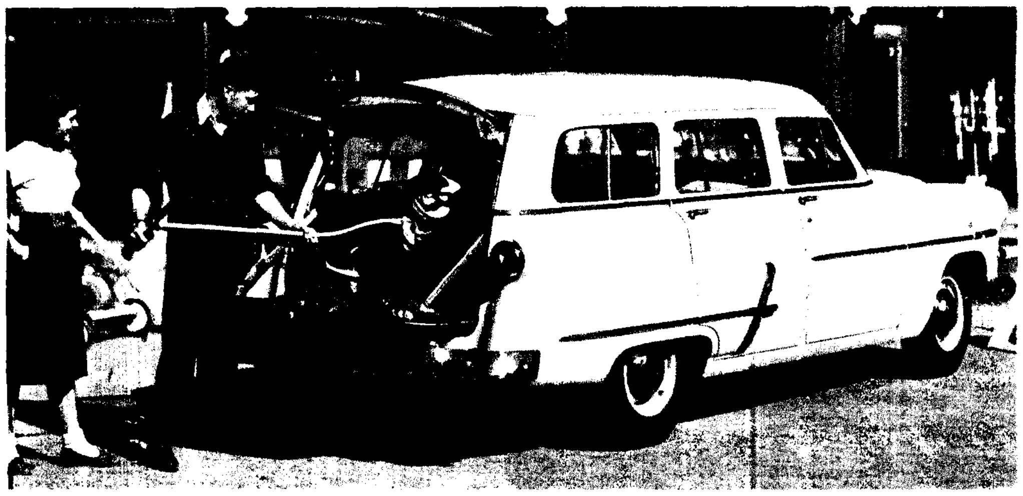

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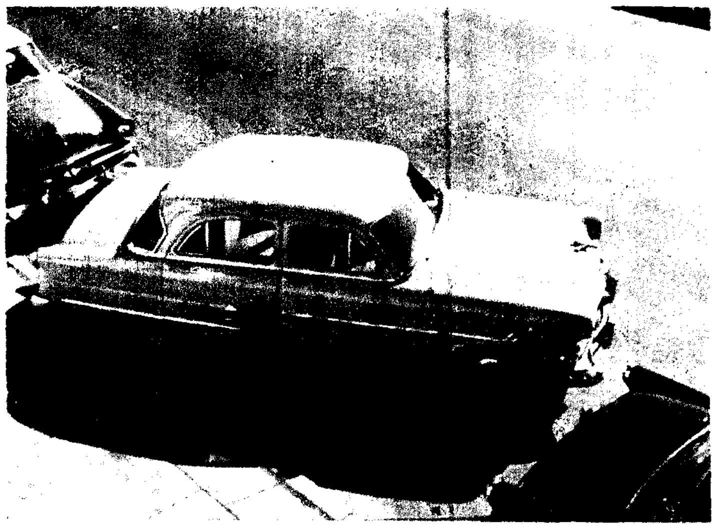

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way down the garden path to where the lights of our waiting four-wheeler shone dimly through the rising fog.

My companion was sunk in thought as we rumbled westward through the mean streets whose squalor was the more aggressive under the garish light of the gas lamps that flared and whistled outside the numerous public houses. The night promised to be a bad one and already, through the yellow vapor thickening and writhing above the pavements, the occasional wayfarer was nothing more than a vague hurrying shadow.

"I could have wished, my dear fellow," I remarked, "that you had been spared the need to waste your energies which are already sufficiently depleted."

"Well, well, Watson. I fancied that the affairs of the Wilson family would prove no concern of ours. And yet"—he sank back, absorbed for a moment in his own thoughts—"and yet, it is wrong, wrong, all wrong!"

"I observed nothing of a sinister nature."

"Nor I. But every danger bell in my head is jangling its warning. Why a fireplace, Watson, why a fireplace? I take it that you noticed that the pipe from the cellar connected with the stoves in the other bedrooms?"

"In one bedroom."

"No. There was the same arrangement in the adjoining room where the mother died."

"I see nothing in this save an old-fashioned system of heating flues."

"And what of the marks on the *ceiling?*"

"You mean the whorls of dust?"

"I mean the whorls of soot."

"Soot! Surely you are mistaken, Holmes."

"I touched them, smelled them, examined them. They were speckles and lines of wood soot."

"Well, there is probably some perfectly natural explanation."

FOR a time we sat in silence. Our cab had reached the beginnings of the city and I was gazing out of the window, my fingers drumming idly on the half-lowered pane, which was already befogged with moisture, when I was startled by a sharp ejaculation from my companion.

He was staring fixedly at the window. "The glass," he muttered.

Over the clouded surface there now lay an intricate tracery of whorls where my finger had wandered aimlessly.

Holmes clapped his hand to his brow and, throwing open the other window, he shouted an order to the cabby. The vehicle turned in its tracks and, with the driver lashing at his horse, we clattered away into the thickening gloom.

"Ah, Watson, Watson, true it is that there are none so blind as those that will not see!" quoted Holmes bitterly, sinking back into his corner. "All the facts were there, staring me in the face, and yet logic failed to respond."

"What facts?"

"Here is a man from Cuba, he not only trains canaries in a singular manner but knows the call of tropical night birds, and he uses the fireplace in his bedroom. There is deviltry here, Watson. Stop, cabby, stop!"

We were crossing a junction of two busy thoroughfares, and the golden balls of a pawnshop glimmered above a streetlamp. Holmes sprang out. After a few minutes he was back again and we recommenced our journey.

"It is fortunate that we are still in the City," he chuckled, "for I fancy that the East End pawnshops are unlikely to run to golf clubs."

"Good heavens . . ." I began only to lapse into silence while I stared down at the heavy niblick which he had thrust into my hand. The first shadows of some monstrous horror seemed to rise up and creep over my mind.

"We are too early," exclaimed Holmes, consulting his watch. "A sandwich and a glass of whisky at the first public house will not come amiss."

THE clock on St. Nicholas' Church was striking ten when we found ourselves once again in that evil-smelling garden. Through the mist, the dark bulk of the house was broken by a single feeble light in an upper window. "It is Miss Wilson's room," said Holmes. "Let us hope that this handful of gravel will rouse her without alarming the household."

An instant later there came the sound of an opening window. "Who is there?" demanded a tremulous voice.

"It is Sherlock Holmes," my friend called back softly. "I must speak with you at once. Is there a side door?"

"There is one to your left. But what has happened?"

"Pray descend immediately. Not a word to your uncle."

We felt our way along the wall and reached the door just as it opened to disclose Miss Wilson. She was in her dressing gown, her hair tumbled about her shoulders and, as her startled eyes peered at us across the light of the candle in her hand, the shadows danced and trembled on the wall. "What is it, Mr. Holmes?" she gasped.

"All will be well if you carry out my instructions," my friend replied quietly. "Where is your uncle?"

"He is in his room."

"Good. While Dr. Watson and I occupy your room, you will move into your late brother's bedchamber. If you value your life," he added solemnly, "you will not attempt to leave it."

"You frighten me!" she whimpered.

"Rest assured that we will take care of you. And now two final questions before you retire. Has your uncle visited you this evening?"

"Yes. He brought Peperino and put him with the other bird in the cage in my room. He said that as it was my last night at home I should have the best entertainment that he had the power to give me."

"Ha! Quite so. Your last night. Tell me, Miss Wilson, do you suffer at all from the same malady as your mother and brother?"

"A weak heart? Why, yes, I do."

"Well, we will accompany you upstairs where you will retire to the adjoining room. Come, Watson."

Guided by the light of Janet Wilson's candle, we mounted silently to the floor above and thence into the bedchamber where Holmes had found the markings on the walls. While we waited for our companion to collect her things from the adjoining room, Holmes strolled over and, lifting the edge of the cloths which now covered the two bird cages, peered in at the tiny occupants.

"The evil of man is as inventive as it is immeasurable," said he, and I noticed that his face was very stern.

On Miss Wilson's return, having seen that she was safely ensconced for the night, I followed Holmes into the room which she had lately occupied. It was a small chamber but comfortably furnished and lighted by a heavy silver oil lamp. Immediately above the tiled stove there hung a cage containing two canaries which, momentarily ceasing their song, cocked their little heads at our approach.

"I think, Watson, that it would be well to relax for half an hour," whispered Holmes as we sank into our chairs. "So kindly put out the light."

"But, my dear fellow, if there is any danger it would be an act of madness!" I protested.

"There is no danger in the darkness," Holmes said.

"Would it not be better," I said severely, "that you were frank with me? You have made it obvious that the birds are being put to some evil purpose, but what is this danger that exists only in the lamplight?"

"I have my own idea on that matter, Watson, but it is better that we should wait and see. I would draw your attention, however, to the hinged lid on the top of the stove."

"It appears to be perfectly normal."

"Just so. But is there not some significance in the fact that an iron stove should be fitted with a tin lid?"

"Great heavens, Holmes!" I cried as the light of understanding burst upon me. "You mean that this man Wilson has used the interconnecting pipes from the stove in the cellar to those in the bedrooms to circulate some deadly poison to wipe out his own kith and kin and thus obtain the property. It is for that reason that he has a fireplace in his own bedroom."

"Well, you are not far wrong, Watson, though I fancy that Mr. Theobold is rather more subtle than you suppose. He possesses the two qualities vital to the successful murderer—ruthlessness and imagination. But now, douse the light like a good fellow and for a while let us relax. If my reading of the problem is correct, our nerves may be tested to their limit before we see tomorrow's dawn."

LYING back in the darkness and drawing some comfort from the thought that ever since the affair with Colonel Sebastian Morgan I had carried my revolver in my pocket, I sought in my mind for some explanation that would account for the warning contained in Holmes's words. But I must have been wearier than I had imagined. My thoughts grew confused and finally I dozed off.

It was a touch upon my arm that awoke me. The lamp had been relighted and my friend was bending over me, his long black shadow thrown upon the ceiling. "Sorry to disturb you," he whispered. "But duty calls."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Sit still and listen. Peperino is singing."

IT WAS a vigil that I shall long remember. Holmes had tilted the lampshade, so that the light fell on the wall with the window and the tiled stove with its hanging bird cage. The fog had thickened and the rays from the lamp, filtering through the window glass, lost themselves in luminous clouds that swirled and boiled against the panes. My mind darkened by a premonition of evil, I would have found our surroundings melancholy enough without the eerie sound that was rising and falling from the canary cage. It was a kind of whistling, beginning with a low throaty warble and slowly ascending to a single note that rang through the room like the peal of a great wineglass. As I listened to the song's uninterrupted repetition, my imagination seemed to reach out beyond those fogbound windows into the dark lush depth of some exotic jungle. I had lost all count of time, and it was only the stillness following a sudden cessation of the bird's song that brought me back to the present. I glanced across and, in an instant, my heart gave one great throb and then seemed to stop beating.

The lid of the stove was slowly rising.

My friends will agree that I am neither a nervous nor an impressionable man but I must confess that, as I sat there gripping the sides of my chair and staring at the dreadful thing that was clambering into view, my limbs momentarily refused to function.

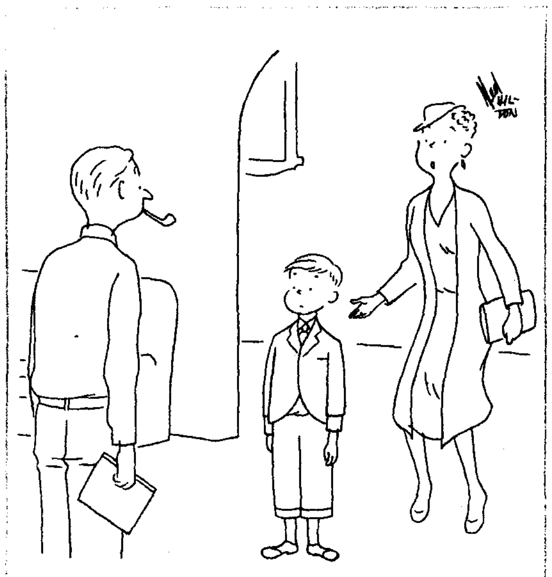
The lid had tilted back an inch or more and through the gap this created, a writhing mass of yellow sticklike objects was clawing and scrabbling for a hold. And then, in a flash, it was out and standing on top of the stove.

Though I have always viewed with horror the bird-eating tarantulas of South America, they shrank into insignificance when compared with the loathsome creature that faced us now across that lamplighted room. It looked to be bigger in its spread than a saucer, and it had a hard smooth yellow body surrounded by legs that, rising high above it, conveyed a fearful impression that the thing was crouching for a spring. It was absolutely hairless save for tufts of stiff bristles around the leg joints and, above the glint of its great poison mandibles, clusters of beady eyes shone with a baleful iridescence.

"Don't move, Watson," whispered Holmes, and there was a note of horror in his voice that I had never heard before.

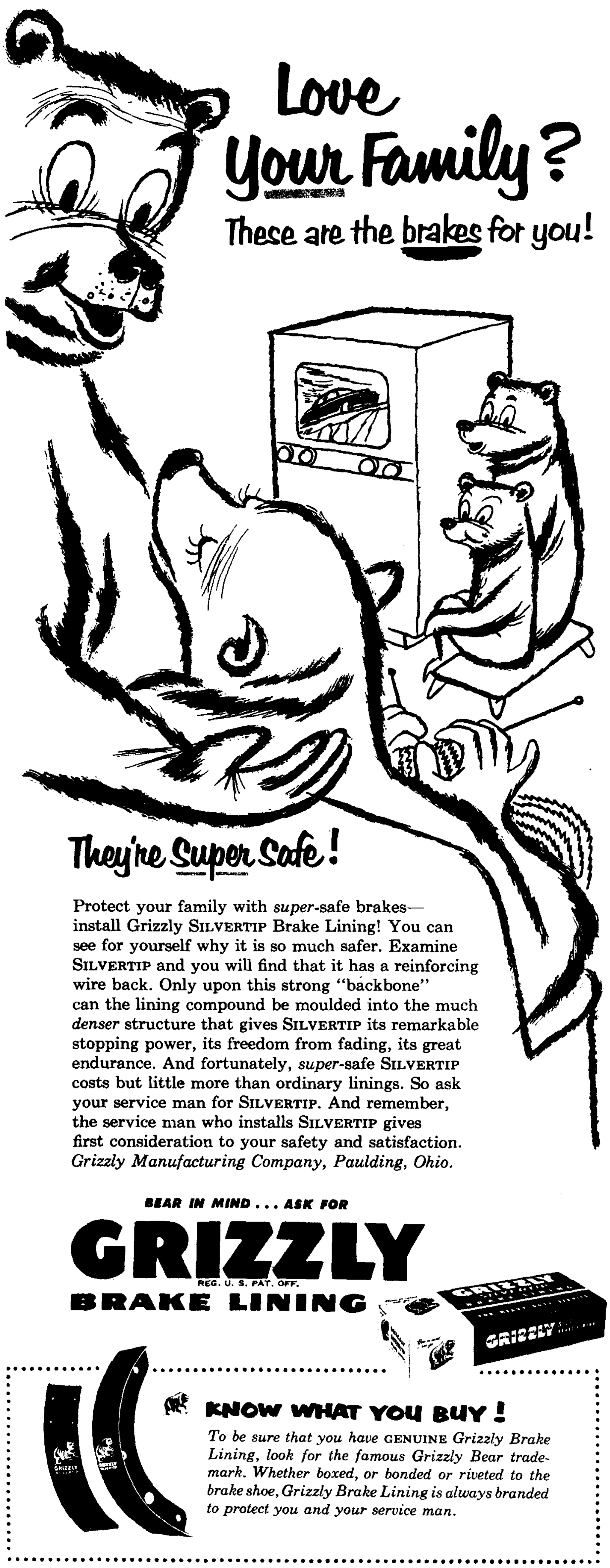
The sound roused the creature and, in a single lightning bound, it sprang from the stove to the top of the bird cage, and then, reaching the wall, it whizzed around the room and over the ceiling with a swiftness that the eye could scarcely follow.

Holmes flung himself forward like a man possessed. "Kill it! Smash it!" he yelled hoarsely, raining



"I rushed him right home in his brand-new suit, but I swear he's grown another good two inches since we left the store"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON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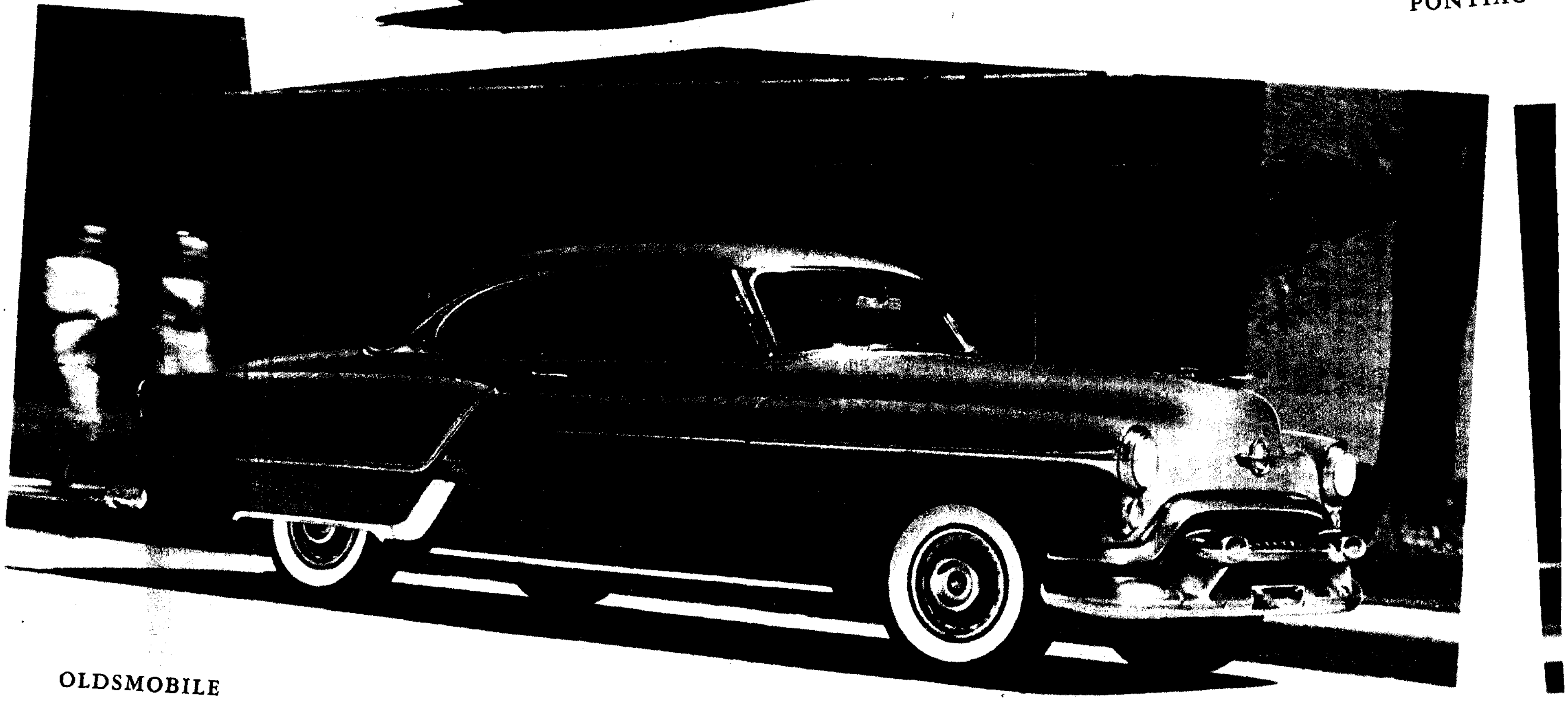

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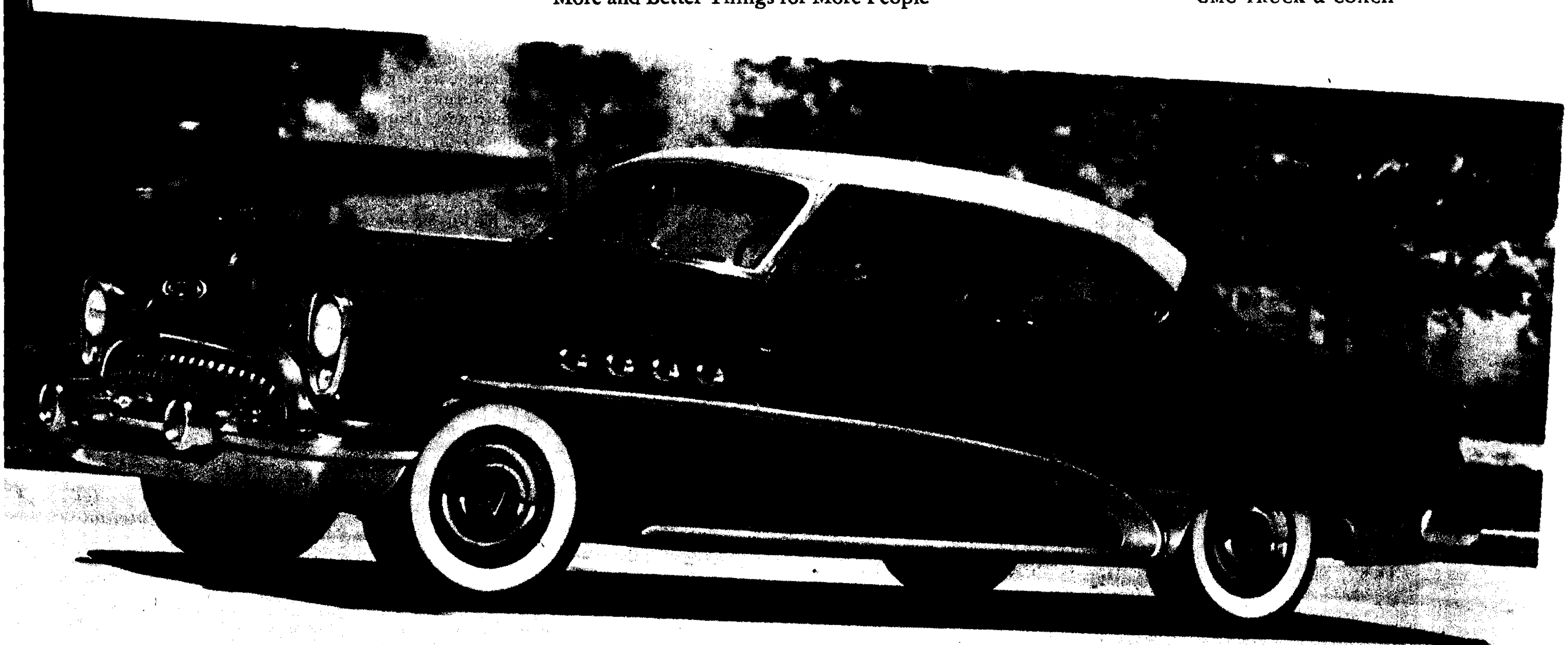

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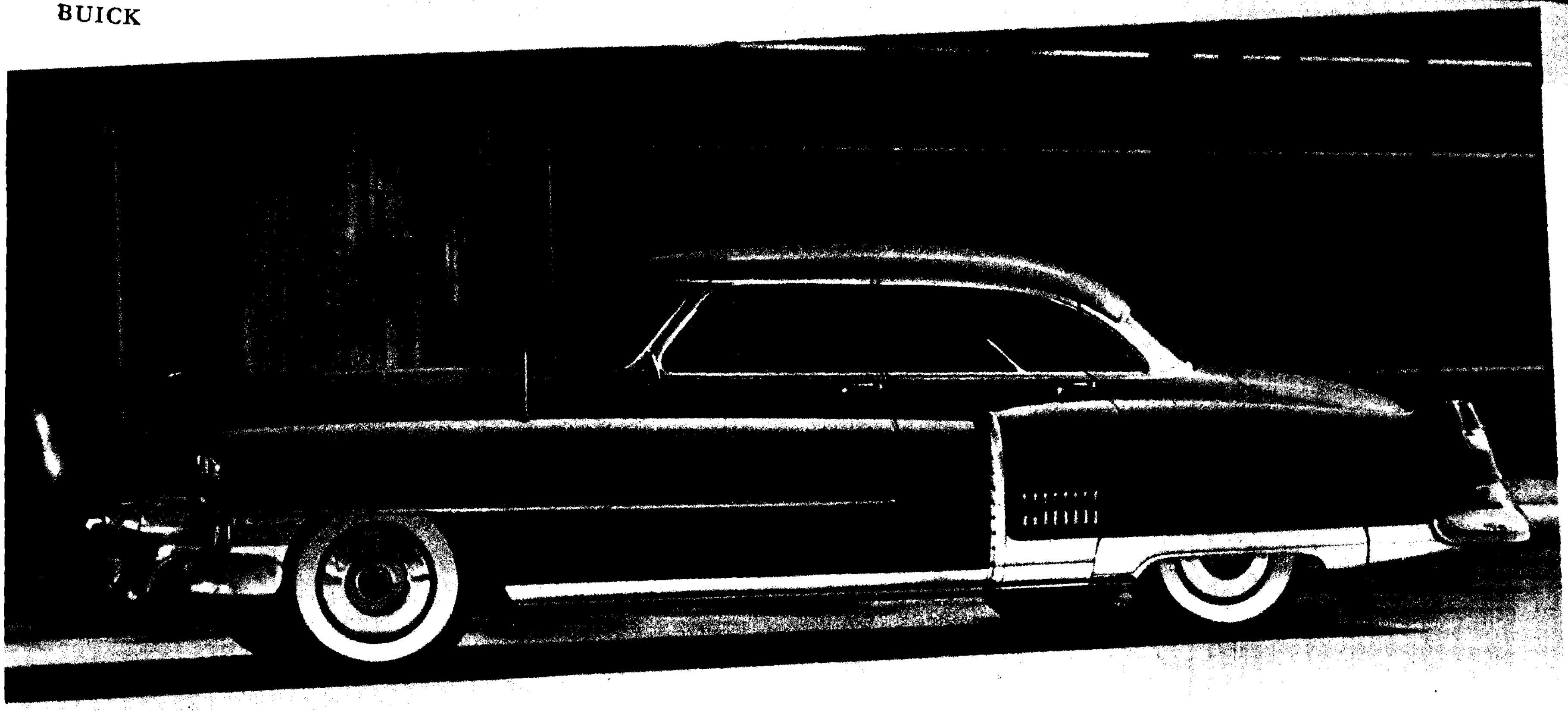

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blow after blow with his golf club at the shape racing across the walls.

Dust from broken plaster choked the air and a table crashed over as I flung myself to the ground when the great spider cleared the room in a single leap and turned at bay. Holmes bounded across me, swinging his club. "Keep where you are!" he shouted and even as his voice rang through the room, the thud—thud—thud of the blows was broken by a horrible squelching sound. For an instant the creature hung there and then, slipping slowly down, it lay like a mess of smashed eggs with three thin bony legs still plucking at the floor.

"Thank God that it missed you when it sprang!" I gasped, scrambling to my feet.

He made no reply and glancing up I caught a glimpse of his face reflected in a wall mirror. He looked pale and strained and there was a curious rigidity in his expression. "I am afraid it's up to you, Watson," he said quietly. "It has a mate."

I spun round to be greeted by a spectacle that I shall remember for the rest of my days. Sherlock Holmes was standing perfectly still within two feet of the stove and on top of it, reared up on its back legs, its loathsome body shuddering for the spring, stood another monstrous spider.

I knew instinctively that any sudden movement would merely precipitate the creature's leap and so, carefully drawing my revolver from my pocket, I fired point-blank.

THROUGH the powder smoke I saw the thing shrink into itself and then, toppling slowly backward, it fell through the open lid of the stove. There was a rasping slithering sound rapidly fading away into silence.

"It's fallen down the pipe," I cried, conscious that my hands were now shaking under a strong reaction. "Are you all right, Holmes?"

He looked at me and there was a singular light in his eyes. "Thanks to you, my dear fellow!" he said soberly. "If you—but what is that?"

A door had slammed below and, an instant later, we caught the swift patter of feet upon the gravel path.

"After him!" cried Holmes, springing for the door. "Your shot warned him that the game was up. He must not escape!"

But fate decreed otherwise. Though we rushed down the stairs and out into the fog, Theobold Wilson had too much start on us and the advantage of knowing the terrain. For a while we followed the faint sound of his running footsteps down the empty lanes toward the river, but at length these died away in the distance.

"It is no good, Watson. We have lost our man," panted Holmes. "This is where the official police may be of use. But listen! Surely that was a cry?"

"I thought I heard something."

"Well, it is hopeless to look further in the fog. Let us return and comfort this poor girl with the assurance that her troubles are now at an end."

"They were nightmare creatures, Holmes," I exclaimed, as we retraced out steps toward the house, "and of some unknown species."

"I think not, Watson," said he. "It was the Galeodes spider, the horror of the Cuban forests. It is perhaps fortunate for the rest of the world that it is found nowhere else. The creature is nocturnal in its habits and, unless my memory belies me, it possesses the power to actually break the spine of smaller creatures with a single blow of its mandibles. You will recall that Miss Janet mentioned that the rats had vanished since her uncle's return. Doubtless Wilson brought the brutes back with him," he went on, "and then conceived the idea of training certain of his canaries to imitate the song of some Cuban night bird upon which the Galeodes fed. The marks on the ceiling were caused, of course, by the soot adhering to the spiders' legs after they had scrambled up the flues.

"It is fortunate for the consulting detective that the duster of the average housemaid seldom strays beyond the height of a mantelpiece. Indeed, I can discover no excuse for my lamentable slowness in solving this case, for the facts were before me from the first and the whole affair was elemental in its construction.

"And yet to give Theobold Wilson his due, one must recognize his almost diabolical cleverness. Once these horrors were installed in the stove in the cellar, what more simple than to arrange two ordinary flues communicating with the bedrooms above. With the cages hung over the stoves, the flues would themselves act as magnifiers of the bird's song and, guided by their predatory instinct, the creatures would invariably ascend whichever pipe led to the bird. And Wilson knew, having devised some means of luring the spiders back again to their nest, that they represented a comparatively safe way of getting rid of those who stood between himself and the property."

"Then its bite is deadly?" I asked.

"To a person in weak health, probably so. But there lies the devilish cunning of the scheme, Watson. It was the sight of the things rather than their bite, poisonous though it may be, which he relied upon to kill his victims. Can you imagine the effect upon an elderly woman, and later upon her son, both suffering from insomnia and heart disease, when in the midst of a bird's seemingly innocent song this appalling spectacle arose from the inside of the stove? We have sampled it ourselves, and we are healthy men. It killed them as surely as a bullet through their hearts."

"There is one thing I cannot understand, Holmes. Why did he appeal to Scotland Yard?"

"Because he is a man of iron nerve. His niece was instinctively frightened and, finding that she was adamant in her intention of leaving, he planned to kill her at once, in the same way.

"Once done, who should dare to point the finger of suspicion at Master Theobold? Had he not appealed to Scotland Yard and even invoked the aid of Mr. Sherlock Holmes himself to satisfy one and all? The girl had died of a heart attack like the others and her uncle would have been the recipient of general condolences.

"Remember the padlocked cover of the stove in the cellar and admire the cold nerve that offered to fetch the key. It was bluff, of course, for he would have discovered that he had 'lost' it. Had we persisted and forced that lock, I prefer not to think of what we would have found clinging around our collars."

THEOBOLD WILSON was never heard of again. But some two days after his disappearance, a man's body was fished out of the Thames. The corpse was mutilated beyond recognition, probably by a ship's propeller, and the police searched his pockets in vain for definite identification. They contained nothing, however, save for a small notebook filled with jottings on the brooding period of the Fringilla *canaria*.

"It is the wise man who keeps bees," remarked Sherlock Holmes when he read the report. "You know where you are with them, and at least they do not attempt to represent themselves as something that they are not."

—ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

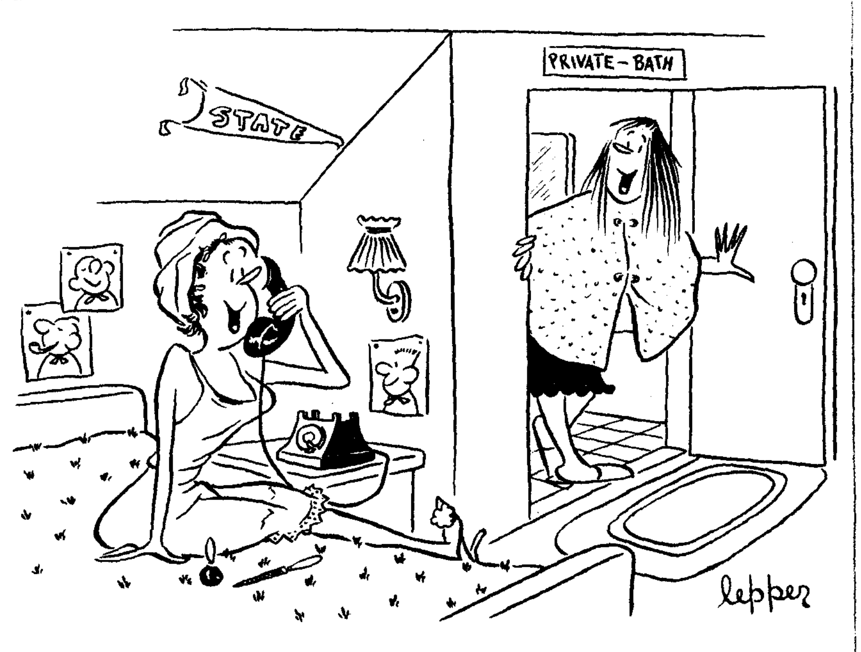
In Collier's Next Issue

Sherlock Holmes in

The Adventure of the

RED WIDOW

A man had been beheaded by his own guillotine, and a member of his household had fled—but to Holmes it was not an obvious case



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NOW IT'S A Jet

Its engine is so small that passing motorists peering through the windowed hood often wonder whether it has any engine at all. Yet the jet truck can haul more cargo faster than most other trucks

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

A BIG freight truck hauling a 25-ton trailer tooled down a Washington highway just outside Seattle. The truck looked pretty much like hundreds of others plying the state's freight routes—except that it apparently had no engine.

The hood had Plexiglas windows on either side, and passing drivers could look right through them to the other side. But obviously there was an engine. You could tell by the noise—a high-pitched whine, something like the sound of a jet plane's engine and far different from the dull roar of a Diesel.

A highway patrol car moved up alongside the truck. The officer at the wheel stared in some perplexity at the windowed hood. Finally he motioned the driver to the curb.

The officer parked in front of the truck and walked back slowly, frowning at the hood and stopping momentarily to peek through the windows. Then he climbed up on the running board.

"Moving pretty fast there, weren't you, buddy?" he asked the driver.

The driver, puzzled, said he thought he had been well under the speed limit. He offered to prove it by his tachograph (an instrument which keeps a charted record of a truck's speed).

Curiously, the officer did not press the point. He switched to his real reason for stopping the truck: "What've you got under that hood, anyway?"

The relieved driver smiled. Motorists, truck drivers, gas-station attendants and hordes of other curious folk had asked him the same question hundreds of times, and with good reason. He was driving the world's first jet-powered truck.

The engine under the hood was so tiny that it nestled right at the bottom of the frame, giving the illusion to anyone peering through the hood windows that there was no engine at all.

The midget engine is known as the Boeing 502, developed and built by Boeing Airplane Company, one of the nation's largest aircraft manufacturers. It is, in effect, a miniature jet engine—about one tenth the size of the Air Force's standard jet engines—coupled to a turbine wheel which in turn drives a shaft connected to a standard truck transmission. The tiny power plant weighs less than half as much as the smallest standard American automobile engine. Yet model 502 turns out enough horsepower to pull the largest truck on the highways, fully loaded.

The little turbine engine was not designed specifically for the truck. In fact, its installation there came in a rather roundabout fashion. Almost 10 years ago, when Boeing was preparing to build its first jet airplanes (it now builds two of the mightiest, the six-jet B-47 medium bomber and the eight-jet B-52 heavy bomber), the company set out to learn all it could about jet engines and gas turbines. The Boeing people, not engine builders themselves, first tried to collect the information from engine companies. However, the jet was still in its infancy and Boeing soon found itself floundering in a maze of conflicting information.

Boeing officials accordingly decided to build a jet engine of their own, but in miniature to keep costs down. First tests of the resultant engine were so successful that the Navy became interested. Navy officials speculated that if the jet were geared to a turbine, it might replace conventional piston-type engines in small boats, light aircraft, industrial equipment and so on. In 1947, the Navy's Bureau of Ships authorized a research project at Boeing to determine the capabilities of the small gas turbine.

VICTOR JORGENSON

John Kelly, an ex-Army and "bush" airman, pilots the jet truck on regular freight runs

About two years later, a Navy officer connected with the project had an idea: instead of doing the test work on the engine in the laboratory, why not install it in a truck and get valuable road-test experience in varying climates and over a wide range of operating speeds?

Boeing liked the idea. So did its neighbor in Seattle, the Kenworth Motor Truck Corporation. The Kenworth people, also interested in the potential of turbine-powered trucks, provided a standard heavy truck chassis and Boeing installed an engine.

Last year officials in charge of the project concluded that more and better test data could be obtained on a regular freight run than on occasional test trips. A third Seattle company—West Coast Fast Freight, Inc., one of the West's larger freight lines—was brought into the co-operative experiment and placed the jet-powered truck in regular haulage on its routes within the state of Washington.

In a year of actual service testing, model 502 has been operated under a wide variety of conditions—in city traffic and on highways, on long steep grades over Washington's towering Cascade Mountains and on straightaways, on ice and snow and in the desert. The results indicate that the midget turbine may well be a step toward a revolutionary change in power plants for trucks and even automobiles.

The engine itself is a model of simplicity. A compressor wheel sucks in air through the truck grille, compresses it and forces it into a pair of burner chambers, where it is ignited and burned. The expanded air then drives a turbine wheel attached to the same shaft as the compressor wheel, thus providing motive power for the compressor. The jet air stream flows through the first turbine into a second turbine attached to a separate shaft. This second shaft is in turn geared to the truck transmission. There is no mechanical connection between the first and second turbines; the jet stream alone provides the energy to drive the second turbine and hence the truck itself.

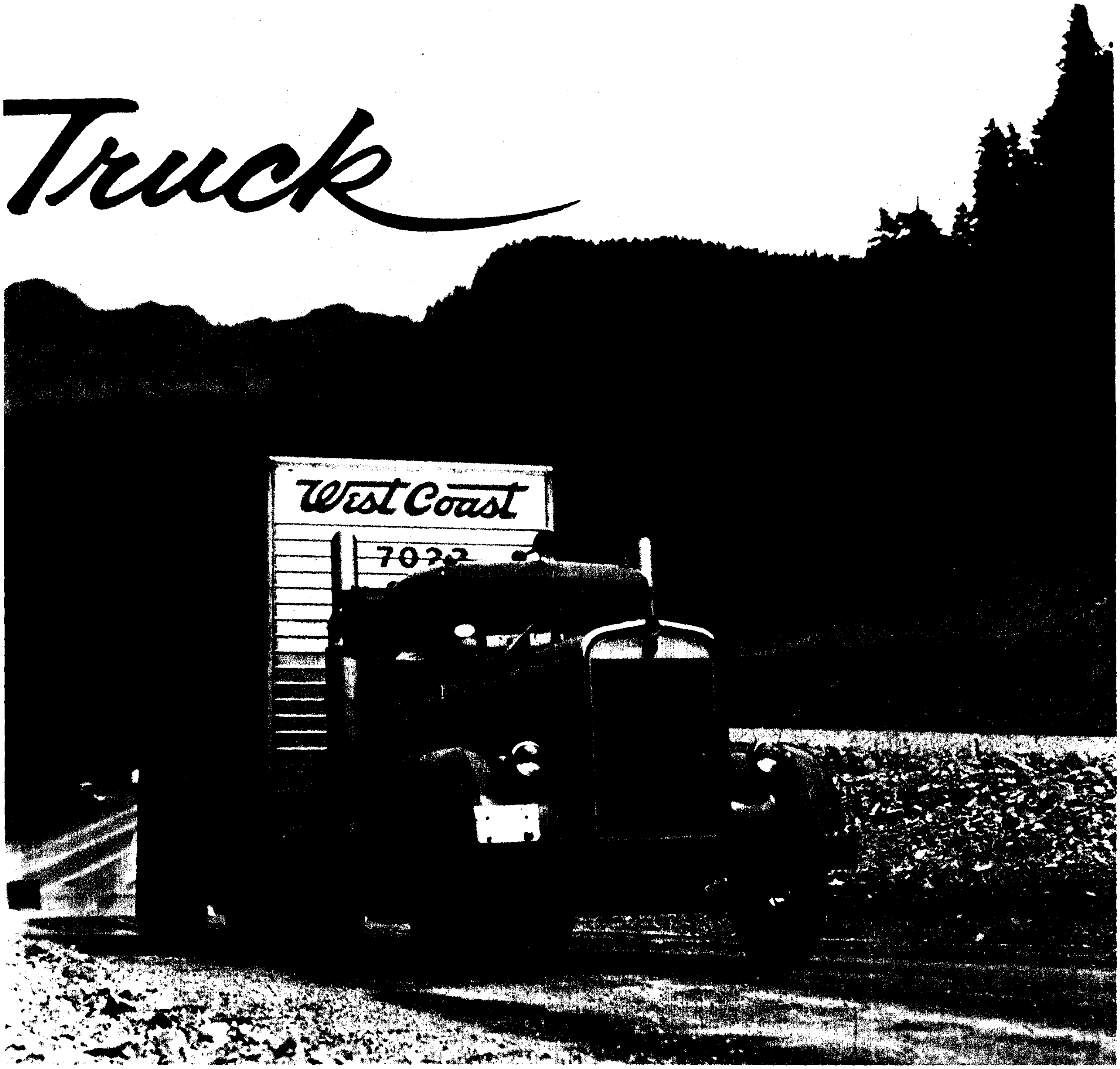
Total weight of the engine, installed in the truck and complete with accessories, is only 240 pounds—compared with 575 pounds for the smallest standard auto engine in the U.S. and 3,000 pounds for a standard Diesel truck engine.

If you heard the engine start up, you might think for a moment that you'd wandered onto a military air base. The engine sounds exactly like its larger counterparts which drive jet aircraft. First there's the whir of the initial turbine as an electric motor starts it revolving, then a dull *br-o-o-om* as the burner chambers fire up, finally the high-pitched whine as the compressor and the two turbines reach operating speed.

Like any jet-type engine, model 502 operates at extremely high temperatures, so the 1,100- to 1,200-degree exhaust gas is channeled by twin pipes underneath the truck chassis and straight up behind the cab.

What advantages does a turbine engine offer

Truck



VERNON RUTLEDGE

Boeing's jet truck nears summit of Snoqualmie Pass on run from Seattle to Yakima, Washington. Truck has been in freight service for a year

VICTOR JORGENSON

Yakima townsfolk look through hood windows at new engine, which is only 22 inches high

VICTOR JORGENSON

With hood raised, Yakima teen-ager gets close-up view of revolutionary engine. Crowd gathers wherever truck stops

Electrician Sam Dennis makes adjustments on new engine in Boeing plant at Seattle. The engine weighs only 240 pounds compared with Diesel's 3,000

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Turbine engines run on anything that burns well—even brandy

in a truck? Not, as you might imagine, breakneck speed, which isn't important anyway because most truckers observe speed laws. Nonetheless, the turbine truck is somewhat faster than an ordinary truck over total route distance because it has good initial acceleration and can get away faster from traffic lights.

"We can 'out-dig' most trucks on the road with the same load," says one Boeing project engineer. On a 1,450-mile test run the length of the Pacific Coast from Canada to Mexico last year, the turbine truck averaged 33 miles per hour without ever exceeding the speed limits—an excellent record considering the hills and city traffic encountered.

The turbine engine's major advantage, however, is its small size. Model 502 is only 40 inches long, 23 inches wide and 22 inches high. It occupies only one seventh the space needed for a Diesel truck engine and weighs close to 2,800 pounds less. Weight is important to truckers, because all states have tight load limits. A turbine truck could carry more than 2,000 additional pounds of revenue-producing cargo than its conventional Diesel-powered counterparts within the load limits. Multiply this figure by the number of freight trips a company makes a year and you have a very substantial revenue increase.

More Power with Less Weight

The turbine's small size can also be translated into added power. Boeing is working on a new power plant to utilize two turbine engines mounted side-by-side in a standard truck engine mount. The two engine shafts would be coupled, driving into a single gearbox. The driver could operate on both engines when he needed extra power, as on a hill, or on one engine on a straightaway. The dual installation would provide as much power as is now available in any truck on the road, yet weigh more than a ton less than the standard Diesel.

More important, perhaps, the dual engines would enable a heavy truck to perform on hills almost as well as a passenger car, cutting down considerably on over-all trip time (and incidentally easing the lot of motorists who have to chug up a long single-lane grade behind a truck). Some grades in the West are 50 miles long and heavily loaded trucks average little better than 10 miles per hour on them. The added hill speed, together with the good initial acceleration that the twin turbine engine will provide, could knock hours off an average trip and enable a truck operator to deliver the same amount of cargo with fewer trucks. And again he could carry that extra ton or more of pay load per trip.

The engine has other advantages: ease of maintenance because of the simplicity of the design, simplified manufacturing, a lower noise level than the Diesel, lack of vibration in the engine itself and an ability to burn any type of fuel. On West Coast Fast Freight's hauls, the turbine engine burns standard Diesel fuel, but the little engine also can run on kerosene or other jet airplane fuel, gasoline, propane, butane. As one engineer puts it, "The engine can be adapted to operate on anything that burns at a high heat—even brandy, the higher the proof the better." The operator has only to select the cheapest type of fuel available.

Still another advantage—one that can be appreciated by any motorist who has ever cracked a cylinder block in cold weather—is that the turbine, being air-cooled, needs no radiator or liquid coolant and can start up almost instantaneously in the coldest weather.

The turbine engine does, however, have one major disadvantage: it is a fuel gobbler. West Coast gets less than a mile and a half to a gallon of fuel with the jet truck, compared with about four miles per gallon in its Diesels. But the engine's thirst is not an insurmountable obstacle. The aircraft industry is busy trying to cut down the fuel consumption of its large jet engines, to increase the range of airplanes. Whatever the engineers uncover can be applied to the small turbine as well. Boeing engineers, who are conducting their own fuel-consumption research program, think they can cut consumption in half, possibly even more.

The "pilot" of the jet truck for West Coast is John Kelly, a big, affable Irishman from Spokane, Washington, who is something of a story in himself. Kelly is a former airplane pilot with almost 6,000 hours' flying time. He has flown almost everything from light aircraft to four-engined bombers. During World War II he served first as an Army flight instructor, later as a Ferry Command pilot. Then he was transferred to the Air Transport Command, where he earned an Air Medal with an oak-leaf cluster for flying unarmed transport planes more than 750 combat hours behind Japanese lines in China, Burma and India without fighter escort.

After the war, Kelly flew with a couple of nonscheduled airlines, did some "bush" flying in Alaska and later served as an aerial photography pilot. "We'd sit six hours on the ground waiting for good photo weather in order to fly one hour," he recalls, "and of course you get paid only for the flying hour. I got out when I couldn't make a buck any longer."

Back to Being a Truck Jockey

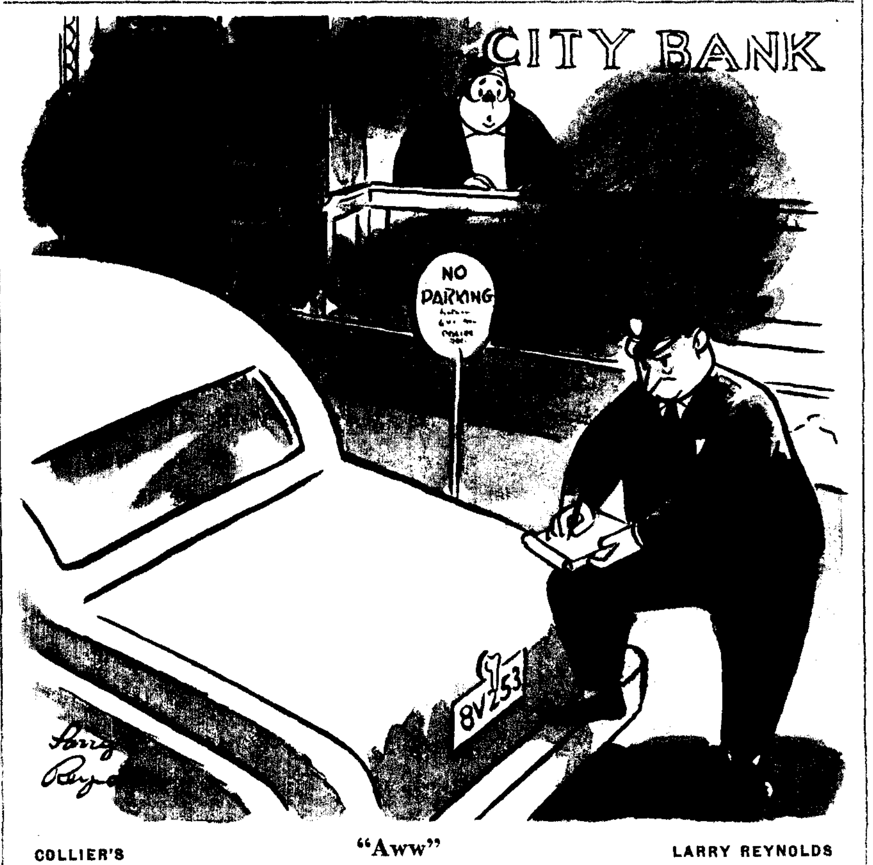
Having been a truck jockey for a time before the war, Kelly returned to the highways. By coincidence, the cockpit of his jet truck, which has a standard set of truck instruments plus an extra set of gadgets peculiar to the experiment, looks much like an airplane cockpit. And Kelly, who has flown more than a million miles, has rolled up a quarter of a million miles on the highways.

He has been driving the jet truck for about a year, ever since West Coast took it over. Highway patrols rarely stop him now to satisfy their curiosity or for supposed speeding, he says. But not too long ago he almost got a ticket for "sounding" as though he were speeding.

Kelly was cruising through Yakima, Washington, early one morning, well under the speed limit, when a walking policeman waved him to the curb and started to bawl him out for speeding. When Kelly protested, the officer admitted he hadn't actually seen him speeding, but added: "It sure sounded like you were barreling." Kelly got off the hook by explaining one of the peculiarities of the engine: even at low speeds it sounds as though it is "barreling" because the first turbine rotates at a constant 36,000 revolutions per minute regardless of the speed of the truck; it is the second turbine that regulates the truck's speed.

When Kelly shifts gears, the alternating speed of the second turbine pro-

BUTCH



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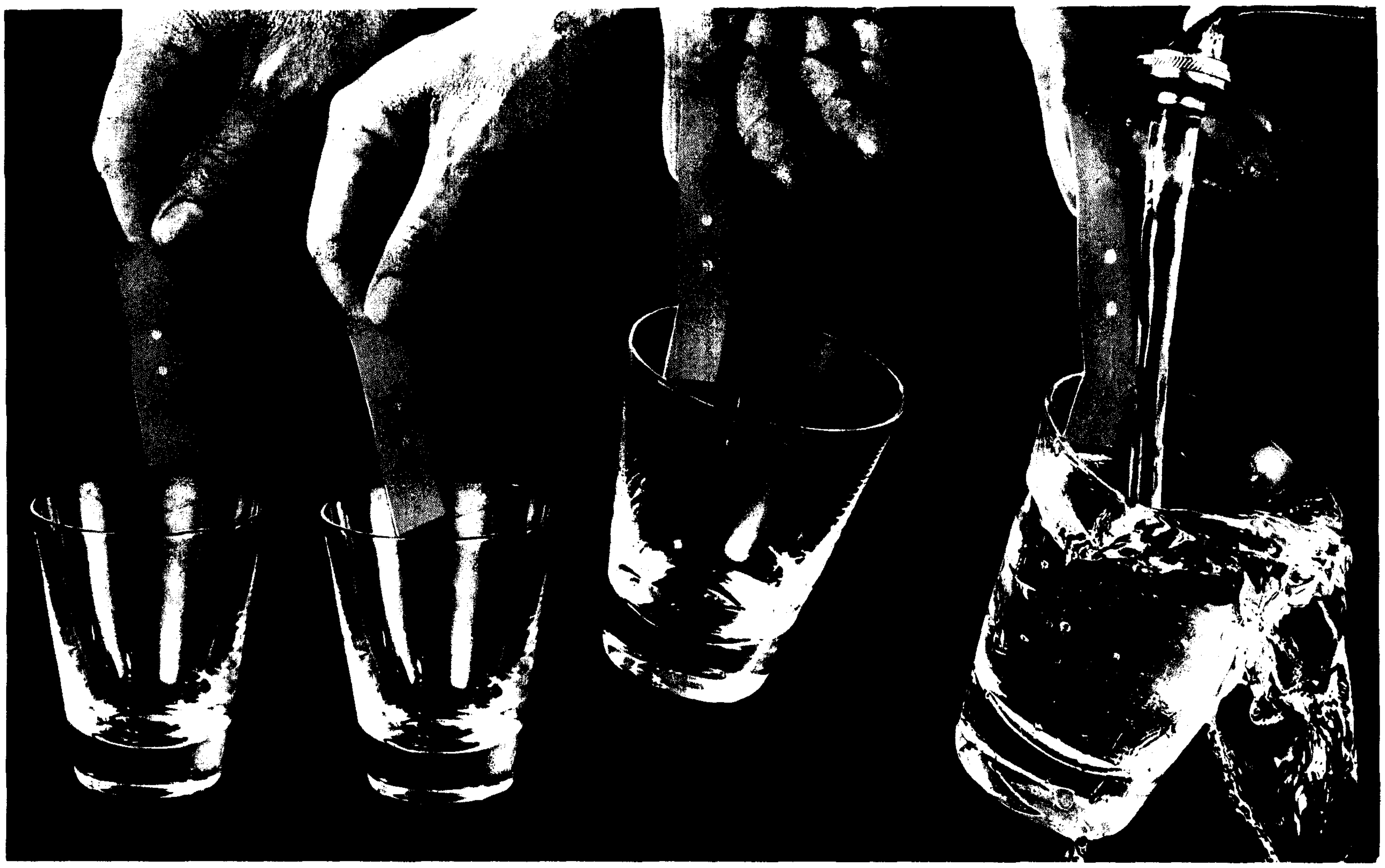

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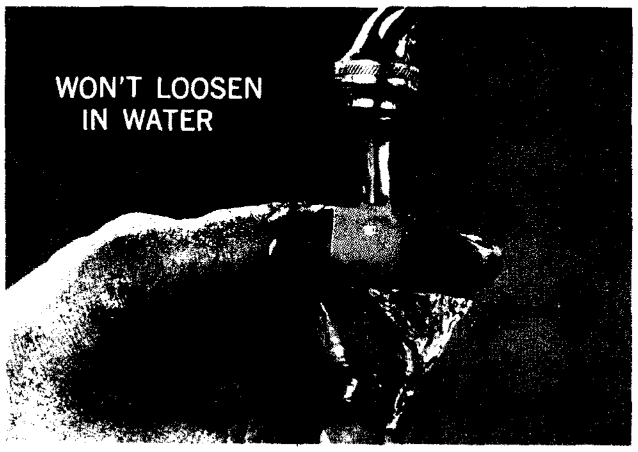

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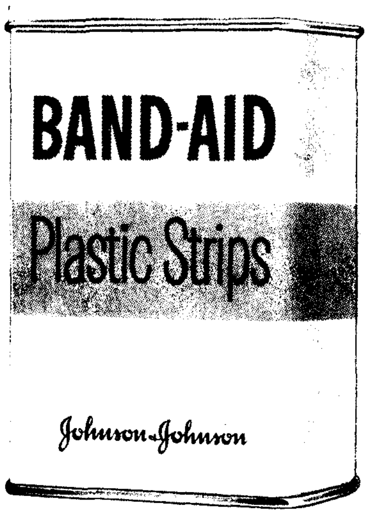

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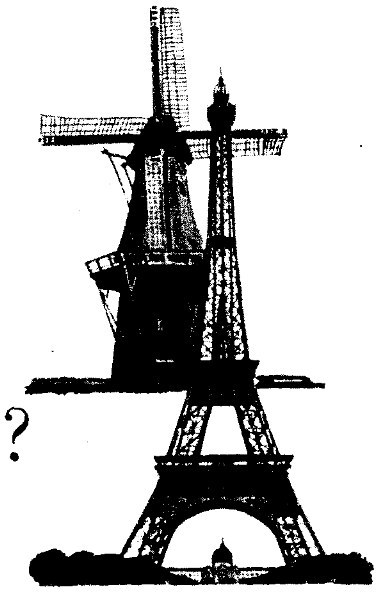

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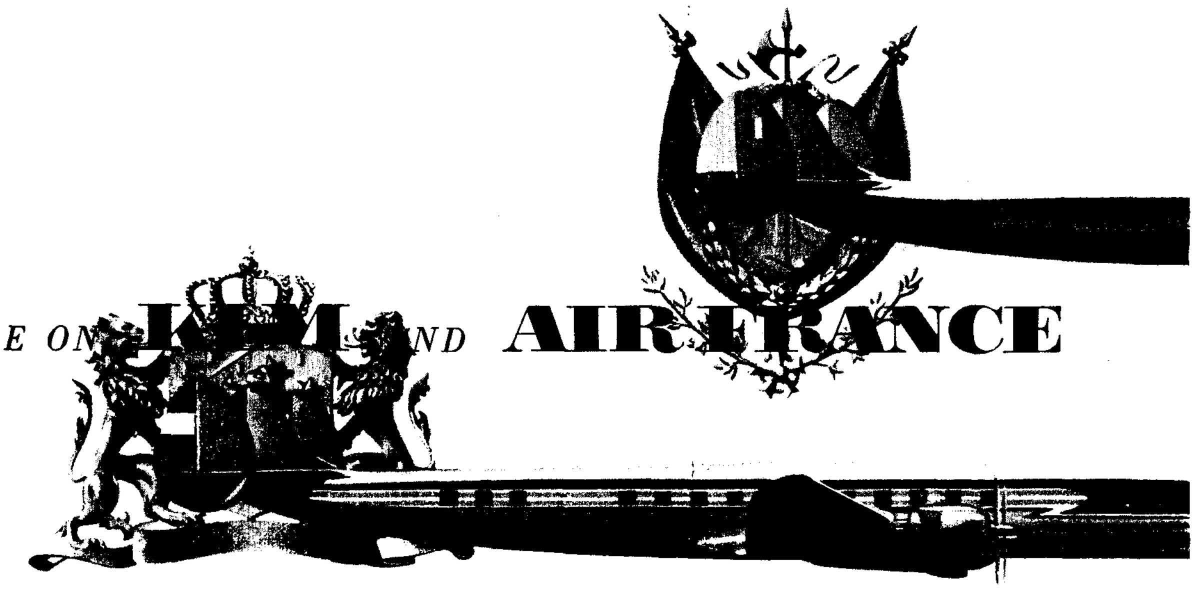

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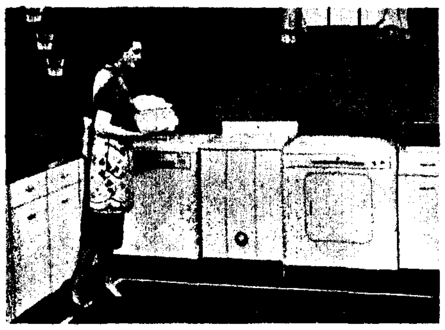

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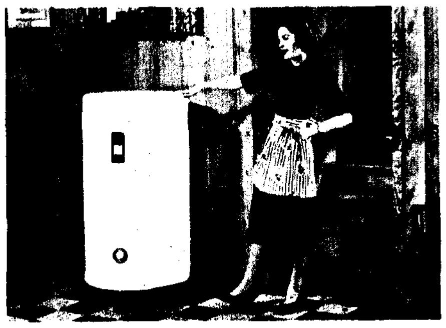

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Engineers say jet power may be used later for your auto, too

duces a sirenlike whine. Several times, particularly in tunnels, where the sound is amplified, Kelly has seen motorists slam on their brakes and pull to the side, thinking a fire engine or ambulance was bearing down on them.

"Then sometimes a guy will start to pass me," Kelly says. "Suddenly he'll do a double-take at the hood, slow down and follow me for miles until I stop so he can inspect the engine." Kelly has had a string of a half dozen or more cars trail him for up to 30 miles just to get a look.

Under a Barrage of Questions

Wherever the turbine truck stops, a crowd gathers and Kelly is subjected to a barrage of questions. He can answer them all, too, even the most technical. When he first started driving the truck, he took a short course on the engine at the Boeing plant, and since then his naturally curious mind has probed every facet of the engine's construction and operation.

"He knows that engine better than we do," says one Boeing engineer.

His fellow truck drivers at first were skeptical about the midget engine. "That sure is a scrawny little critter to haul that big box," they would say. "Kelly's got nothin' under the hood—not even power."

But after the turbine engine had been in service for several months, they found that the "scrawny little critter" matched or bettered their best time over the routes. Now they want to know how soon they will be driving them.

Boeing's engineers aren't sure when that will be, but they have high hopes for the future of their Lilliputian power plant, and they definitely hope to be in the truck power business. They are already developing a more powerful version of the engine, which will turn out 225 horsepower instead of the current 175 with no increase in size.

To take full advantage of the turbine, a truck should be designed specifically for it, chief project engineer Dan Hage of Boeing says. The current installation is not the best possible, because the truck chassis was originally designed for a 3,000-pound Diesel engine. With only 240 pounds under the hood, the truck tends to be nose-light. The ideal installation would be a hoodless cab, with the engine (or dual engines) mounted beneath the driver. It would save additional weight and again increase the pay load. Boeing soon will get a chance to test this type of truck, for the Army has provided a hoodless six-by-six (six wheels with all six driving) for a test installation.

Kenworth, the truck manufacturing concern taking part in the turbine experiment, is also enthusiastic about the engine. Chief engineer R. C. Norrie thinks the small turbine has a definite future in truck power.

"We're always looking for something lighter, either in power or chassis," he says, "because it permits the operator to increase his pay load." Norrie says his company is seriously considering building a sample truck designed specifically for the turbine.

And John McLeod, West Coast's superintendent of transportation, thinks truckers would definitely go for the turbine-powered truck if the price and fuel consumption were comparable to that of the Diesel. "If we can get more pay load for the same money, we're for it," he declared.

But the jet truck won't take over on the highways tomorrow. Although Boeing has been working on the engine for almost 10 years, there is still much development work to be done and, of course, fuel consumption must come down. If fuel consumption can be cut in half, the engine would be commercially marketable, Boeing engineers say. Although the turbine engine would still be slightly more thirsty than a Diesel, a cost analysis showed that the additional fuel cost would be more than offset by the greatly increased pay load.

Another cause of delay is the cost of the engine itself. Since Boeing has only limited military production orders, the cost at present is stratospheric. But with mass production the cost would come down even below that of the Diesel, project engineer Hage thinks.

Hage believes that the small turbine eventually may be used in an ordinary passenger car. Here again the tiny power package would be the important feature; it would permit a flexibility of design which could be translated into seating room, or the cost of the automobile itself by eliminating a lot of excess construction. The engine's simplicity would also help reduce maintenance costs.

As for the initial cost, if the engine were produced on the scale that conventional auto engines are now built, the turbine would be cheaper. A smaller engine than that used in Kelly's truck could be built, thus decreasing fuel consumption. Mileage per gallon would probably still be lower than is available with the piston engine, but the difference could be partly offset by using a cheaper type of fuel.

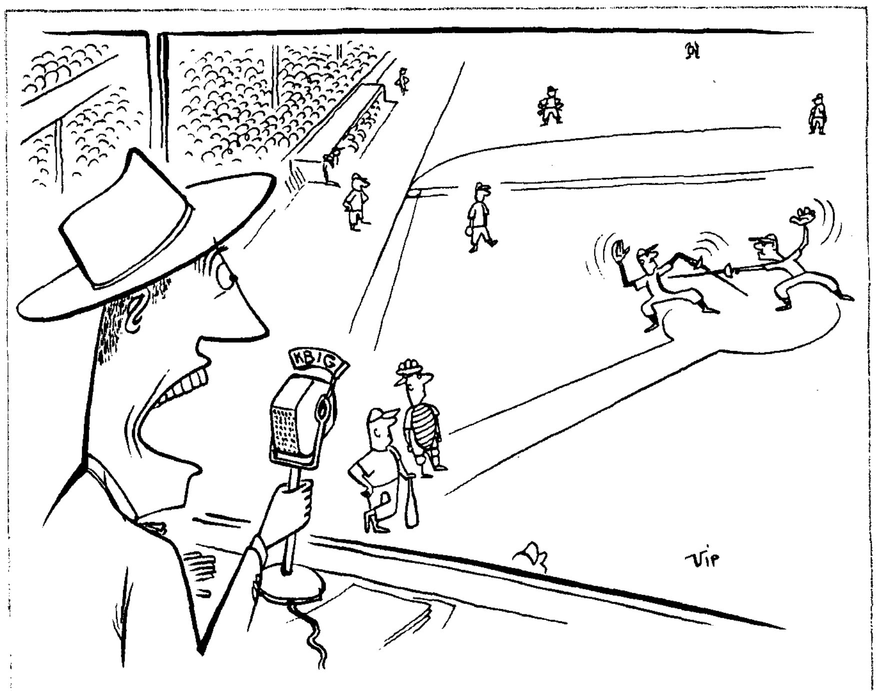
The Boeing 502 already is being used for more than just Kelly's truck. It is being built for the Navy for use as a power generator for magnetic equipment in mine sweepers. It is also being tested in a small helicopter, a light fixed-wing airplane and a 40-foot personnel launch. And it is in service now as a source of compressed air for starting large jet aircraft and as a portable power supply. It soon may be used as a fuel-pipeline pump and as power for Army tanks and large trucks and even for a locomotive.

Boeing is not the only company in the small gas-turbine field. At least seven other aircraft companies are making small turbines, although none has hitched one to a truck as Boeing did. Making the turbines for use on aircraft as starters for jet engines and to supply other auxiliary power are the Stratos Division of the Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corporation, Bay Shore, New York; the Hamilton Standard Division of the United Aircraft Corporation, Windsor Locks, Connecticut; the Marquardt Aircraft Company, Van Nuys, California; AiResearch Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles, California; Continental Aviation & Engineering Corporation, Detroit, Michigan; and Solar Aircraft Company, San Diego, California. Continental is also making small turbines to power light planes, while some of Solar's engines are designed for ships. The Lycoming-Spencer Division of the Avco Manufacturing Corporation, Bridgeport, Connecticut, is another entry in the small gas-turbine field, but has disclosed no details of its project.

Projects Shrouded in Secrecy

Several of the nation's leading truck and auto makers similarly have small-turbine projects under way, but are reluctant to discuss them for fear of tipping off their rivals in this highly competitive field. General Motors, for example, will say only that it is doing research on a 300-horsepower gas-turbine engine for possible use in a cross-country bus. A. A. Kucher, director of the Ford Motor Company's scientific laboratory, recently predicted that the gas-turbine engine ultimately will provide both a lighter and a cheaper power plant for trucks and autos.

The jet age may not come as soon in ground transportation as in air travel, but it appears to be just as definite a part of our future. ▲▲▲



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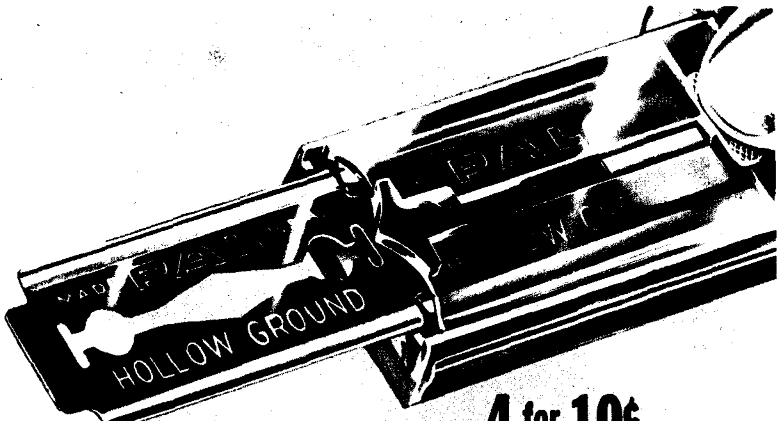

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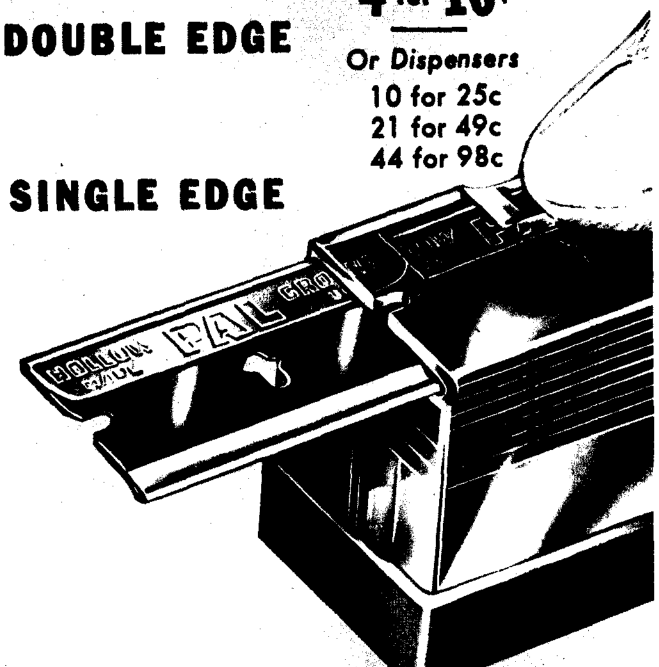
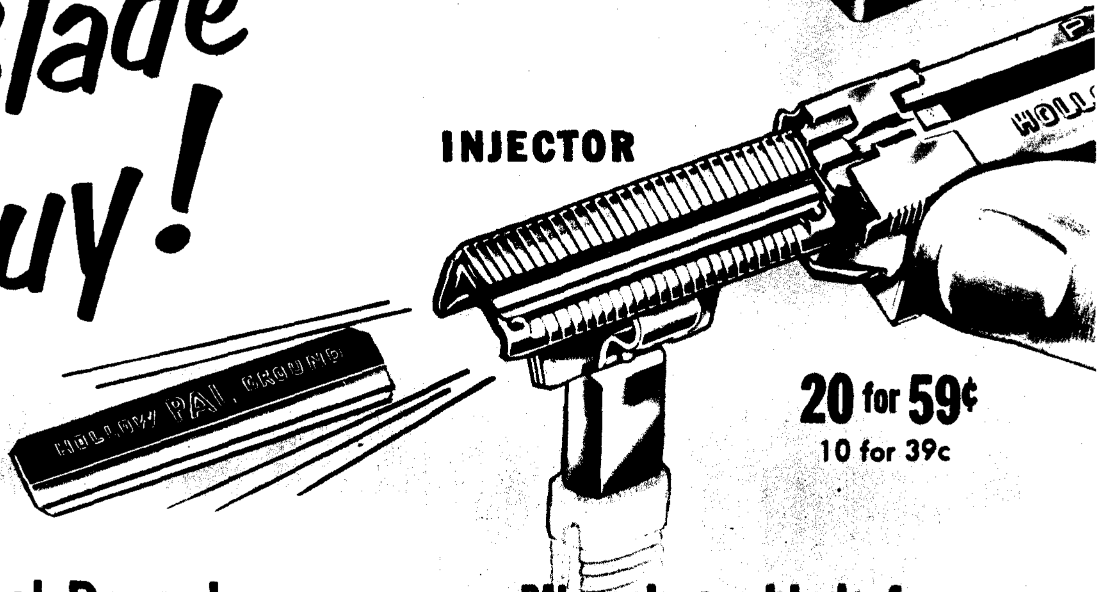


SINGLE EDGE



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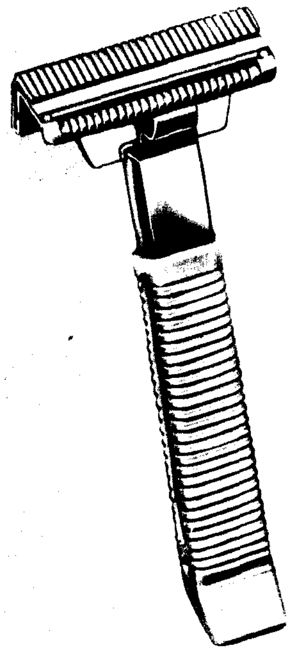

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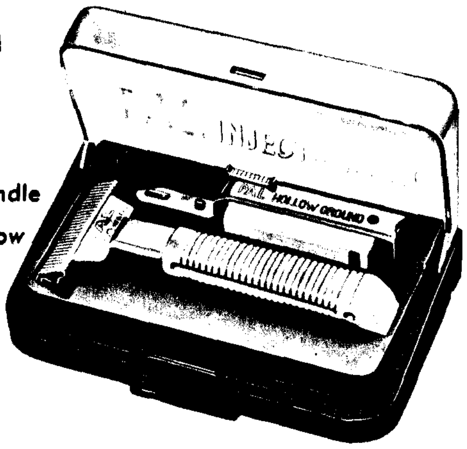

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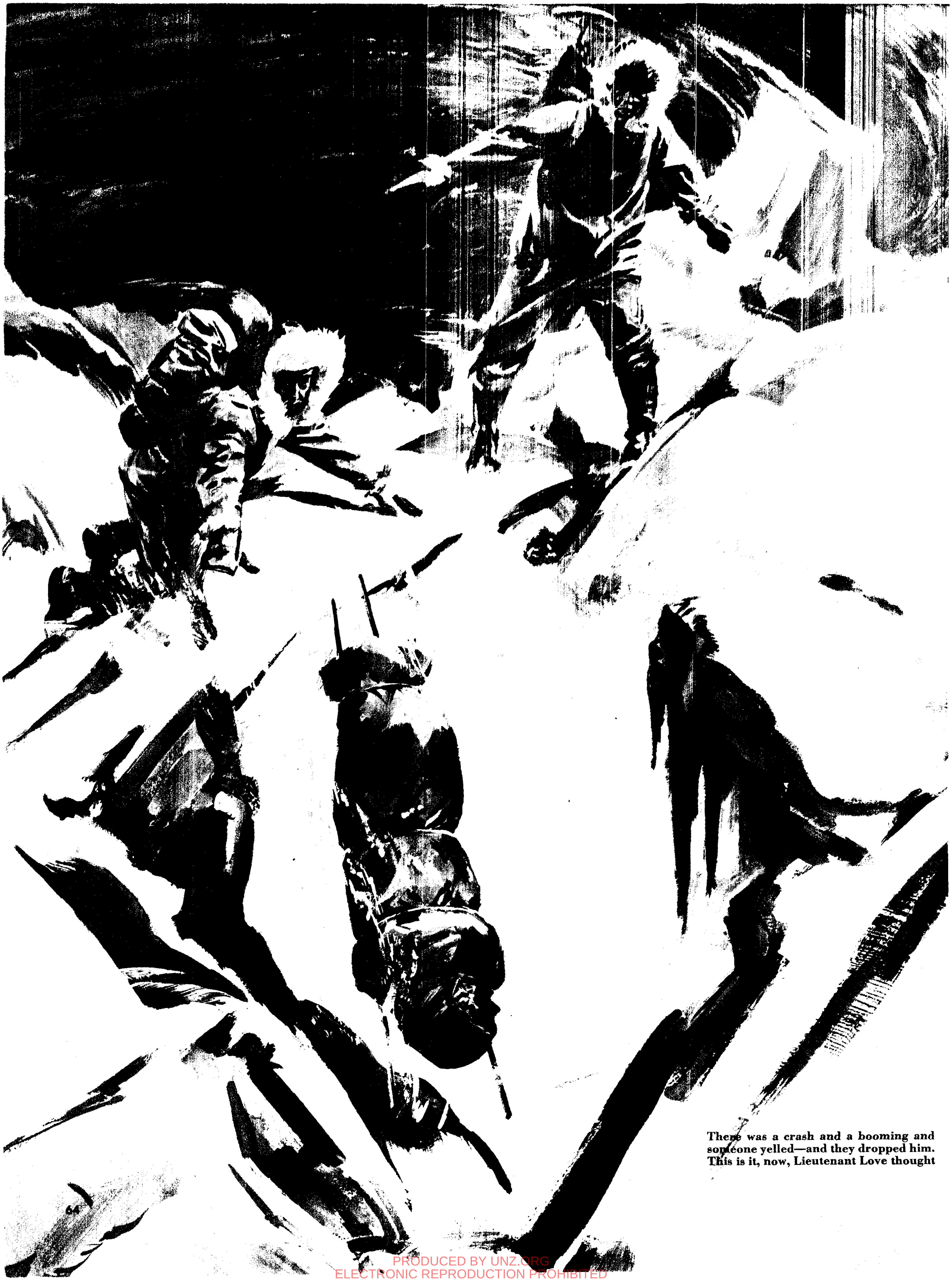
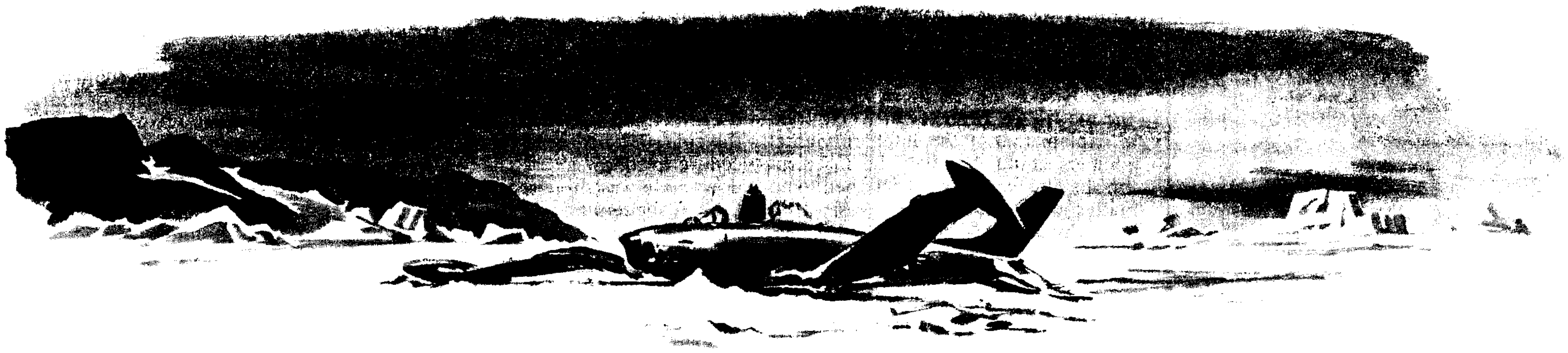


There was a crash and a booming and someone yelled—and they dropped him. This is it, now, Lieutenant Love thought

LOST

The gripping story of a man who fought the arctic for his life



By WALT GROVE

THE lieutenant was not certain that he was still alive. When he crash-landed his F-86 on the pack of ice off the shore of Ellesmere Island he had been thrown forward into the instrument panel. His mouth was bleeding and he had bitten completely through his bottom lip and knocked out his upper front teeth. His left hand had been on the throttle and the impact had jammed it forward, spraining his wrist. Pieces of ice and of the broken windscreen were all over the inside of the cockpit.

He did not have any pain immediately. It seemed to him that he was thinking quite clearly too. The canopy had been smashed. He noticed that, but he thought there was no point in rolling it back since it had been smashed.

He stood up, putting his foot on the edge of the cockpit, on the canopy track, and jumped to the ice. He stood there. Ellesmere Island lay to his left, massive and rugged. He was seven hundred air miles south of the North Pole. Well, that wasn't so bad after all, he thought. He reached into his pocket for a cigarette. When he pulled his hand out he noticed it was steaming. His hand was warm and moist, and in the dry cold air at thirty degrees below zero his hand was steaming like a cup of coffee sitting on a block of ice.

All of a sudden he felt sick. He thought he was going to throw up. He bent over and almost blacked out. He had to sit down on the ice. His wrist hurt so much that he almost fainted. Damn, he thought. Then he noticed there was blood all over the snow where he had been standing.

Now where did that come from? he asked himself. Where the hell did that come from?

Then he saw the bottom of his left flight boot, and it was cut almost in half. That scared him. Oh my God, he thought and grabbed his left thigh with both hands. His hands did not grip as they should have. They felt wooden. He saw that they were both freezing, that both his hands were turning white and bloodless. He thought he would bleed to death then, that his hands would freeze and he would not be able to do anything about it.

He unzipped his flying suit and stuck his right hand inside his shirt under his armpit and against his side. It was painful, but he hurt in so many places it did not matter.

When he could wiggle his fingers he took off the web belt that was around his trousers and put it around his left leg below the knee and tightened it. He pulled it as tight as he could. His foot did not stop bleeding immediately, but it did not bleed so much.

I've got to get back in that plane or I'll die here, he thought. I'm probably freezing to death right this minute and I don't know it.

He tried to stand up, but he could stand on only one leg. He got down on his hands and knees and started crawling back to the plane. The belt came off his leg and his foot began to bleed freely again. He had to stop and tighten the belt. When he reached the plane he pulled himself up with one hand and got onto the step and then into the cockpit. He saw the jagged piece of the canopy in the track on the edge of the cockpit. When he had jumped out he had stood on it, put his whole weight on it. What a damn' fool thing to do, he thought. I haven't got any sense at all.

He switched on the radio. "Mayday, Mayday," he said, "Eight-oh-four to Thule. I'm down on the ice. I'm hurt. I think I'm bleeding to death. Are you receiving me?"

There was no response. The lieutenant almost cried. He put his face in his hands. When he did, he realized that his face was beginning to freeze. He rubbed it furiously with his hand.

I'll be damned if I'll die here, he thought. He stood up and managed to burst open the parachute pack. He took the chute out and tore strips from it, biting through the nylon first so he could tear it. He wound the strips around his hands. They did not make the best mittens in the world, but they helped. Then he wound strips of the nylon around his head and face.

The exertion made him sweat, and the warmer he became the more pain he felt. His leg ached all the way up to his hip. He took out the package of cigarettes he had in a pocket of his flying suit. His cigarette lighter would not work. He put it under his arm and tried to warm it. He shook it, unscrewed the fuel cap and blew into the cotton-filled fuel reservoir. He snapped the lighter again. It burned with a tiny blue flame. He lighted a cigarette and switched on the radio again.

"Mayday, Mayday. I'm down. Offshore of Ellesmere Island somewhere. I'm hurt. Isn't anybody receiving me?"

Again there was no response.

Oh, God, the lieutenant thought. He was scared. He didn't want to die. He was only twenty-two years old, he was from Texas and his name was Arlington Love. He looked over the edge of the shattered canopy at the pressure ridge of pack ice lying along the shore of Ellesmere Island. In some places it was a hundred-fifty feet high. Beyond were steep cliffs, and glaciers that went right up to

ILLUSTRATED BY BARRY JAMES

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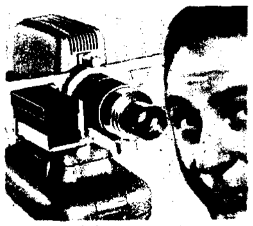

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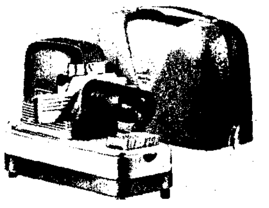

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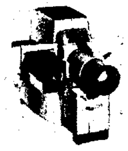

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the low gray ceiling. For God only knew how many hundreds of miles there was not another human being.

It simply did not seem real. Only the night before, the lieutenant had been sitting in the officers' mess at Thule air base on the west coast of Greenland listening to the juke box and holding his girl's hand. She was an Air Force nurse, and her name was Mary Beth Ross. Major Bartlett had come in and told the lieutenant he was to make the flight the next day. Mary Beth had said: What flight? Lieutenant Love told her that he was going to be the first man in the squadron to intercept an RB-29, returning from a flight to the Pole, in the worst arctic weather—to prove that interception was practical. And that had started the argument.

Mary Beth knew that the squadron was grounded because of the weather—that all the way across the arctic flying had shut down, at Reykjavik, Narsarssuak, even as far south as Goose Bay. Lieutenant Love had tried to explain that the intercontinental bombers in Kansas and the Dakotas were still taking off on training missions to Ellesmere Island and northern Greenland and the frozen Arctic Ocean. He tried to explain that if the intercontinental bombers could fly, then the interceptors had to go up to meet them—no matter what the weather was. That was why he had volunteered for the mission—that and the fact that he wanted to be a first lieutenant so they would have more money when they got married.

Volunteered? Mary Beth had said in a high voice as if he were some kind of fool or something. And that had really started the argument.

Mary Beth was a pretty, small girl, only about five feet without shoes. Lieutenant Love had been attracted to her at first because she was like a little doll. He called her Doll sometimes, or Baby Doll. Even so, Mary Beth had a commanding voice. When she spoke to Lieutenant Love, telling him what to do, she sounded as if she were calling the roll. He couldn't get a word in when she was like that.

MARY BETH said that obviously he was taking foolish and ridiculous chances with his life. And since they were planning to marry, he was taking foolish and ridiculous chances with her life too—and the lives of their unborn children, for that matter. She asked him how he expected her to take care of several small children if she were widowed and alone in the world. She said he had no consideration, that was his main trouble. And she wished she had never fallen in love with him either. Mary Beth said she certainly never planned on falling in love with a pilot. Especially a hot pilot, she added, who had a morbid compulsion to volunteer all the time.

Sweetheart, Lieutenant Love had said. Doll. Now, Baby Doll.

Mary Beth could not stand the anxiety a moment longer, the tension and all that. It was unhealthy, she said. She wasn't going to go through life punishing herself, so she was through. She loved him too much to sit around waiting all the time for the telephone to ring just to find out he'd been killed. Why, when he did get killed probably no one would ever even find his remains. So she was calling off the engagement. They were finished. If he thought she could stand that kind of married life he was crazy, she said.

Mary Beth had given him back his class ring and the identification bracelet. That was all he had ever given her. There was no place at Thule to buy an engagement ring or anything like that.

He still had the class ring and the ID bracelet in his pocket. And he knew what Mary Beth was doing right that minute. She was back at Thule thinking: I told him so. That was a terrible habit Mary Beth had. She always told people she had told them so. Lieutenant Love knew that if he ever saw Mary Beth again she would say she had told him so.

He had taken off from Thule all right, and a hundred and fifty miles out over the Arctic Ocean he had intercepted the RB-29. But on the return flight to Thule his power failed. He had known the engine was not running right—the tailpipe temperature was too low—and he had reported that to Thule by radio. Thule had told him not to worry about it. He hadn't, but that hadn't done any good. When the engine quit he was forced down on the ice. The F-86 was a total washout. No one would be able to salvage it. . . .

It had begun to snow by the time the lieutenant decided it was hopeless to use the radio. He knew that he had to do something to protect himself from the cold. He had been briefed on procedure to follow in case he was forced down. He was supposed to erect some kind of shelter and stick with the plane until a search party spotted it.

There was a survival kit attached to Love's parachute pack. He got it open. It contained a knife with a long blade, some bandages, sulfa powder to dust into open wounds, sulfa tablets, some concentrated chocolate, fishhooks, some brown powdery-looking stuff he was unable to identify, three morphine Syrettes, sea-marker dye, line for the fishhooks, a powder that made a lemonade-type drink when mixed with water, and a small pack of toilet tissue.

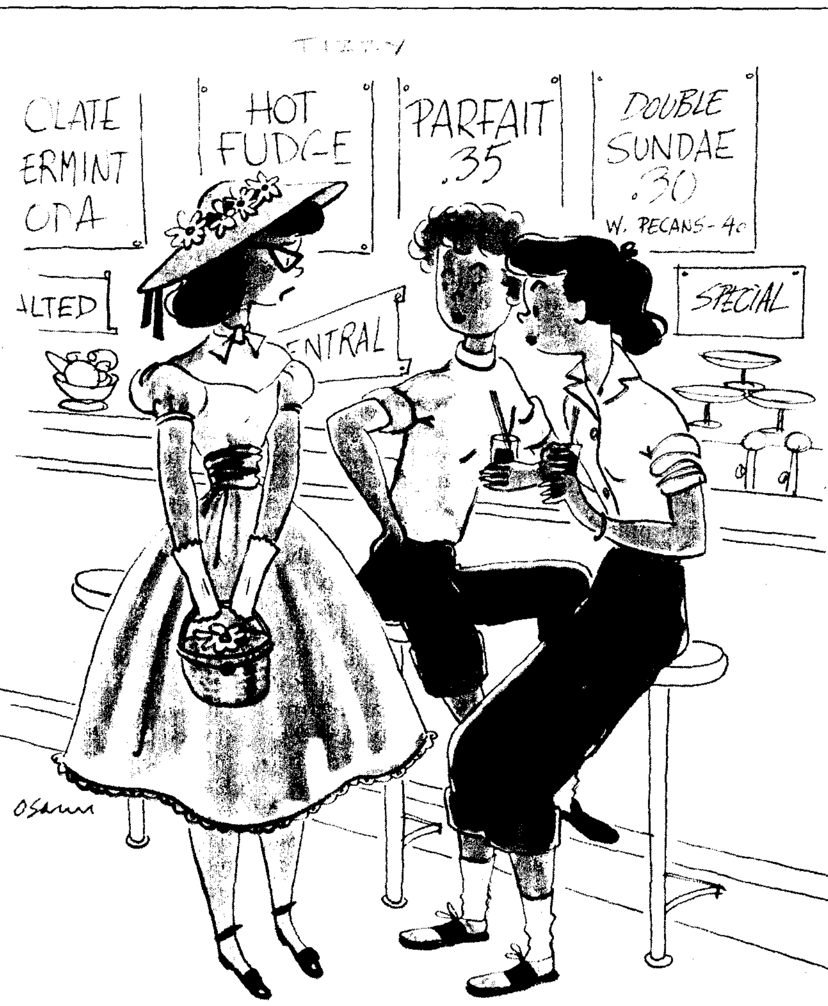
Lieutenant Love took the knife and crawled gingerly out of the cockpit. He managed to get on the wing and slip slowly off into the ice. When he stood up and put some weight on his left foot he found that it did not hurt so much as he had expected. That was the first hopeful thing that had happened. Hell, I'll make it, he thought. Can't miss.

HE DECIDED he would cut large blocks of ice, build a shelter and use part of the windscreen for a roof. It was snowing now, and he could pile snow on the roof. That would help insulate the shelter. Once he was inside he thought that the heat from his body would make the shelter warm if he built it small. He hobbled slowly over to the pressure ridge and found some pieces of ice that had been pushed up and tilted on edge that were only a foot or two thick. Standing there, he began to pick steadily at them with the knife. It was slow work.

When the shelter was finished it was about the size and shape of a large coffin. Lieutenant Love crawled into it, put a block of ice in place for a door and lay flat on his back, panting. There was not enough room for him to sit up straight. The cold wind from the air holes hit him, and he wondered if he would freeze to death in his sleep. It seemed he had heard something about freezing to death in your sleep being a myth, but he was not certain. He wrapped himself in what was left of the parachute and went to sleep. . . .

The next day Lieutenant Love awakened with a start, grunting. He did not

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "Please excuse the way I look, but I just came from visiting my aunt" KATE OSANN

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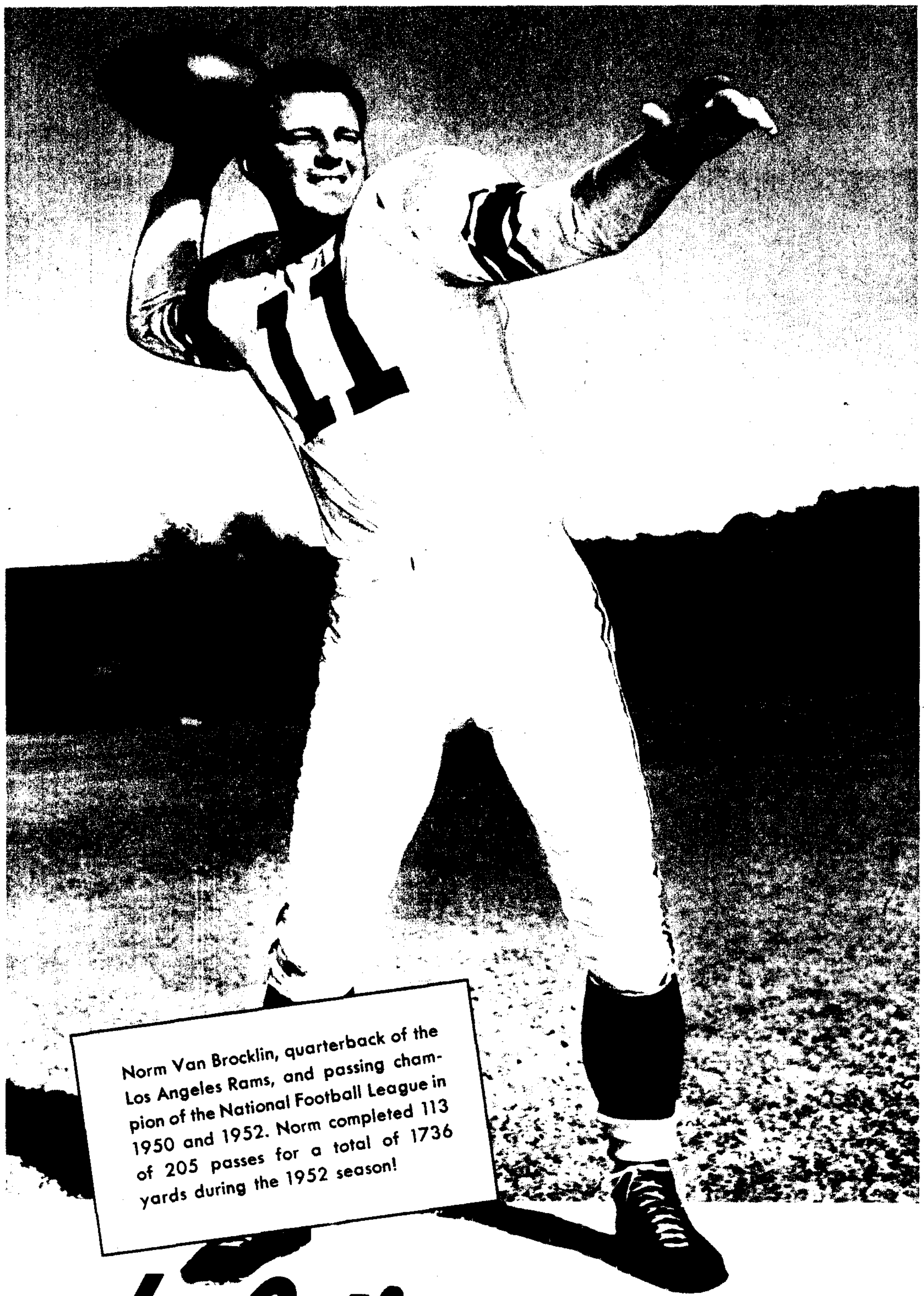

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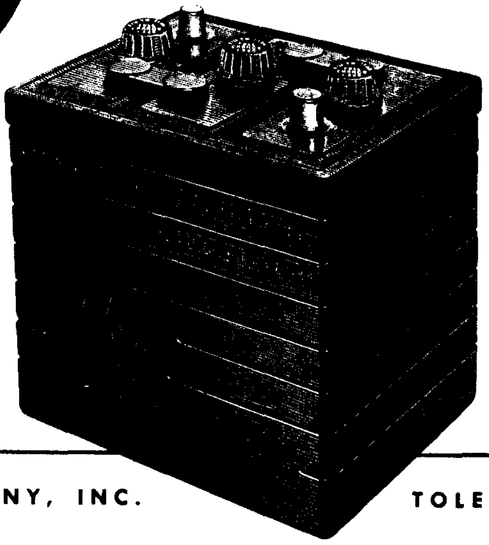

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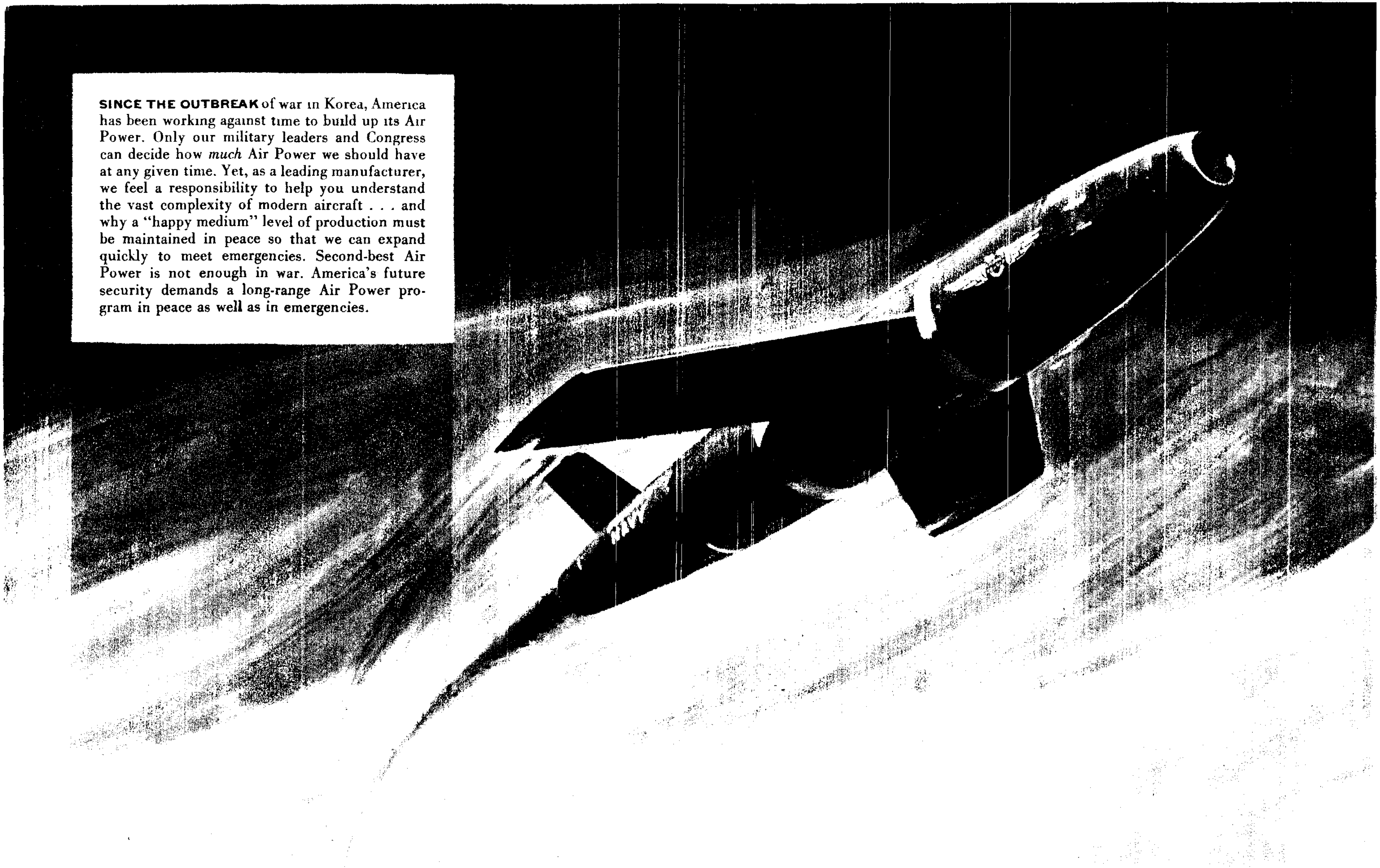
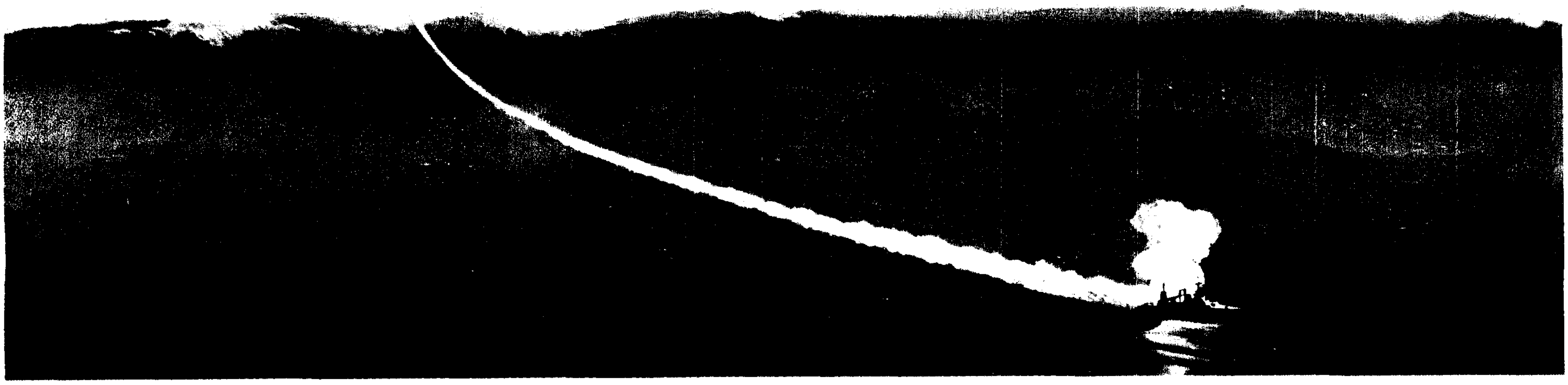
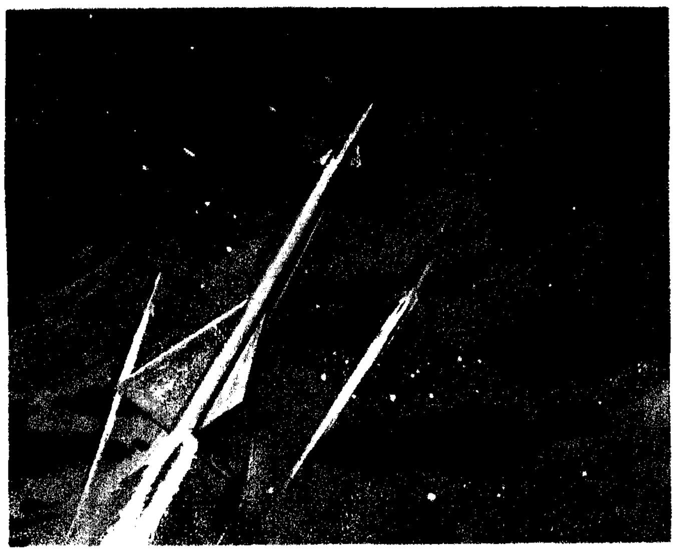
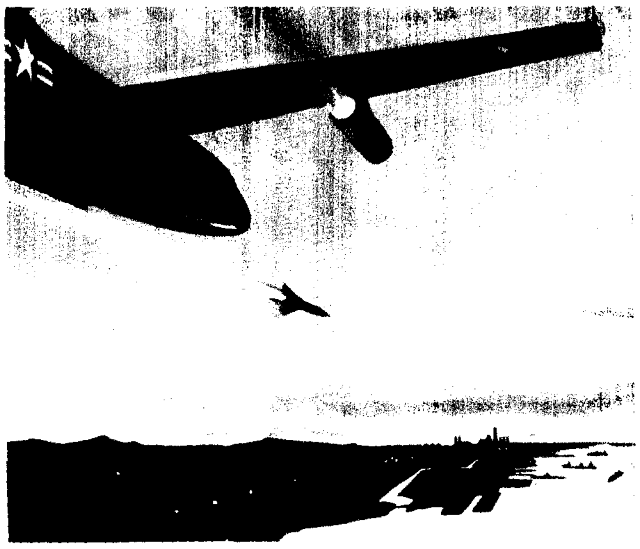




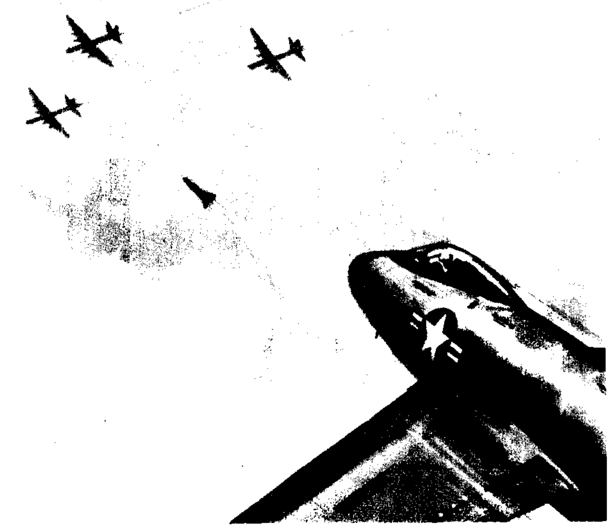
NAVY'S SLEEK "REGULUS," AN ADVANCED, SURFACE-TO-SURFACE GUIDED MISSILE BUILT BY CHANCE VOUGHT AIRCRAFT, HAS BEEN UNDER DEVELOPMENT SINCE 1947.



GROUND-TO-AIR MISSILES NOW UNDER DEVELOPMENT INCLUDE THE ARMY-SPONSORED DOUGLAS "NIKE"



AIR FORCE, NAVY ARE WORKING ON AIR-TO-SURFACE MISSILES TO GIVE AIR STRIKES UNEQUALLED POWER



FUTURE AIR FORCE FIGHTERS MAY CARRY GUIDED AIR-TO-AIR ROCKETS SUCH AS THE HUGHES "FALCON"

GUIDED MISSILES ARE COMING OF AGE

MORE THAN 10 YEARS AFTER FIRST WORK BEGAN

ALTHOUGH years of work are still ahead, a whole new breed of flying weapons is fast changing concepts of future offensive and defensive aerial warfare.

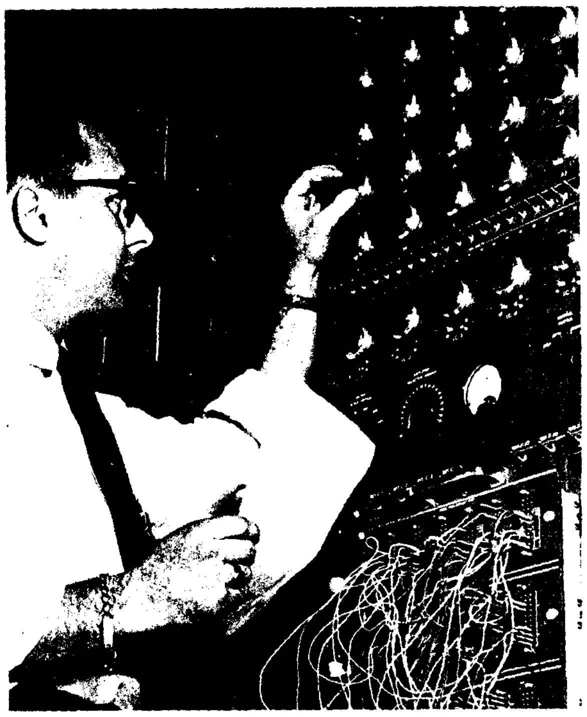
These are the guided missiles—sleek, high-speed products of industry and science. Unlike ordinary bombs or shells, they can be guided by remote control to targets *after* they have been launched. Large missiles are being developed to fly hundreds of miles to blast massive targets; smaller versions to intercept and bring down the highest-flying enemy bombers.

Four basic types of guided missiles are being developed. These are: 1. *surface-to-surface* missiles, the largest—made to be fired from the ground or Navy ships against distant surface targets; 2. *surface-to-air* missiles—anti-aircraft weapons; 3. *air-to-air* missiles—designed to replace guns as primary armament for aircraft of the future; 4. *air-to-surface* missiles—to be launched in the air from areas outside the enemy's heaviest defenses for guided flight to a surface target.

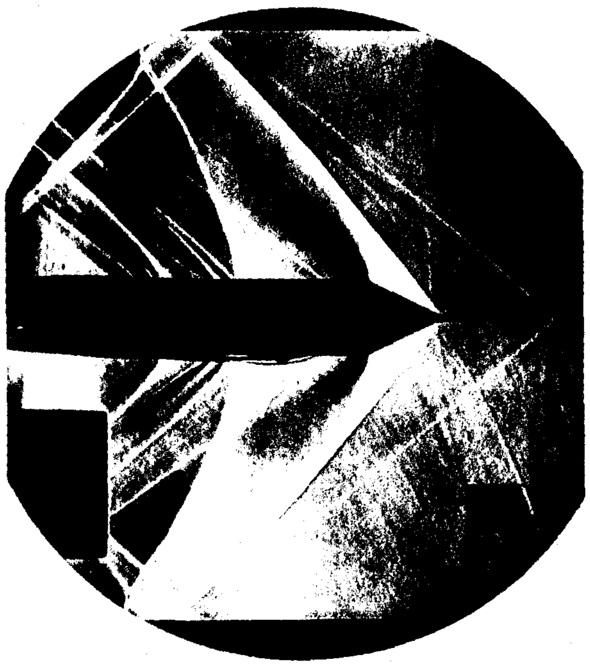
Some of these types, like Chance Vought's Regulus, are in limited production today. But much development work lies ahead—it may be many years before these missiles do much more than supplement modern aircraft manned by skilled pilots. For these weapons require not only their own power source—rocket, ramjet, or turbojet engines—and their own explosive warhead, but also their own guidance systems.

These guidance systems alone are as complex as they are varied. Some types of missiles carry radar devices and follow reflected radio waves bouncing off their target. Some ride electronic "beams" directed at the target from their launching site. Still others may one day use automatic celestial navigation to guide themselves to their target area.

Yes, after more than ten years of intensive effort by the military, scientists and technicians from industry and from universities, guided missiles are indeed coming of age. But their development must continue without letdown if American airpower is to remain second to none.



MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS of missile design—which would take men with desk calculators years to solve—are quickly handled by the electronic wizardry of analogue computers, complex machines like this one in the Chance Vought laboratories. Similar electronic "brains" function in missile guidance systems, calculating flight paths almost instantly from data supplied by target-watching radars.



WIND TUNNEL research is basic in designing guided missiles to fly efficiently at speeds up to and even far beyond the speed of sound. Design research must also consider such factors as the earth's rotation, gravity and magnetic fields, and atmospheric conditions at extreme altitudes. Photo shows shock waves from a test model in a supersonic stream of air at United Aircraft's own wind tunnel.

POWERFUL ENGINES are being developed in such facilities as this ramjet laboratory in Connecticut, a joint project of the Navy and United Aircraft Corporation. Complex laboratories like this are absolutely essential to develop more effective power plants for missiles and future aircraft. Here a Pratt & Whitney Aircraft ramjet, with heat radiation visible, is run in one of the facility's test cells.

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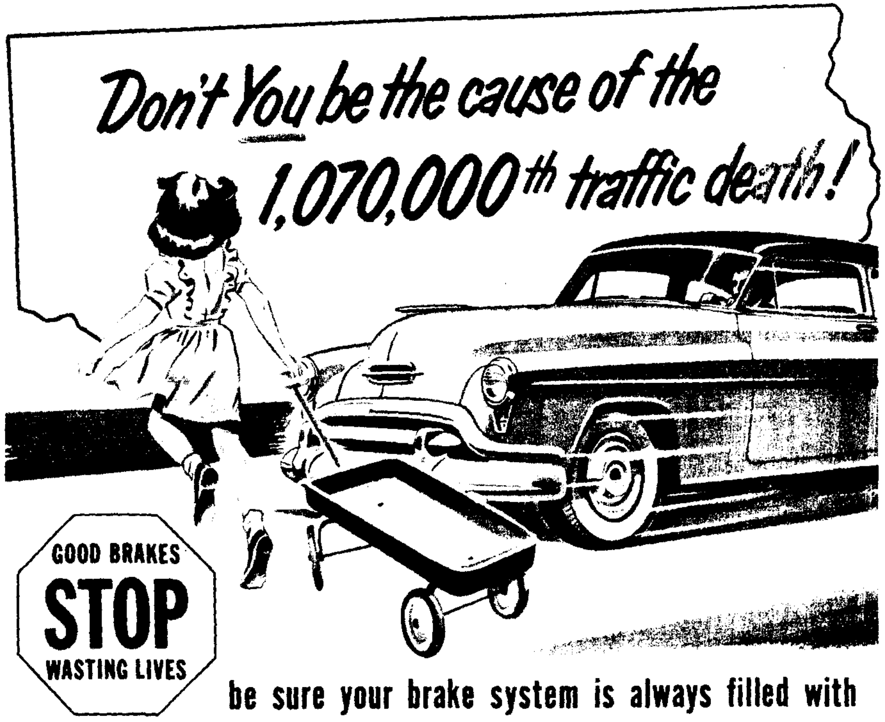
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know where he was. He sat up straight and hit his head on the top of the shelter. Then he felt the pain in his leg and remembered everything.

When he unzipped his flying suit to put his hands next to his body to warm them, he found that ice had formed on the inside of his flying suit, between the suit and the wool shirt and trousers he was wearing underneath. The moisture on his body had passed through the shirt and trousers and condensed on the inside of the flying suit. During the night it had frozen.

WHEN he raised up on one elbow and looked at his left leg he saw he had slept with the web belt still fastened tight around it. You damn' fool, he thought. He knew better than that. He reached down and loosened the belt.

He did not want to take off the flying boot and look at his foot. He could see the cut in the boot—it ran from the bottom of the sole up almost to his anklebone. I'm no doctor, he kept thinking. But he did have the sulfa tablets and the sulfa powder and he knew they would prevent infection.

He put his right hand under his left knee and lifted the leg up and bent it so he could unzip the flying boot. He clenched and unclenched his fist several times, making the blood flow in his fingers. Then very gingerly he began working the boot off his foot. There was still no feeling in it.

When he got the boot off he did not want to take the sock off. It was soaked with blood, frozen. He picked at it, carefully rolling it down to the anklebone. He could see the split skin on the inside of his ankle and the anklebone showing through. It made him sick. He had to wait for a few minutes before ne could take off the sock.

His foot was cut all the way across the bottom. The wound was open like a big mouth, but it was no longer bleeding. It had frozen.

Lieutenant Love was determined to save his foot—he didn't want anyone to amputate it. He knew that he had to thaw it out, then somehow stop the flow of blood and clean the wound and bandage it. He did not want to put the flying boot back on, and he tore wide strips off the nylon chute canopy and wrapped them around his foot. He hacked the block of ice away from the door of the shelter, and with the long-bladed knife between his teeth he dragged himself on his stomach across the ice to his plane.

Lieutenant Love was hundreds of miles north of the timber line. The only common fuels were animal fat or kerosene or alcohol. There was still some fuel in the jet's tanks. He thought of hacking into them with the knife, but he knew he would not be able to do that. While he had been in flight he had transferred the fuel from the wing tanks to the main tanks, but he knew the wing tanks could not be bone-dry.

He hoisted himself up onto the wing of the F-86. When he reached into the cockpit he saw the .45. He had forgotten about the automatic—he should have kept that with him. He put the .45 in a pocket of his flying suit. Then he hit the control that released the wing tanks and dumped them. Slowly Lieutenant Love crawled back to the shelter, pushing one of the wing tanks—it was over six feet long. He crawled into the shelter and then worked the tank close to the opening.

He lay inside the shelter and hacked an irregular hole in the wing tank. He tore off another strip of parachute and soaked it in the fuel, then hung it over a jagged piece of ice on one wall and lighted it. He cupped his hands around the flame.

Lying on his back then, the lieutenant raised his right knee and propped his cut left foot on his knee so he could look at it. He took the fishing line out of the survival kit and cut off a piece about two feet long. He took one of the smallest hooks and threaded the line through it. And then, lying on his back with his foot resting on his right knee, he sewed up the wound with fishing line.

By the time he had finished he had shooting pains in the upper part of his leg. The wound was not quite closed in the center, but it was the best he could do.

Lieutenant Love tore off another strip of parachute, soaked up more of the fuel with it, and ignited it with his cigarette lighter. He put his foot as close to the flame as he dared. That was more painful than he had expected, but he did not draw his foot back because he knew he had to thaw it out as soon as he could—and he did not know how long the fuel would last. He lay with his fists clenched and his eyes closed and tried to think of something else. When he felt that he could not stand it any longer his foot began to bleed.

It seemed to the lieutenant that he had lost an awful lot of blood—he did not think he could lose much more and survive. He knew that he had to stop the bleeding. Almost idly he thought that if he burned his foot he could stop the bleeding that way. It seemed silly at first, but there was no other way.

He ignited another piece of the chute and stuck his foot into the flame. His leg jerked back instantly. He could not control it. He stuck his foot into the flame again and it jerked back again like a fish flopping into water. Then he realized he would be able to do it if he loaded his foot with morphine.

He raised up on his elbow, took one of the morphine Syrettes and stuck it into the bottom of his foot. He rolled up the little tube. Then he withdrew the needle and stuck his foot against another piece of the burning nylon. Even with the morphine he could not hold his foot there. The foot looked horrible but the bleeding had stopped. He lay back, breathing hard. Then, either from pain or exhaustion, or perhaps from the morphine, he became unconscious.

LATE that afternoon the lieutenant awakened. There was no more fuel in the wing tank. His foot and the lower part of his leg were extremely painful. He wrapped them as well as he could in the chute canopy and lay back. Ice had formed inside his flying suit again, and it felt like a suit of armor.

Lieutenant Love knew he should eat something. It had been twenty-four hours since he'd had any food. He got the chocolate from the survival kit and began to eat it. As soon as he did he became ravenously hungry. He wolfed down the chocolate, hardly chewing it. After a moment he knew that he was going to be sick. He tried hard not t because he wanted to retain the food He could not control his stomach. H threw up. He felt like crying. He fel very sick, and he hurt all over. The better come and get me pretty soon, h thought—if they're coming. I can last long, I just can't. . . .

As soon as he awakened on the thi day the lieutenant knew the sun w shining. Enough light penetrated t snow on top of the roof for him to aware of it. He knew that the rescue squadron would be out looking for him and for a moment he wondered if he should leave the shelter. But the F-86 was outside, and if they could not see his plane they would not see him.

He reached down and uncovered his left leg and looked at his foot. It was darker in color and very painful. It throbbed when he moved it. Then he remembered that the night before he had not taken the sulfa tablets. He got them out and took four of them.

WHEN he looked in the kit he saw the powder that when mixed with water made a lemonade-type drink. He had no water, but he ate the powder anyway. It did not taste very good. For a moment he thought he was going to be sick again. He hunted in the folds of the parachute until he found the long-bladed knife, chipped some ice from the floor of the shelter, put the pieces in his mouth and sucked them.

The smallest exertion, even raising up on an elbow, made the lieutenant tremble. He knew that he had to have food. He remembered stories he had heard about the things starving people ate—dogs, leather, mud, rats, paper. His teeth were too loose to chew leather and he had no dog, nor mud, nor paper.

He had the .45 though, in the pocket of his flying suit. His only chance was to kill something, and he tried to think of what game he could kill. There were caribou and musk oxen, but they would not be on the pack ice—they would be inland eating lichens. On the ice there would be bears and seals and, if he could chop a hole, he could get fish. He knew he could not kill a bear with a .45. He did not know how to find one anyway, and he could not walk. It seemed the only thing were seals. They had to come up to breathe, and all you did was find their air holes and when they crawled out on the ice you shot them. If he shot one he would eat it raw. He would drink the blood too. That would give him strength.

The lieutenant took the .45 out of his pocket and pulled back the slide. There was nothing in the chamber. He let the slide snap forward. He was lying on his back with his feet toward the entrance. He put his right foot against the wing tank he had pulled up to the doorway and shoved. The tank did not move. It had frozen. He drew back his right foot and kicked it. The tank still did not move. It was frozen fast.

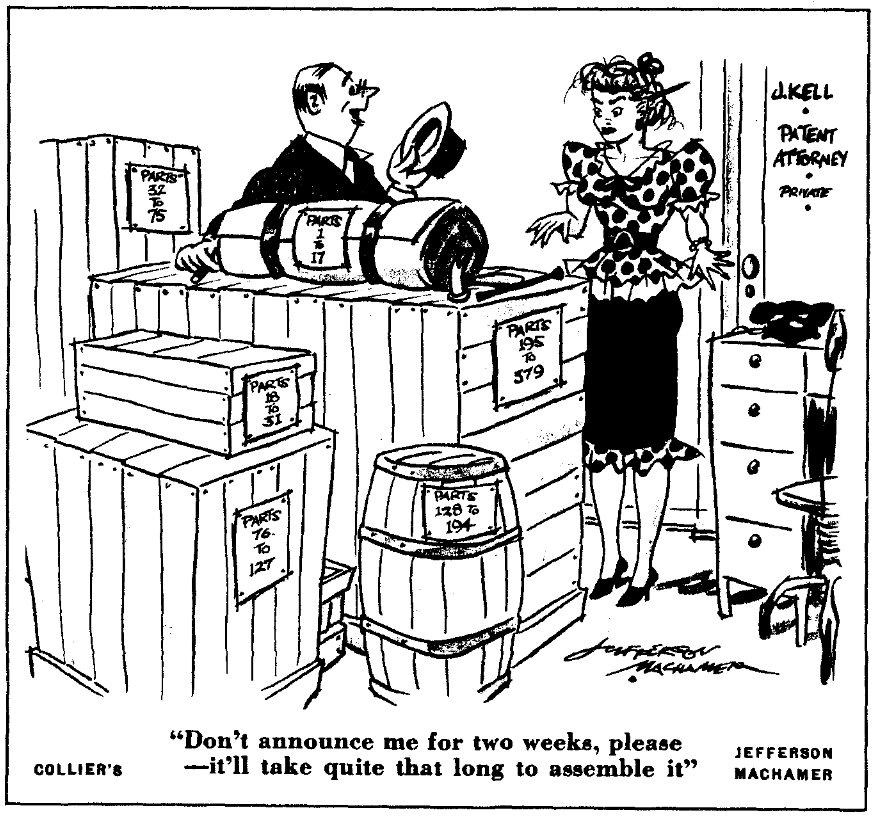
He was in a panic. Panting, he picked up the long-bladed knife and struggled to turn around so he could hack his way out. Then he realized he could make another exit, that he could remove any of the blocks of ice and get out. He began to chop at the nearest block. He was not careful; he chopped frantically, and the blade of the knife snapped in half.

He realized that he had let himself become panicked. He struggled to be calm, to think logically and clearly. Number one, he was hurt and very weak. Number two, he was starving to death. Number three, he had to stay alive—he had to eat something. Everything in the survival kit was gone except the brown powdery-looking stuff. He decided that he would have to eat it, no matter what it was, because he was starving. If it killed him that certainly wouldn't be his fault.

He ate it, and it tasted salty. That was about all. He put some pieces of ice in his mouth and sucked on them. Then he smoked a cigarette. He still felt sick and weak. He was afraid to go to sleep again, afraid that he would die in his sleep. But he knew that there had to be a way out. Nothing is ever really hopeless, he thought. It only seems that way.

He lay there a long time before he went to sleep, thinking about Mary Beth. He wondered what she was doing. Probably talking to someone. He wondered if she was talking to whomever she was talking to the way she used to talk to him. She probably was.

IT WAS the fourth day Lieutenant Love had been down on the ice. He was delirious. He was lying in the shelter staring at the ceiling. At moments he was aware that the sun was shining outside. Then it would seem to him that the sunlight was very hot and he would think he was sweating. When that happened he would think he was in Florida. And he would be very worried because he had no sun-tan oil and he never got an even tan unless he



COLLIER'S "Don't announce me for two weeks, please —it'll take quite that long to assemble it" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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the FAT MAN!

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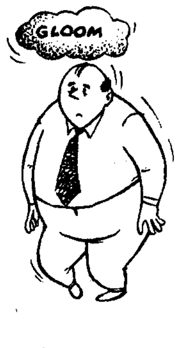
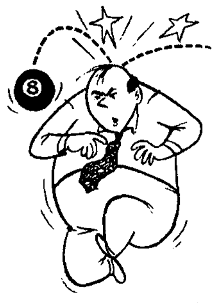


the FAT MAN!

Who... is always
behind the eight ball?


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used sun-tan oil. He burned badly too. When he remembered that, he began to hunt frantically in the shelter for the bottle of sun-tan oil. That's the trouble with these places they give you to change your clothes, he thought. They're like coffins, they're so small.

He thought he could hear Mary Beth outside playing with a beach ball. He could hear her laughing.

Oh, don't throw it to me, I can't catch it!

She can't catch it, he thought, smiling. Girls could never catch. They held their arms together with their hands outspread.

Oh, don't! Don't throw it to me!

SUDDENLY he was in a great hurry to get out of his trousers and into his trunks and get out there on the hot sand and play with Mary Beth. But somebody had locked the door from the outside. He shoved hard at the door, which for some foolish reason had been placed in the roof. It never did open, but it came loose and the lieutenant climbed out through the roof.

Mary Beth had gone off somewhere. Lieutenant Love sat down on the sand and watched a blonde woman about forty years old walking across the sand with a little boy. The woman sat down and began to read a book. The little boy played slowly and carefully in the sand. After a moment he walked over to Lieutenant Love.

Are you a policeman?

No, I'm a soldier, kid. I fly an airplane.

Don't you have a mother? Where's your mother?

Listen, I've got a mother just like everybody else, Lieutenant Love said. She's at home.

Arlington, Arlington! Wash your hands and get ready for dinner. Your father will be home soon.

He looked up and saw his mother walking toward him across the sand. She was short and fat and she had on a cotton house dress and a faded apron.

What's for dinner, Mom?

Chocolate sauce.

Lieutenant Love began to cry.

His mother put her hand on his forehead. *Why, you're burning up with fever. And it's much too cold for a little boy to be out today. Let's take off our clothes and crawl into bed. I'll phone Dr. Bates.*

I don't want to see him. I'm all right.

All right? His mother was holding a thermometer so she could read it. *Why, you're a hundred and five degrees.*

It's just the heat from the sand, Ma.

She shook her head. *Ice.*

What ice?

Look around you, Arlington.

The lieutenant looked. He saw the ice that covered the sea, the pressure ridge off the shore of Ellesmere. Then he saw the wreckage of his plane. He was sitting outside the shelter he had built, leaning back against it. The sun was shining in his face. There was no one else there. He was alone. I was dreaming, he thought. I fell asleep and dreamed all that. I guess I'm cracking up now. I guess it won't be long now.

Suddenly someone began shooting at him. He heard the report of a pistol. No, a rifle. He did not hear the bullet strike or pass through the air. He tried to see who was shooting. He could not see anyone. Then he heard the rifle again. Hunters, he thought. Must be some Eskimos after seals.

"Help!" he yelled. "I'm over here!"

No one answered him.

"You damn' Eskimos," he said. He leaned back against the shelter, tilting his face toward the sky. There was a four-day growth of beard on his face, his lips were bruised and black with dried blood. He had been looking at the glare on the ice so long that he was becoming snow-blind.

"What a lousy damn' deal," he said. "No kidding. What a lousy damn' way to treat somebody." He swallowed hard and closed his eyes. He wished that he were dead.

Then he heard the sound of a jet engine—it was passing over him. He opened his eyes and saw that the plane had passed beyond him heading north. It was an F-86. It was waggling its wings. He watched it as it swung in a circle and started down at him. It buzzed him. He saw the squadron insignia, the Air Force markings. It was from his own squadron.

He waved his arms frantically. The F-86 headed south, waggling its wings. Lieutenant Love fell on his face on the ice. Oh, God, they found me, they found me, he thought. He did not want to die—he wanted to be saved. He crawled on his hands and knees back to the shelter. I've got to get inside, he thought. I've got to get warm. He pulled himself over the low wall and wrapped himself in the parachute canopy. It's going to be okay, he thought. They'll pick me up—they won't leave me here. I made it. Oh, God, I made it.

WHEN the gale began that afternoon the lieutenant had been inside the shelter for some time. The sky was heavy and low, and the sounds the lieutenant thought were being made by Eskimos hunting had grown much louder. There were sharp cracks, like rifle fire, and loud booming noises close at hand. There was a constant grinding and creaking and moaning—the sounds of the pack ice shifting gradually under tremendous pressure and beginning to move.

After a while the lieutenant heard a noise that was different from the other noises. He struggled to sit up. The sky was right down on top of him and he saw a C-47 coming down from the north, very low, at about two hundred feet. It had the insignia and markings of the rescue squadron on the fuselage and underside of the wings. He began to wave frantically. Something hurtled through the open door in the waist of the plane, and a parachute opened. Lieutenant Love could see the man in the harness swinging back and forth. By the time a second man had jumped out and his chute opened, the first man had already landed hard and spilled the air out of his chute. He ran clumsily across the ice toward the lieutenant.

THE man dropped to one knee, and took Lieutenant Love's face in his hand. "Lieutenant, do you know me?"

"Why, you're Captain White," the lieutenant said. It was the flight surgeon from his squadron.

"How do you feel?"

"Sicker than hell."

The captain pulled a small black case out of his pocket, took out a hypodermic syringe and filled it.

The second man who had jumped from the plane came running up. He was a young man. "Sir, that radio—"

"Forget about it, Sergeant. We have to set up the tent. I have to get this man inside."

The younger man ran off again. The C-47 tnundered over them, very low, waggling its wings as it headed south.

"What're you going to do to my foot?" the lieutenant asked. He was beginning to feel sleepy.

"I'll take care of it."

"You're going to amputate it."

"You just relax now."

The lieutenant swallowed. "How's my girl?"

"Oh, she's fine."

"I bet she's been worried about me."

"Don't try to talk."

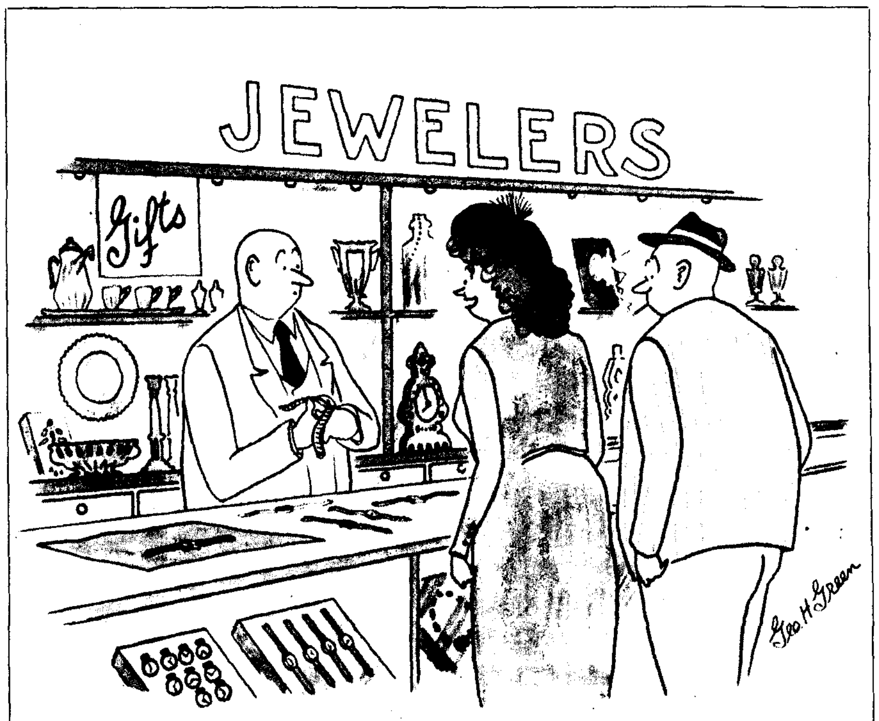
The younger man came running back again. He was panting. "It's up, Captain. The tent's up."

Lieutenant Love felt awfully funny when they picked him up. He felt as if they only picked up half of him. He kept his eyes closed. In a moment they put him down again. It was warm and soft, wherever it was, and he did not bother to open his eyes although the rifle fire had begun again.

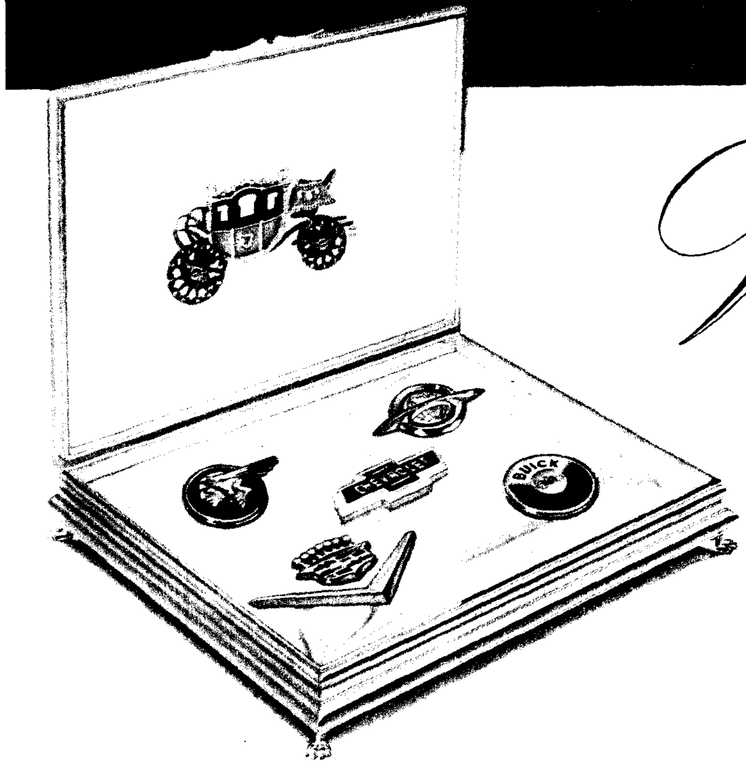
"That noise you hear is just some Eskimos out there hunting," the lieutenant said with his eyes closed. "You hear them, but you don't see them. It's been going on a couple of days."

"Try not to talk," the captain said.

In a moment the lieutenant lost con-



COLLIER'S "It's going to be a surprise for my son's birthday. He's expecting a convertible" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



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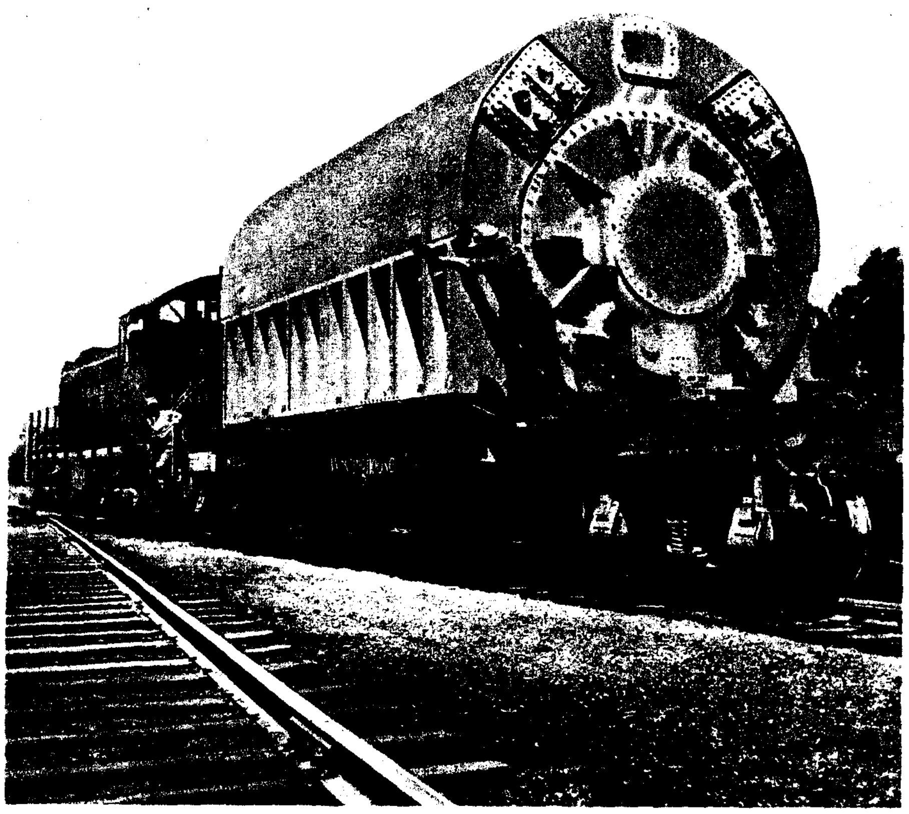

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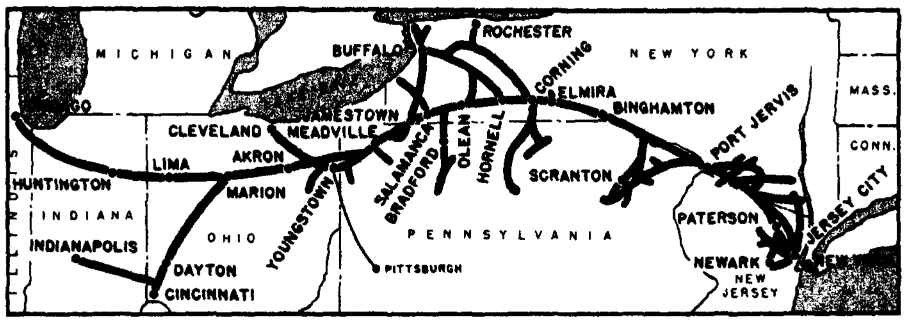


sciousness. He dreamed for a long time and in his dreams everything was hot. He was in Texas again, in training, and the flight instructor had just throttled back the engine and he was looking for a place to land and there wasn't any place to land. So what do you do now, someone said. Love awakened with a start. He was trying to sit up and the captain was holding him down.

"It's all right, son. Take it easy."

"Oh," he said. There was a light on inside the tent and he hurt—he hurt all over. He had never felt so sick. He lay back gasping.

"I'll give you something for the pain," the captain said. "Let me have your arm. Try to relax the muscle. Better?"

"It's—working, I guess," the lieutenant said. He saw a shadow move at the other end of the tent. "Who's down there?"

"That's Sergeant Phillips."

"Oh. How you doing, Sergeant?" Lieutenant Love said.

Phillips squatted beside the lieutenant. "You look pretty good, Lieutenant," he said.

Love closed his eyes. I'll bet, he thought. I'll just bet I do.

"Say, Captain," the sergeant said.

"What?"

"That gale's getting worse, you know that? We've got to get out of here. This ain't no place to be. Right offshore like this we're going to take a terrific beating. We ought to get onshore, or else go farther out on the ice. Sir, if the gale breaks up the ice we're on we won't have a chance."

"The radio won't work?"

"No, sir. It was damaged."

"If we move from here the rescue squadron will have to find us again," the captain said. "I don't like that idea. That could take days."

"Sir, if we only move a few miles. That's all. A few miles won't mean much searching from the air. We got to get out of here, sir."

"Can we get onshore, Sergeant?" the captain asked.

"I don't know, sir. We'll be carrying the lieutenant. We can try. I don't know whether we can climb over that pressure ridge with the way everything's moving around out there or not. We can try. But I wouldn't wait too long, sir, to start."

THERE was a loud grinding and squealing close by, then suddenly a splintering noise, and a violent tremor ran through the ice beneath them.

"You see what I mean," the sergeant said. "We can't wait."

Lieutenant Love opened his eyes. "You mean because the ice is breaking up under us?" he asked.

"No, because we're moving," the sergeant said. "I'll make a litter with the tent poles. I'll have to use them."

"I want the plasma and the medical supplies," Captain White said. "I can pack them myself."

When the sergeant removed the poles the canvas came down around them, and in the dark they could not see one another. All around them were the grinding, crashing sounds of the pans of ice moving against and on top and underneath one another. Then Lieutenant Love felt the tent being pulled off him. He felt the wind.

"Hey, Lieutenant." The sergeant leaned his head down. It was too dark for them to see one another. "Listen, boy—I mean, sir. I've got a Mae West. I'm going to put it around you. If we fall in the water, you inflate it. I've got the shroud lines off the chute and I'm going to lash your sleeping bag to the tent poles."

The captain bent down. He had to shout to be heard above the rising wind. "We're going to lift you now. We'll try not to hurt you. Ready?"

"Ready," Lieutenant Love said.

THE lieutenant felt them pick up the improvised litter, and it began. Until then he had had no idea how hard it was going to be. The ice underfoot was in constant movement, moving south, about four or five miles an hour. But it was not an orderly movement—it was an erratic jamming. A piece would slip on top of another and he would feel them lift the litter as they stepped up on it. Another piece would jam under the ice they were on, it would tilt, and they would go sliding and slipping downward, not knowing whether they were slipping toward open water or not. After the first five or ten minutes Lieutenant Love could hear them begin to shout at each other, telling each other what to do, which way to go, to watch it, to watch out.

He was sick. He had not realized how sick until the litter started tilting to the foot, then to the head, then to the foot, then back to the head. There was a crash and a booming and someone yelled—and they dropped him. He hit hard and began to slide down an incline. This is it, this is it, he thought, and he tried to grit his teeth but he was too sick and weak to clamp his jaws together. Someone yelled and he felt himself slide into something and then slue around. He waited to drop headfirst into the water, sleeping bag and all, but he did not. He had stopped.

Captain White was on his hands and knees beside the sleeping bag. "Son?" he shouted. "You all right?"

"Don't drop me again," Love said.

The sergeant yelled, "Let's go, let's go! We haven't got a chance here!"

One or the other of them picked up the foot of the litter. The lieutenant felt that. Then the other one lifted the head of it and they began to climb. He lay in the sleeping bag head down, not able to see anything, and not wanting to see anything, and he knew that they had begun to climb the pressure ridge. It was impossible to climb. The man at the head of the litter had put the poles on his shoulders. His head was beside the lieutenant's head, and the lieutenant could hear the man breathing hard and saying over and over, "God, get us over this."

They did not make it.

The lieutenant felt the foot of the litter suddenly lift straight up in the air. There was a splintering crash and the sergeant bellowed, "Watch it, watch it—catch him!" And the captain yelled something and then the lieutenant felt the litter and himself topple over backward. He hit and bounced and hit again, and he rolled over and over down the pressure ridge until one of the poles on the litter jammed itself into a crack and he stopped. He tried to get out of the sleeping bag, but he could not. He could feel the pan of ice that he was on moving slowly upward. It would begin to tilt in another moment, perhaps stand on edge and be jammed in between two others. Oh, no, Love thought, and he began to yell.

He heard them yelling back, or thought he did, and he tried to yell louder, and then he lost his voice and could not yell at all. A light was coming toward him across the ice.

The captain and the sergeant tumbled down beside him. "Got to lift it," the sergeant panted.

The captain put his head against Love's. "Going—farther out—to sea," he said.

They picked him up, and when it began again Lieutenant Love began to wish that they had not found him, and that they had left him there. He was not conscious all the time, and when he was he thought that he could feel his foot bleeding. They dropped him once more, and after that they began to stop to rest at shorter and shorter intervals. Each time they picked him up and started forward again it was harder for Lieutenant Love to go with them—each time he felt as if he had left a little something of himself behind.

They came to a halt finally.

"Okay, now," the sergeant panted in Love's ear. "Several miles out. Not too much pressure here."

The captain bent close to the lieutenant. "How do you feel?"

"Sick."

"You hang on. You'll be all right."

"I'm bleeding."

"You hang on. I'll take a look as soon as I get you out of the wind."

"Never make it."

"What's the matter, don't you want to see that girl again?"

"Oh, yes," the lieutenant said.

"Then hang on. You can make it."

Yes, I'll make it, Lieutenant Love thought. He was hanging on as hard as he could.

THE next afternoon the three men down on the ice were sighted by a search plane flying out of Thule. It stayed in the area, circling, until a ski-equipped Norseman, piloted by an R.C.A.F. officer, flew in and landed on the ice. Captain White and the sergeant walked a short distance across the ice to the Norseman, carrying Lieutenant Love on the improvised litter. The R.C.A.F. officer had stayed aboard, keeping the engines idling.

"You fellows are all right, aren't you?" he called. He was very cheerful.

Lieutenant Love did not regain consciousness on the return flight to Thule. He was in the corridor of the hospital outside the operating room when he opened his eyes. He was wrapped in a blanket, lying on a cart. A man with a mustache was bending over him. It was the CO.

"Oh, sir," the lieutenant said. "I'm sorry. I lost the plane."

"Take it easy," the CO said. "You made the interception, didn't you? Mechanical failure isn't your fault. Don't be sorry. We'll take care of you."

A nurse pushed the CO away. "I have to prepare him for the operating room, Colonel."

Lieutenant Love struggled to raise himself up. The nurse was Mary Beth. She had a pair of scissors in her hand, and she looked as if she'd been crying.

"Doll," the lieutenant said. "I'm sorry we had that ridiculous argument. You were so right. Sometimes, Doll, a person just doesn't understand until he's been through it."

"Please don't try to talk," Mary Beth said. She began to cry, and she cut off his flying suit, his shirt and trousers.

"I wouldn't want to leave any small children and a widow alone in the world," the lieutenant said. "I'm not that kind of a guy."

"Oh, Arly!" Mary Beth said. She put her arms around him, laid her head on his chest. "I almost died when they came and told me. It couldn't have been any worse if we *had* been married. You were lost and I hadn't got to marry you—we hadn't even had one child. Oh, don't worry about the children, darling. They'll get along somehow."

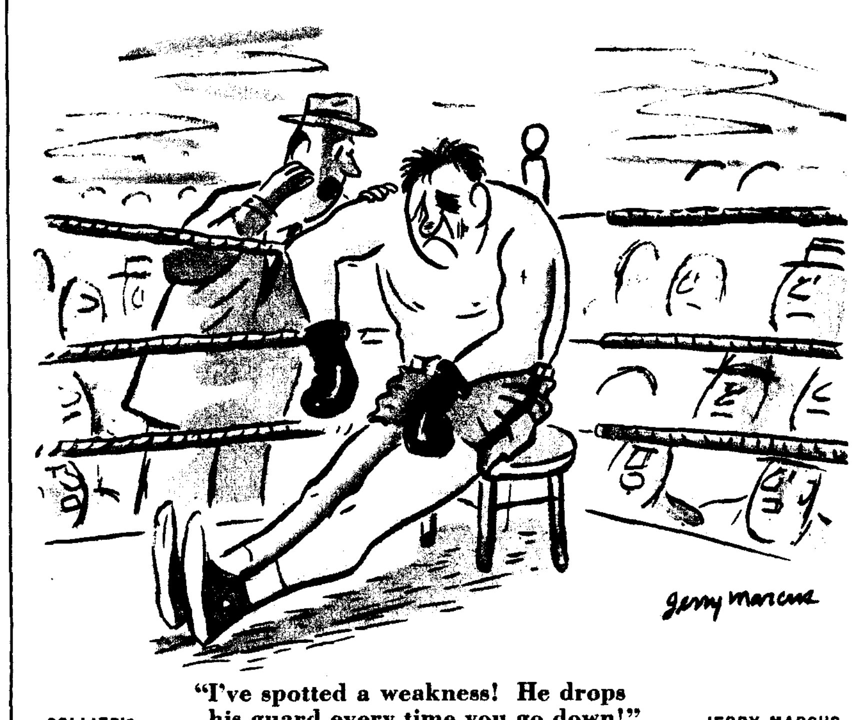
Captain White opened the operating-room door. He had on a surgical cap and gown. "Bring him in," he said.

Mary Beth wheeled Lieutenant Love into the operating room. The anesthetist leaned over the lieutenant. "When I put this over your face I want you to take one deep breath."

"Wait a minute," Lieutenant Love said. "Doll, in my pants pocket there's that ring and bracelet. Put them on. I want to see them."

Mary Beth got the class ring and the identification bracelet. She put them on and held her hand out so that the lieutenant could see them.

They put the mask over his face and the lieutenant took a deep breath. The sensation was like flying. His body lost its weight. He rose higher and higher, faster and faster. All the time he was flying straight toward the class ring and the identification bracelet on Mary Beth's wrist. He finally caught up with them. When he came out of the ether and opened his eyes, they saw, they were the first thing he saw. —WALT GROVE



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Tom Goes to COLLEGE

By BERT BACHARACH

Tom Buskirk's dress-up outfit for dates was a happy choice, judging by the reaction of this bevy of beautiful models. His datebook should be full as he pursues his studies at Northwestern. Tom's outfit is in popular charcoal-gray shade

He'll be one of the best-dressed men on the campus, too, thanks to the wardrobe Collier's selected for his freshman year

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Tom Buskirk, of Paw Paw, Michigan, is one of 564,000 freshmen who are entering the nation's colleges this month. Like most of his fellow freshmen, Tom faced the problem of what clothes to take with him for his introduction to college life. What should he wear on the campus? At football games? On dance dates? Even more important, what clothes could he buy that would be long-wearing, yet not take too much of his father's money? That would mark him as well dressed, but not overdressed?

To help Tom out of his predicament—one that plagues almost every new college man—Collier's volunteered to provide him with three basic outfits for his freshman year at Northwestern University. For the best possible advice, we polled undergraduate leaders on 10 campuses around the country and adjusted their recommendations for the climate, geography and customs at Evanston, Illinois, and for Tom's own clothing preferences. Then we brought him East from his father's 200-acre fruit farm and outfitted him in the wardrobe you see on these pages.

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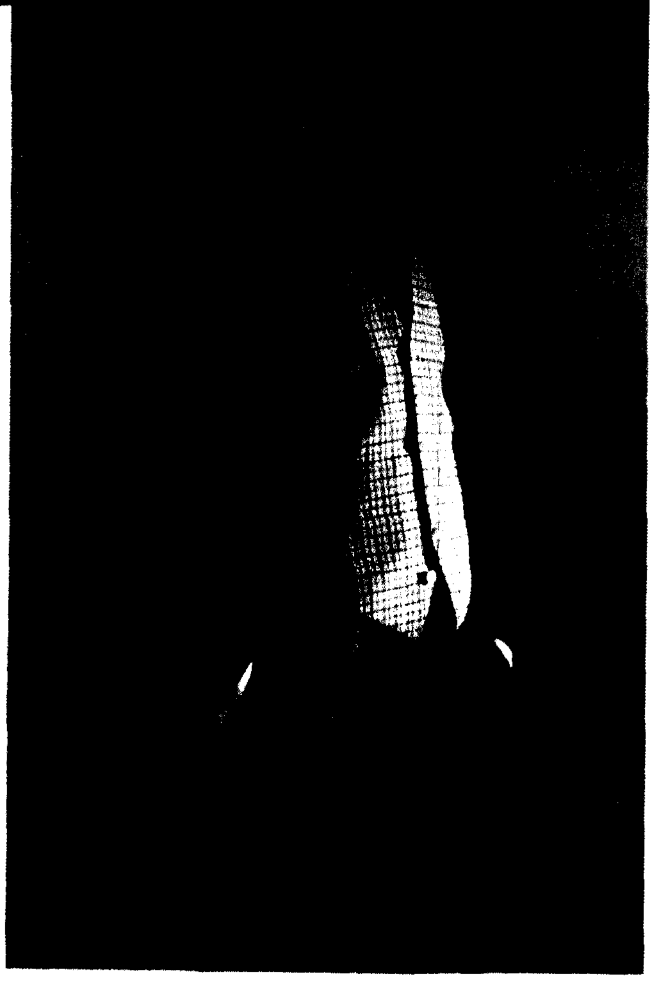
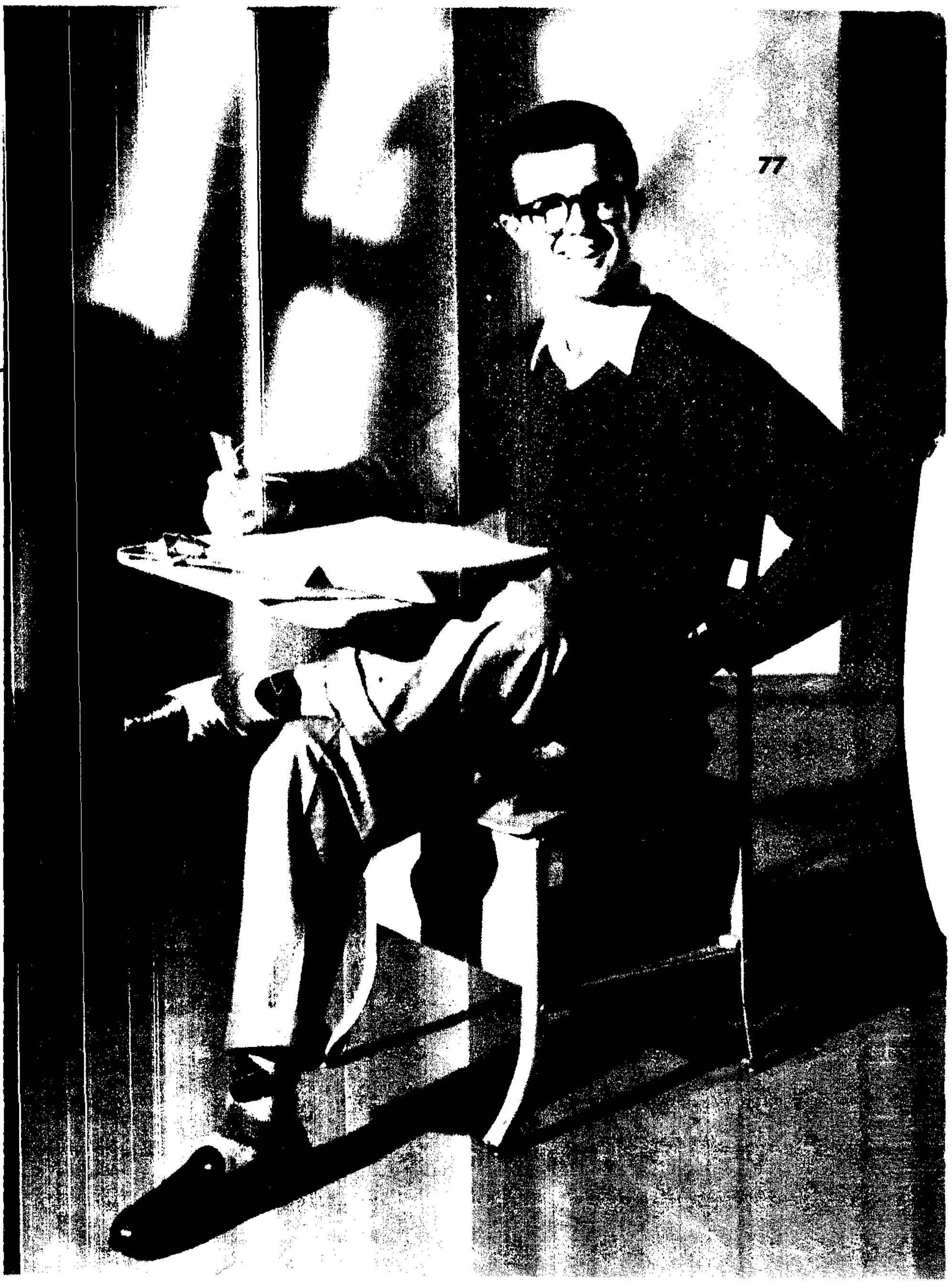
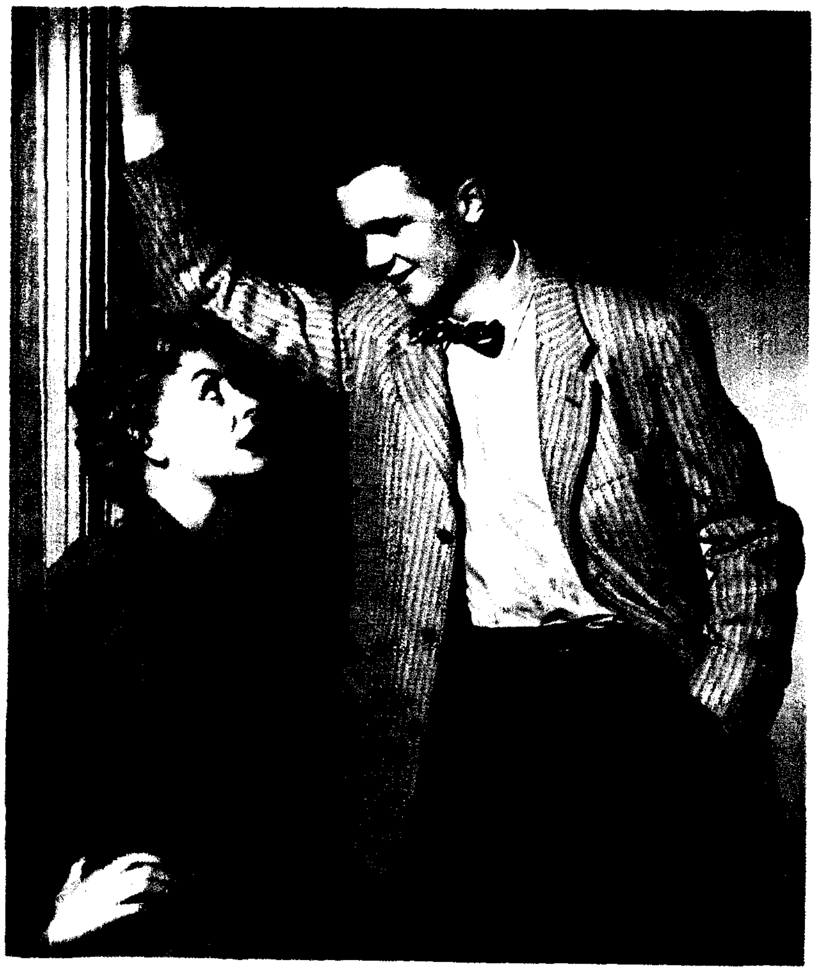


Although they're not part of his basic wardrobe, Tom liked these college fashions, too. Left: A Tyrolean hat and bold-patterned coat. Below: A Tattersall vest and a navy-blue blazer jacket of all-wool jersey. Fancy vests are growing in favor on the campus



Above: For the classroom, Tom wears an open-neck shirt with easy-fitting sweater, gray flannel slacks, Argyle socks and comfortable slip-on shoes. Below: Six-foot Tom towers over girl companion. He wears a smart three-button sport jacket with brown covert slacks, traditional Oxford shirt with bow tie. This outfit will serve for all but dress-up occasions and is one of most useful in wardrobe



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

Tom pauses outside Northwestern's Patten Gym. Collier's polled student leaders of 10 colleges throughout the country before selecting wardrobe for his freshman year

REGIONAL VARIATIONS IN COLLEGE CLOTHES

Based on a Poll of Undergraduate Leaders

	DRESS-UP	SPORTSWEAR	CAMPUS
EAST Princeton Tufts	Dark-blue suits favored Tattersall vests good Lots of string bow ties Tasseled moccasins worn	Side vents in sport jackets White bucks with red soles Covert slacks popular Lots of caps are seen	Corduroy jackets still seen White shirts, without ties Sun-tan slacks
MIDWEST Northwestern Missouri	Patterns in suits liked Lots of pastel shirts Many French cuffs worn Tweed topcoats popular	Plaid and checked shirts Navy-blue blazers are good Lined ulsters and stormcoats favored for winter	Wool jersey sport shirts White athletic socks
SOUTH Duke Alabama	Light-blue wool suits Tweed balmacaan topcoats with raglan sleeves	Cord jackets (warm weather) Spread-collar shirts best Plain-colored knit ties	No. 1 sweater color is gray heather Blue jeans are favorites
SOUTHWEST Rice	Cotton cord suits (for warm weather) Narrow knit ties liked	Smooth-weave jackets and slacks, rather than rough fabrics	Western Levi's liked T-shirts worn alone and under sport shirts
FAR WEST Colorado U S C Oregon State	Pin-collar shirts strong Topcoats in bright patterns Trend to blue suède shoes	Navy-blue blazers popular Narrow knit ties are liked	Suède jackets a favorite Brown and white saddle Oxfords still good

The basic wardrobe we bought for Tom Buskirk includes a dress-up outfit for dates, a sportswear combination, and campus or classroom clothes. Some of the items are interchangeable among the various outfits, extending their usefulness.

We also provided rainy-weather and cold-weather clothing. Of course, Tom already had a number of shirts, ties, socks, pajamas, handkerchiefs and the like which he will also take with him to college.

Altogether we spent $310.50 on Tom's basic wardrobe. Here's the itemized bill:

Dress-Up for Dates

Charcoal-gray suit $65, white Oxford shirt $5, striped repp tie $2, white handkerchief $1, leather belt $3.50, ribbed wool socks $1.50, cordovan shoes $15.

Sportswear Combination

Tan sport jacket $40, brown covert slacks $15, blue Oxford shirt $5, bow tie $1.50, Argyle socks $2.50, brown slip-on shoes $12.

Campus or Classroom Wear

White Oxford shirt $4, lightweight sweater $7.50, gray flannel slacks $15.

Outdoor Wear

Hat $10, camel's-hair overcoat $75, raincoat $20, muffler $5, pigskin gloves $5.

The wardrobe we selected for Tom was modestly priced. It could have been considerably cheaper or much more expensive. But regardless of the price, the clothes chosen will enable Tom to be well-dressed for every occasion at Northwestern University.

Like every student, however, Tom wanted more than just a basic wardrobe. He showed his individuality by also buying a Tattersall vest and a navy-blue, brass-buttoned blazer jacket of all-wool jersey. Other college men similarly might buy corduroy slacks, suède jackets or assorted sport shirts. There is no such individual as an average freshman; no two students will dress exactly alike all the time.

No single campus can be regarded as average, either—a fact underlined by the results of our poll of leading undergraduates at 10 colleges and universities throughout the country. In general, we found, a student in the East dresses about the same as one in the Midwest. The warmer climate accounts for some of the variations expressed by students in the South and Southwest. And the more casual way of life on the West Coast is reflected in the clothing chosen by college men in that area. For details of these regional preferences, see the chart on this page.

As for our own freshman, Tom Buskirk, we know that he can pack his Collier's-selected wardrobe and head for Northwestern with confidence. He'll never be at a loss for what to wear as he begins his college studies—studies he hopes will lead to an eventual career as a television producer.

Of one point we are certain: *if clothes make* the student, Tom's a cinch to make Phi Beta Kappa. ▲▲▲

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SILVER ROCK

Tully's enemy was no longer undercover—he had come out in the open. But he was quick and violent and powerful; Tully could not know where he would strike next

By LUKE SHORT

The Story: TULLY GIBBS's plan to develop old KEVIN RUSSEL'S long-neglected mine claims was going well; if nothing stopped him, Tully would make a fortune. Old Kevin trusted him, still not suspecting that the flattering letters about Tully—which he had received from his son JIMMY, before Jimmy died in Korea—had actually been written by Tully himself. Tully had made other friends in Azurite too: SARAH MOFFIT, who worked in the recorder's office; ALEC BACCHIONE, local guide; and SAM HORNE, newspaper editor. And he had raised the necessary cash to begin operations by forcing BEN HODES, rival mine operator, to endorse his bank note for ten thousand dollars, after Hodes lost a fight with Tully over Tully's attentions to Sarah Moffit. But then Tully met his first opposition: when he went before the board of county commissioners to ask for county aid in building a road to the Russel claims, his request was refused. One of the commissioners, JUSTIN BYERS, left the board meeting, saying he had a doctor's appointment. Instead, Byers went directly to Ben Hodes to report Tully's intention of mining the Russel claims. Hodes bribed Byers to use his position as commissioner to stop Tully's efforts. Then Hodes arranged for one of his own employees to sabotage Tully's operations from time to time. Meanwhile, Sam Horne hired Hodes's sister BETH to work for him on the newspaper—the first step in freeing her from her brother's domination. Later, when Tully and Alec went to the railroad station to receive their first load of equipment, they found the fuel pump on their new bulldozer smashed. Tully immediately suspected that Hodes had somehow found out about his plans and meant to make trouble. With Sarah's help Tully arranged to get the pump fixed in a nearby town, and by accident Sarah saw his handwritten list of needed repairs. The handwriting was identical with that in the letters Kevin had received from Jimmy, and Sarah realized then that Tully had not only forged the letters but must also be trying to cheat old Kevin out of his claims.

III

SARAH wakened reluctantly and lay a moment looking at the ceiling, feeling the depression settle on her spirits once more. She had finally fallen asleep just before dawn, after endless hours of tormented indecision. Should she confront Tully with her evidence of his crookedness? Should she tell Kevin? Knowledge that Tully had defrauded him would probably kill the old man. Was it better, she wondered, to keep silent and pile up further evidence of Tully's dishonesty?

She flung the covers aside, realizing that she was as bewildered this morning as she had been last night. But while she was in the shower the answer came to her. Why not lay the whole thing before Sam Horne? Sam might be able to help.

Her mother laid out her breakfast before she left for work. Sarah, now that she had arrived at some sort of decision, felt relieved and lazy and hungry. She ate slowly, not worrying about how late she was for work.

It was almost ten o'clock when she left the apartment. The morning was sunny and crisp, and she noted immediately that the first of the red-garbed hunters were arriving in town for hunting season. Azurite was in the heart of the elk country, but what had once been a local sport had lately assumed the proportions of a plague. Time was when hunting season was the most carefree time of the year, Sarah thought, when hunting was the province of real hunters. Now, anyone who had the price of a gun was a hunter; skill and woodcraft counted for nothing. The woods were full of hunters who shot at anything that moved or made a sound and who, in turn, risked death or mutilation from their fellow

"He's shooting at you!" Tully shouted, whirling Alec around. They ran for cover as another shot smashed into an empty oil drum beside the tent

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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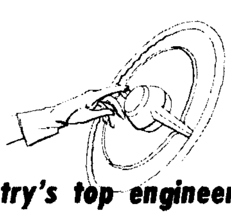

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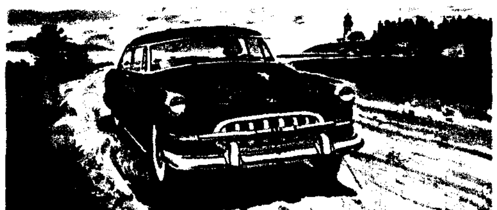

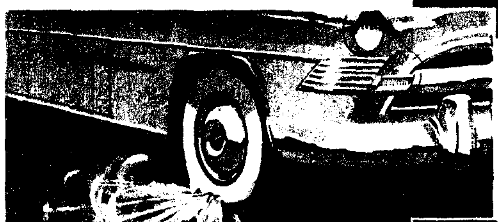

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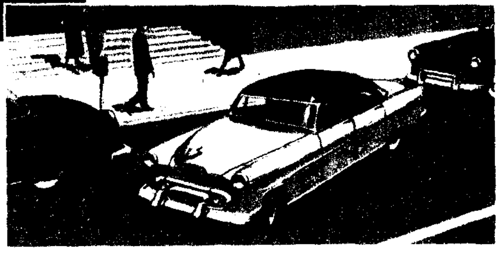


hunters. I *am* depressed, she thought.

Two blocks down the street she stepped into the dark, long, single-room office that housed the Azurite Nugget. The first thing she saw was Beth Hodes seated at a new roll-top desk behind the counter.

Sarah's lips parted a little in amazement. "You're working here?"

Beth nodded.

"Good girl!" Sarah exclaimed. "What did you do, poison Ben?"

"I didn't have to," Beth said. "I moved out. I moved all my clothes over to Mrs. Kelly's yesterday afternoon. I left a note for Ben." She started to giggle. "He came rampaging over after work. Mrs. Kelly met him with a poker, ordered him off the place and locked the door. I haven't seen him this morning, but I expect he'll be around."

SARAH laughed, too, and walked around the counter to Beth's desk. "Make it stick, Beth," she said. "If you don't now, you never *will* again."

"I know that," Beth said seriously. "Whenever I feel myself weakening, I remember Frank Nichols. I remember—" She broke off, and smiled. "If I don't make it stick," she said, "I'll buy a ring for my nose. But I will!"

Sarah patted her hand lightly, as a gesture of belief and sympathy and reassurance. "I believe you," she said.

She looked down the room now and saw Sam. He was in his shirt sleeves, and a soiled denim apron was tied around his ample middle.

"Hi," Sarah called, starting back. "Let's go out back and have a smoke if you've got a minute."

Sam, returning Sarah's greeting, led the way past the composing table, the type cases and the job press and back into the furnace room which held, besides the big metal furnace, all the things that Sam could not bear to throw away. Strewn about the room were wrecked furniture, broken tools, gummy paint cans, and half-empty bottles. A black, leather-covered, overstuffed rocking chair rose like an island out of the litter, and now Sam steered Sarah toward it. "What's the new grief?" he asked.

"How do you know there is any?"

"You're too phony-cheerful for this hour. Besides, you should be at work."

Sarah sighed. "All right, Sam, it's grief." She sat down and crossed her legs. Then she began her story of how she had discovered that Tully had written the letters Kevin Russel had received from Jimmy while Jimmy was in the hospital.

When she finished, Sam said wryly, "That's a cutie—a real cutie. Tully Gibbs has cut himself a piece of cake."

"How could he do it, Sam? How could he prey on poor old Kevin?"

Sam looked at her sharply. "Wait a minute," he said. "Tully put up the only loot that's been put up, didn't he?"

"In return he got a half interest in a mine, didn't he?"

Sam didn't answer immediately. Then he said slowly, "Yeh, but there are degrees of dishonesty. If he pulls this off, he'll make Kevin halfway rich. That was your idea, wasn't it?"

"But look how he's going about it!" Sarah countered. "It's detestable. Praising himself, bragging about himself, lying his way into Kevin's confidence."

"Well, I wouldn't recommend that type for a scoutmaster," Sam conceded. "Still, you can't hang him for it."

Sarah leaned forward now. "How can we believe anything about him now, Sam?" she asked. "Do we really know he's a mining engineer? How do we know he didn't steal this money he put up? How do we know he'll even give Kevin his rightful share?"

"Whoa," Sam cut in. "This is a partnership. Judge Harley has drawn up the papers."

"You mean it's too late?"

"For Kevin to back out? Why should he?" Sam rose from the rickety table where he had been perched, walked slowly over to the furnace and stared at it thoughtfully. Then he came back to Sarah. "Look, kid," he said, "we've got to be smart about this, because it might hurt a lot of people. Let's look at the facts. Kevin, for the first time, is going to have a good operating mine. He's put up nothing but the ore underground in that mine and some equipment. Tully, on the other hand, has put up ten thousand bucks. Add to that that he seems to know what he's doing. In a partnership, books are audited and money is accounted for. *Checks have to carry a double signature* and a double endorsement. That will stop any fancy stuff." He looked at her blandly. "Why wake it up?"

"Because Tully's dishonest!" Sarah said hotly. "If he's dishonest in one thing, he'll be the same in another!" She halted as if something important had occurred to her. "Why, how do we know he was a Marine flier? How do we know he was even decorated? Couldn't he have heard about Kevin's mine and simply claimed to have been Jimmy's pilot?"

Sam thought for a minute. "That's possible, except you forget one thing. The Marine guard at Jimmy's funeral mentioned his name and said he'd been awarded the Navy Cross."

"Ha!" Sarah said scornfully. "I'll believe anything now. I'll believe even a Marine guard can be bought. After all, wasn't that brat of a Jimmy a Marine? No, I'm going to find out about this Gibbs character, one way or another."

"Well, I'm going to do a little gumshoeing myself," Sam said. "The thing that interests me most is where he got the ten g's to invest in Kevin's claims."

"How will you find out?"

Sam shrugged. "How will *you* find out about him?"

"I don't know either, but I'll find a way," she said.

Sam said slyly, "They say love always does."

The color mounted into Sarah's face.

Sam turned and Sarah got up and followed him back toward the shop. She had reached the composing table when Sam said with an odd gentleness, "Don't go off half-cocked. Once you do, the pie has hit the fan."

THE camp Tully had set up on the Vicksburg claims was at shaft number one. In two days Alec had pioneered the road as far as the last pitch with the bulldozer and then he had hauled in a trailerful of lumber, pipe, grub, bedding and tools.

Leaving the grade stakes at the last pitch, they had bushwhacked their way around to the back of the ridge to number one shaft and unloaded the trailer. Already the floored cookshack and wall tent were up, and a chainsaw crew was cutting timber for the road and the ore bin.

In midafternoon Tully, who was laying pipe through the timber from the creek to the camp, lifted his head to listen. Dimly he heard the deep-throated thrashing of the distant cat, and he said to Bill Ligon, his helper, "Here's Alec with the compressor. Let's knock off here and go unload it."

These three days, since Alec had returned with repairs, had been driving, daylight-to-dark sessions, with little time out for rest or food. Tully's road survey had been easy and swift, and Alec had experienced no great difficulties on the pioneer trip. Except for water, the camp was habitable, and with the coming of the compressor Tully could put his miners to work tomorrow, leaving the rest of the crew to finish the ore bin and to cut the cribbing logs for the road.

Now Tully and Bill Ligon tramped back toward camp, arriving just as Alec cut the cat's motor. The camp itself lay at the edge of the timber, the two tents almost touching the spruce. The cleared space between them and the shack was littered with lumber, wire cable, oil drums, air hose and tools. The new headframe rose starkly above the shaft. The tugger, the miner's term for the small and powerful air-driven hoist, lay black and silent under the raw lumber of its three-sided shelter, waiting for the compressor.

As Tully and Bill stepped into the clearing, Tully whistled shrilly and waved to Alec. Approaching him, Tully asked, "How's the big city, boy?"

Alec grinned as he swung down from the cat seat. "I had to leave. The night life was killing me."

Tully looked approvingly at the way Alec had lashed the compressor to the bed of the trailer for its rough ride, while Bill Ligon, unbidden, began lugging up the heavy planks on which they would manhandle the compressor to the ground. When the planks were in place, they unlashed the chains and maneuvered the heavy machine onto the planks. Then, with Tully heaving and the other two braking the heavy machine, they eased it down the planks to the ground.

Finished, they leaned against the machine, catching their wind. Then Tully and Alec examined the compressor, while Bill Ligon set off into the timber to finish laying pipe.

"Let's wind her up and see what parts shook loose," Tully said. "How's the gas?"

"Didn't check," Alec told him.

Tully reached over, removed the cap, stuck his finger in the tank and felt the cool gasoline almost even with the cap rim. At the same time, he noticed the fine white crystals that were in the oil smudge around the tank's opening. On impulse he licked his finger and touched it to the crystals, then put his finger to his mouth. He was expecting to taste and identify some chemical. The taste of the crystals however was sweet.

Baffled, he repeated the process, and then it came to him with a crashing abruptness that this was sugar.

"Alec!" he called. "Come here!"

WHEN Alec came over, Tully pointed to the crystals, and said, "Taste that." Alec, like Tully, wet his finger, tasted the crystals and then raised his glance.

"That's sugar."

"Catch on?" Tully asked grimly.

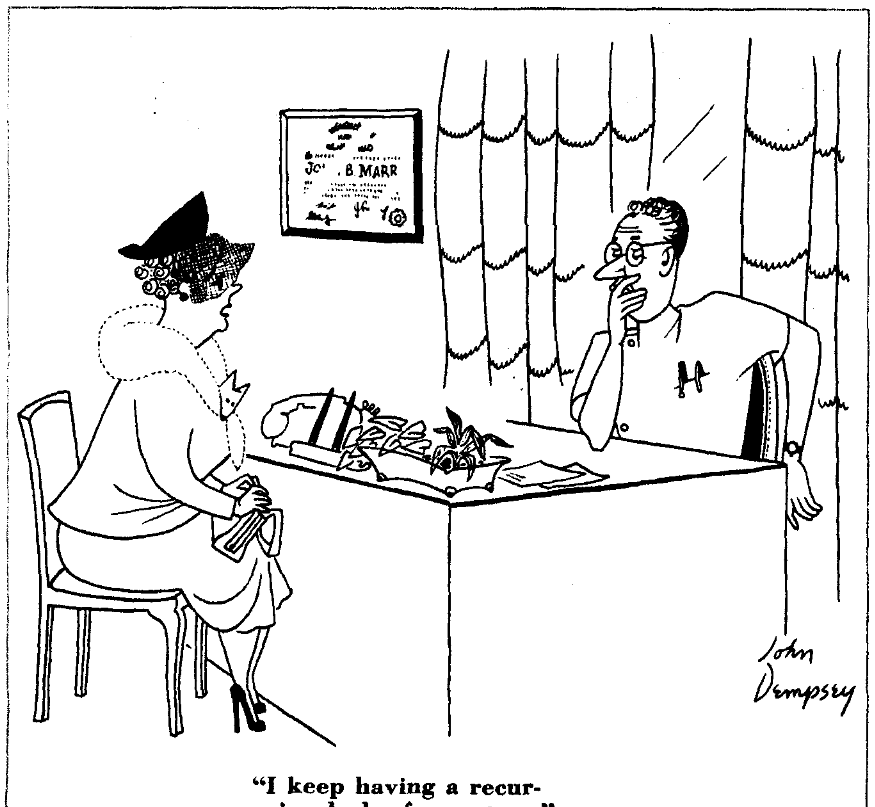
Suddenly, Alec began to swear furiously. They both knew that if the compressor were started, with its fuel containing sugar, it would be only a matter of moments before the engine was hopelessly fouled. As soon as the gas achieved combustion, the sugar would burn and freeze the pistons to the cylinder walls. A total engine overhaul would be necessary to put the compressor in operation again, causing perhaps a week's delay.

There was real misery in Alec's dark eyes now. "I swear I don't know how it could have happened, Tully," he said. "I picked up the compressor as soon as I got in and parked the trailer right by my window last night."

"Forget it, boy," Tully said. "It's just that we've got to watch every piece of machinery from now on to see if it's been tampered with."

Again Tully looked at the compressor, calculating what would have to be done. The tank would have to be removed, drained and carefully cleaned of the sirup it contained. To do the job really well, a section of the tank would have to be cut out with an acetylene torch, the interior thoroughly scrubbed, and the section welded back. Grimly he said, "Well, let's take the tank off, Alec."

"They're a hell of a job to clean,"



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Alec said gloomily. "You want me to take it in to town?"

Tully thought a moment. "No, I want you on the road tomorrow. I'll take it in tonight and be back by tomorrow morning, I hope."

It was late afternoon by the time Tully and Alec got the tank off the compressor and loaded it in the back of Alec's jeep. Tully then climbed in and set off down Alec's bushwhack trail for Azurite. The first two miles of road—through pushed-over timber, rock face, bog and crushed windfalls—were unbelievably rough and almost succeeded in stalling the jeep. Afterward, when he had picked up the grade stakes on Alec's pioneer road, the going was easier. Tully relaxed a little, and reviewed what had been accomplished so far.

For one thing, the weather had been on his side. All the heavy equipment, which rain could have stalled, was at the mine location. Secondly, he had a hard-working, experienced crew who did not need to be driven. Third, the crew and machinery were under shelter and they could begin mining as soon as the compressor was repaired.

But memory of the sabotage to the compressor, coupled with the damaging of the cat, galled him. Those things had already caused two full days' delay, and there was no anticipating where trouble would crop up again, since someone—and, without having any proof, he suspected Bed Hodes—had it in for them.

Dusk began to settle, and when the lights of town became visible Tully felt a faint pleasure stirring within him. The reason for it was simple enough: there was an evening with Sarah ahead of him. It was too late to get into a machine shop, so he would head for the hotel, call Sarah, clean up and have dinner with her.

AS HE turned into the business section of town he observed the unaccustomed traffic, and for an amazed moment he wondered what had happened. It was only when he caught sight of a pair of men coming out of the hotel dressed in red caps and jackets that he remembered the hunting season would open day after tomorrow. As he pulled up in front of the hotel, he made a mental note to buy some red shirts for his men in the morning, since to some hunters anything that moved or made a sound in the timber was fair game.

He remembered another thing now too: all unguarded Sarah Moffit property and machinery was liable to tampering. He lifted the tank out of the jeep, carried it through the lobby, which was crowded with hunters, and on up the stairs. Once the tank was deposited in his room, he came back down to the lobby telephone booth and called the Moffit apartment.

Mrs. Moffit answered. "When did you get back, Tully?" she asked. "I thought you were there until you ran out of grub."

"I got hungry for a look at a pretty girl," Tully said. "Have you got one around?"

Mrs. Moffit laughed. "Not at the moment. Sarah's having dinner with Beth Hodes at the Kellys'. I think they're coming over here afterward. Sarah's got some new records."

Tully felt a sharp disappointment, but he said, "Do you mind if I listen to them too?"

"Don't be silly," Mrs. Moffit answered. "Come when you're ready."

Tully hung up and stepped into the lobby, heading for the stairway. The clerk behind the desk called to him, "Say, you ever get that call?"

Tully halted. "What call?" he asked curiously.

"From San Diego." The clerk reached over to a pad, consulted it and said, "You're to call San Diego, operator two-oh-nine. She's tried five times to get you today."

"Thanks," Tully said. Climbing the stairs, he wondered who would be calling him from San Diego, and he smiled at his own curiosity. He knew a hundred men in the naval hospital there, and perhaps twenty of them—plus several of the staff who were his friends—knew he'd been planning to spend some time here in the mountains. Probably it was some sort of celebration, like a promotion or a discharge. He would shower and dress and put in his call from the restaurant.

Twenty minutes later, shaved, bathed and with a good shot of bourbon in him, Tully entered the restaurant. He stopped at the counter, left his order, got a handful of change, and went to the telephone booth in the rear.

He had a minute's wait before San Diego answered and in another half minute he heard a voice that was instantly familiar and welcome. It was Doc Byrnes—Commander Eugene P. Byrnes—and his booming voice, ear-shattering even over a thousand miles of telephone wire, was warm and raucous: "Tully, you son of a gun. I've been trying to get you ever since I heard the news about your new job."

"Oh!" For a moment Tully was bewildered. "Oh, yeah, I do have a new one. How did you know about it?"

"It's a long story," Byrnes said, "and a crazy coincidence. This noon I was eating at the commissary with your favorite redhead from Record. Remember her?"

"Dottie Humphreys?" Tully said laughing. "How could I forget her?"

BYRNES'S raucous laughter rang in Tully's ear. Then Byrnes continued: "Well she got a call today from the secretary of your employer."

"My what?" Tully asked.

"Your employer, the Sarah Moffit Mine, Incorporated—or something like that, Dottie said."

"That's right, go on," Tully said.

"I only wanted to congratulate you."

"Thanks," Tully said, "but get back to Dottie Humphreys. The secretary of the president of the Sarah Moffit Mine called her. What for?"

"Oh, the usual personnel checkup, I suppose," Byrnes told him. "This dame told Dottie they wanted to clear you quickly so they could put you to work. They wanted a short medical history and a short fill-in on your military service. She even wanted confirmation that you'd received the Navy Cross. What are they hiring out there—only certified heroes?"

When Tully didn't answer, Byrnes roared, "Hello, hello, you still on?"

"Sure, Doc," Tully said slowly. "I'm just a little confused is all."

"Well, it's a job, isn't it?" Byrnes said. "What kind, by the way?"

Tully saw no reason for not string-

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A picture story titled The Old in Heart, by Marvin Koner, appeared in the July 25th issue of Collier's. It described the tragedy of being a child in war-torn Korea. The response was heart-warming. Scores of letters arrived inquiring: "How can I help?" An anonymous Canadian sent ten dollars "to give a little care and joy where most needed."

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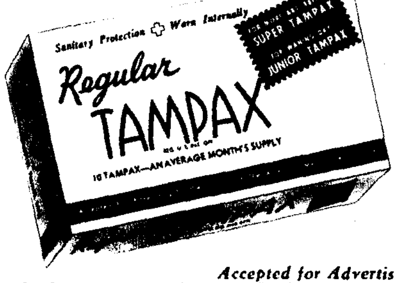
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ing along with his friend, so he said, "It's a good one, Doc. I'll be a guaranteed millionaire in three months and five days."

"You lucky hound," Byrnes roared. "Here I am in this uniform while half the babies in Cincinnati are being born without me."

"You've got all the stuff there for a self-inflicted wound," Tully said. "Why don't you use it?"

"It's against our union rule," Byrnes said and laughed. Then his voice suddenly became serious. "How's it going, kid—with the legs, I mean? Any recurrences?"

"Some," Tully said. "It doesn't bother me any."

"Great. Well, the whole gang said to give you their congratulations."

There was another minute of talk about mutual friends, and then Doc Byrnes hung up. Slowly Tully walked back to the booth where his dinner was waiting. He sat down and stared absently at his food. It was plain that Sarah, lying like a cunning child, was checking up on him.

Does she know? he thought glumly. Reviewing what he had done that might have given him away, he could think of nothing.

Maybe Sarah's call *was* a routine character check. The more Tully thought about this, the more reasonable it seemed, and galling. But after all, neither Kevin nor Sarah knew any more about him than was told in the forged letters from Jimmy. It was only natural that they should check on him—Kevin because Tully was his partner, and Sarah because she was protecting Kevin.

Still, it was bitter to think that Sarah had done this behind his back. He wondered dismally what his safest move was now. Instead of confronting her with evidence of her deceit and suspicion, maybe he should ignore the whole affair. He suddenly decided not to mention it to Sarah, but deep within him a warning voice told him: Just be careful—be damn' careful.

WHEN Sarah answered his knock at her apartment door, she was dressed in green velvet slacks and a pink pearl-studded cashmere cardigan. She looked beautiful, Tully thought, as he smiled and tried to make his greeting seem normal and offhand. "This the new music?" he asked, glancing toward the phonograph.

Sarah said it was, and as Tully walked into the room he said hello to Mrs. Moffit, who was knitting, and to Beth Hodes, who was seated on the floor, sorting out records.

Beth turned down the volume a little and then looked frankly at him. "Last time I saw you—no, the only time—you looked like a tiger ready to pounce."

Tully grinned. "That's my Elks Club expression," he said.

Beth smiled too. "I like this one better," she said.

Sarah went over and sat on the arm of the sofa, across from Tully's chair. He watched her closely, looking for any change in her manner. When the record ended, she glanced up. "What's new at the mine, Tully?" she asked.

Tully hesitated a moment, wondering if Beth Hodes should hear this, and he decided it didn't matter. "The Little People took another crack at us," Tully said wryly. "Somebody put sugar in the compressor gas tank."

"Somebody what?" Sarah asked.

While Tully explained, he noticed that Beth listened with interest. But when he looked at her she dropped her glance to the pile of records before her. She suspects Ben too, Tully thought.

"You mean there's somebody who doesn't want you to get the mine operating?" Mrs. Moffit said indignantly when he had finished. Tully only nodded, and Mrs. Moffit looked from him to Sarah. "Now, who would wish that sort of bad luck on anyone?"

Sarah refrained from answering. Beth Hodes was leafing through a stack of albums as if she had not heard. Tully said nothing.

Finally, breaking the silence, Sarah said, "Put on some Errol Garner, Beth."

"Just one more, and then I'll have to go," Beth said.

"It's early," Sarah protested.

"And I'm tired." Beth put on the Garner record, and they listened in silence. Afterward Beth rose, and Tully got to his feet. "I'll take you home, Beth," he said.

"Oh, don't bother," she told him.

"Yes, do bother," Sarah countered. "She's moved out of their house, you know, Tully. Ben's watching her every minute. I think you'd better go with her." Tully helped Beth with her coat, and while Beth was saying good night to Mrs. Moffit, Tully was waiting for Sarah to ask him to return after he dropped Beth off. But there was no invitation forthcoming, not even after he said good night to Mrs. Moffit.

When the door closed behind him, the old fears returned. She knows, Tully thought. Here's where the freeze treatment starts.

When Tully pulled up in front of the Kelly house, Beth climbed quickly out of the jeep. "Don't bother to come up, Tully," she said. "Good night."

Tully, however, swung out of the jeep and started with her up the dark walk toward the house. They had almost reached the steps before Tully saw the black hulk before him and stopped. A split second later Beth gave a start and then halted too.

"I want to talk with you, Beth." Ben Hodes's voice was heavy, serious and almost threatening.

"Not tonight, Ben," Beth said nervously. "You come down to the office tomorrow and I'll talk with you as long as you want."

For a moment none of them spoke and then Tully put a foot on the bottom step. "Let's call it an evening," he suggested mildly. He reached back for Beth's arm, and then mounted the steps, prepared to shoulder Ben aside and to accept whatever followed.

Surprisingly, Ben stepped back and let them by. Tully waited until Beth was inside, and then he turned. "Want a ride?" he asked casually.

He saw Ben's shoulders lift in a shrug, and then Ben said gloomily, "Why not?"

TULLY waited to speak until the jeep was in motion, and then he said, "Well, it didn't work, Ben."

Hodes looked at him. "What didn't work?" he asked.

"The sugar in the compressor tank."

Hodes was silent a bare second. "What are you talking about, man?"

Tully said, "When I catch your man, I don't think he'll want to work for you again."

"Now, what does that mean?"

"It's got to be bigger than these flea-bites, Ben, to do me any harm, but when it does I'm coming after you." Tully glanced at him. "I've got one hundred and twenty days to pay back a ten-thousand-dollar loan. If anybody gets in the way of my paying it, he'll get fitted for new teeth—and that's a promise."

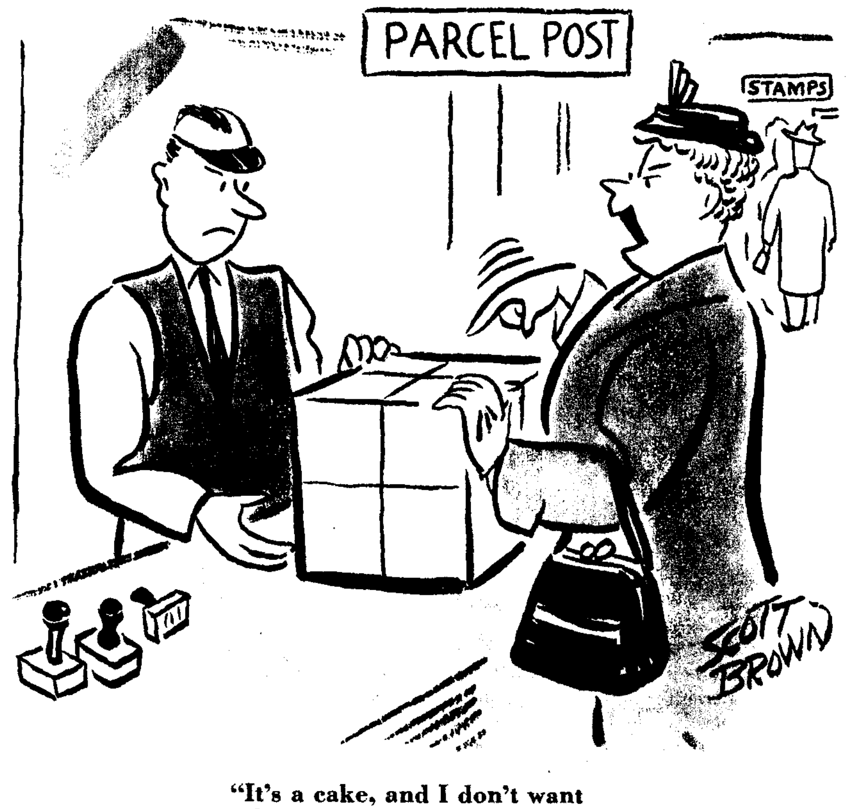
"One hundred and twenty days," Ben said slowly. "On the one hundred and twenty-first day I'll have your half of the Sarah Moffit in court." He looked at Tully. "I'll have all my teeth, too."

Tully said mildly, "Where are you going?"

"Elks."

They did not speak until Tully deposited him before the Elks building. Hodes thanked him, and Tully drove away. . . .

Next morning Tully cleaned out the compressor tank at a local garage, and afterward stopped at the town's one clothing store and bought a half-dozen



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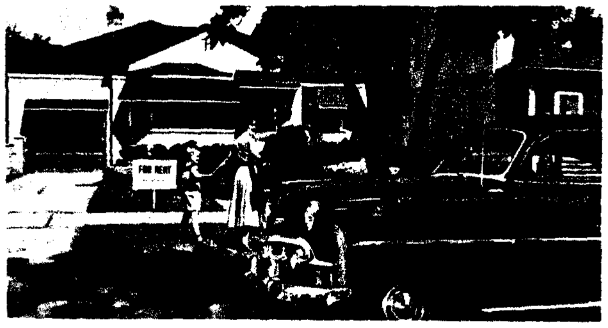

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inexpensive red shirts. At the Nugget office he bought some cardboard *No Hunting Allowed* signs and by midmorning he was on his way back to the mine.

When he came to the new road he saw that several vehicles had passed over his last night's tracks. On the climb to the first ridge, he could see where two camps had been set up by hunters in preparation for opening day of hunting season tomorrow. At the first camp, where three men were erecting a tent, one of them—a stocky man wearing rimless glasses and a friendly expression—flagged him down. As Tully braked the jeep to a stop the man said, "Where's a good place for elk around here?"

Tully said, "I'm a stranger here myself. Five or six miles north though, there's a mine working. It's pretty noisy, so I'd stay away from that area."

The hunter thanked him and Tully drove on. The second camp was shipshape but deserted, and Tully supposed the members of this party were out spotting likely-looking country for tomorrow's hunt.

As he drove on, his thoughts returned to last night and Sarah. Her sudden coolness didn't make sense. She had learned nothing from her San Diego call that didn't jibe with what he had already told her. Tully guessed shrewdly that a normal person, when his suspicions turned out to be unfounded, was apt to be overcordial to the person suspected. Sarah had been anything but overcordial to him. That meant she still suspected him on other grounds, but what were they?

THE jeep had reached the end of the surveyed road. Tully stopped it, climbed out and tacked a *No Hunting* sign on a prominent tree close by. Then he turned off on the wretched bushwhack road. Where the timber began to thicken, Tully shifted into low low and picked up speed for the turn and the steep grade beyond. As he made the turn, wheels churning, he suddenly jammed on his brakes. There ahead of him up the hill in the narrow lane was a stalled pickup truck. Already its wheels were mired in the loose earth churned up by the cat.

Swearing under his breath, Tully cut the motor. Three sweating, unshaven, red-jacketed hunters who had been trying to push the truck straightened up and looked at him. Tully saw they were already a little drunk. A long-legged, square-jawed character, a dead cigar clamped in his teeth, came stumbling down the hill in the loose dirt toward the jeep. "Say, you mind giving us a hand so we can get up this hill?" the hunter asked.

"I don't mind giving you a hand, but you're going down. This is a private road on a working mining claim."

The man looked at him dubiously. "You wouldn't be kidding me, would you now?"

Tully shook his head. "Go back down the road a piece and you'll find a sign that means Private Property, No Trespassing Allowed," he said.

"I didn't see it."

"I can't blame you for that. I just put it up. Still, it's there and it means what is says. This is the only blocking road to the mine, and you're blocking it. Even if you climbed this hill, you'd be bogged down for a week in the stuff ahead, so you'd better get back down."

The hunter glared rebelliously at Tully, then turned his head and called his companions. As they came lurching down the slope he said, "This guy says he owns this land and we're to get the hell off."

One of the others, a short heavy-set man, snorted, "Ha! Let him get us off."

"I'll get you off," Tully said levelly. "If you'll listen, you can hear a bulldozer working up on top. If you aren't cleared off of here in an hour, I'll bring it down and turn your damn' truck upside down and then run over it."

The short man said, "You're real tough, huh?"

"All you've got to do to find out is stay here."

"Okay, let's leave the jerk alone," the stocky man said. The three of them turned without another word and struggled back up the hill. It took a solid half hour of brush laying, alternating with a furious gunning of the motor, before they could make headway with the truck. The three men were now drenched with sweat and filthy from churned dirt. As they backed slowly down the road, the long-legged man turned to glare at Tully, waiting in the jeep. "Wise guy," he growled.

In another ten minutes Tully arrived at camp. Minutes afterward he and Alec were busy installing the tank, and the incident with the hunters was forgotten. By midafternoon they had the compressor spotted and working. There was some rock to shoot at the top of the ridge before Alec could start bulldozing the grade. By late afternoon the noise of the jackhammer was filling the forest with its din.

Tully was awakened at dawn the next morning by the first chorus of shots from the hunters celebrating opening day. After breakfast in the mess tent, he distributed the red shirts to his crew. As the men put them on, they began swapping hunting stories, commenting on the dryness of the weather and the likelihood of a small kill. Tully knew every man here loved to hunt, and he decided that the first day it rained or snowed he would give them a day off to bring in some meat.

As Tully stepped out into the chill early morning, he halted and cocked his head, listening. From all directions there was the distant sound of shooting. It was as if a small guerrilla war were being waged in these mountains. Alec stepped up beside him and they started for the bulldozer. The crew had already scattered to their various jobs.

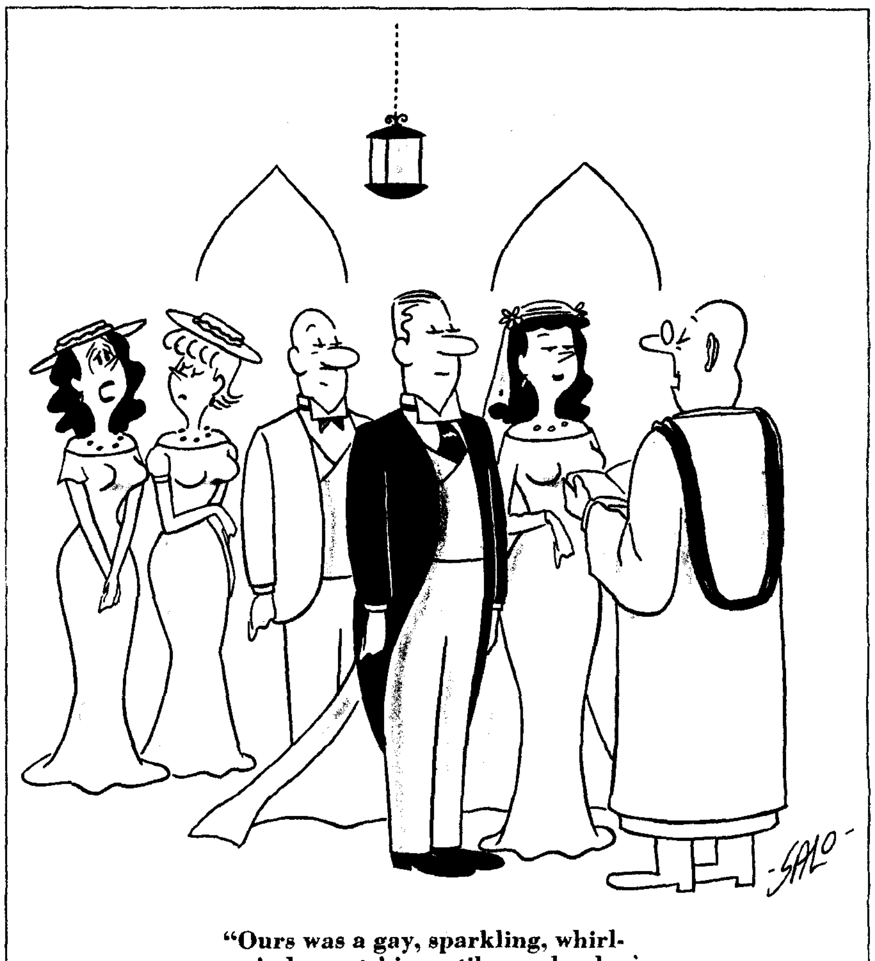
SUDDENLY, there was a clanging of steel on the bulldozer, then the unmistakable sound of a ricochet bullet followed by the sharp report of a rifle from a distant ridge several hundred yards away. Alec swore wildly, then turned and faced the ridge, waving his red shirt. A second later dust suddenly geysered up between Alec and the tent, and there came another sharp report.

"He's shooting at you!" Tully shouted. He grabbed Alec's arm and whirled him around, pointing toward the dozer. They both ran for cover as a third shot smashed into an empty oil drum beside the mess tent. Tully and Alec hit the dirt at the same time in the shelter of the cat's tread.

"Is that guy crazy?" Alec asked wrathfully. "What the hell is he doing?"As if in answer the distant rifleman shot again. There was the clang of a bullet on the dozer motor and the following clap of the rifle. Tully and Alec waited, lying flat on the dirt, looking at each other with a wild bitterness in their eyes.

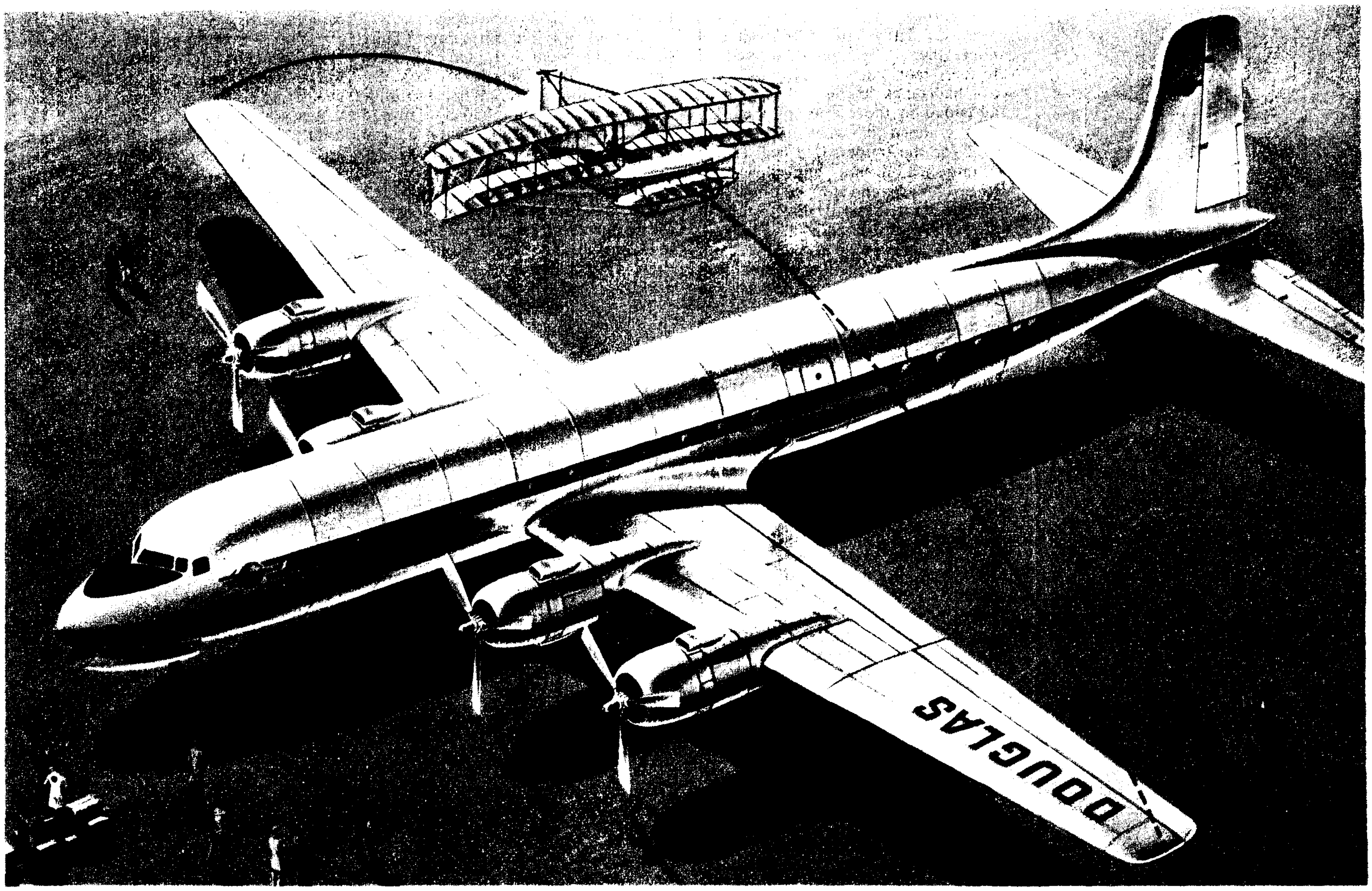
Suddenly, the rifleman shifted to another target. He put six shots into the shaft and tugger as Tully watched, helpless. Then he switched again to the dozer, putting several more shots into it. His aim shifted then to the distant compressor, and Tully groaned as he heard the slugs reach home.

For twenty minutes he and Alec lay in the dirt while all the machinery in sight, plus air hoses and gas tanks, was thoroughly worked over. Lying



COLLIER'S "Ours was a gay, sparkling, whirlwind courtship until one day he proposed and she accepted him" SALO ROTH

What's doing at Douglas—*WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER OF AIRCRAFT*



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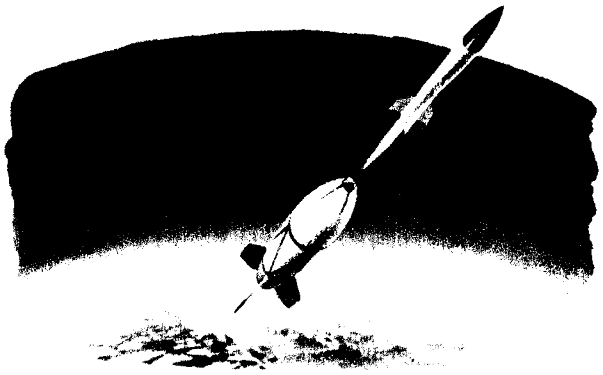
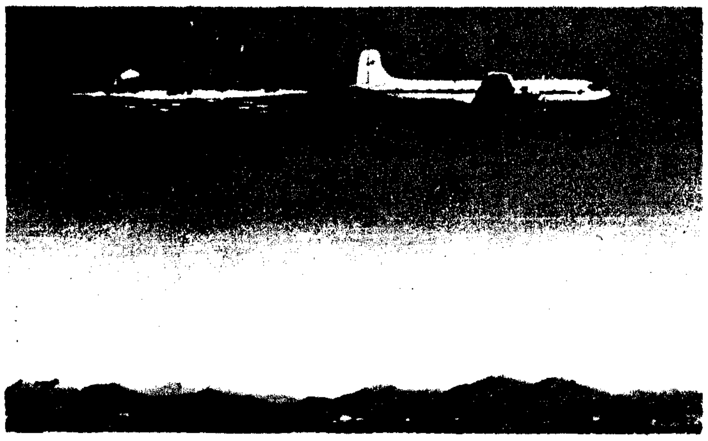


New Douglas missiles help keep the U.S. ahead in modern weapons. For eleven years, Douglas has been developing guided missiles for the Army and Navy. They include many types—most of them top secret—to be fired from the ground or from planes. Today, 88% of Douglas production is military.



Takes the sea level up two miles! The Douglas DC-6 and DC-6B are altitude-conditioned to give you sea-level comfort 12,000 feet up. In fact, these huge airliners are built to fly almost five miles high . . . where the air is sunny and smooth.

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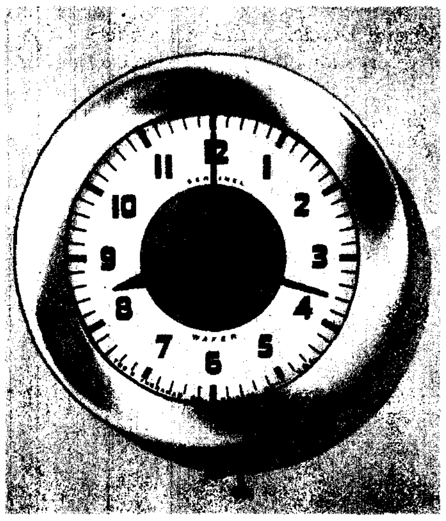

SENTINEL 'WAFER'

Spruce up your kitchen with this wafer-thin self-starting electric wall clock. Easy-to-read numerals, bold contrasting hands, sweep-second accuracy for timing the eggs. Metal case, your choice of chrome, white, red, or yellow. $4.95*

COMPARE Sentinel
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there, a murderous wrath within, Tully counted at least forty shots.

As abruptly as the shooting began, it ended. Tully and Alec waited a minute, then Tully rose and dashed for the mess tent, Alec at his heels. The cook had taken to the timber, but his rifle stood in the corner of the tent. Tully grabbed it, went outside and raced for the timber. He heard Alec running behind him, and then Alec grabbed his arm and stopped him. "I'm going to hunt that guy down and kill him," Tully said harshly. "Let's go!"

"Don't be a sucker," Alec said. "Hell, an Indian couldn't track him down on that ridge rock. Besides, the timber is full of hunters. How you going to tell which one did it?"

Despite his anger, Tully knew Alec was right, and he slowly relaxed. It could have been one of the drunk hunters he had booted off the property yesterday, or it could be Hodes's man, with instructions to shoot up the camp and then lose himself in the anonymity of half a hundred hunters.

Tully's first move was to plug the holes in the gas drums, lest the leaking gasoline catch fire from the cookshack stove. Alec went directly to the cat to assess the damage. Then Tully went back to examine the compressor. Outside of a hole in the gas tank it was unharmed, but the cat was another matter. Its radiator was riddled; its new fuel pump was smashed, though the block was undamaged. The squat tugger was unharmed, but the air hose was full of holes. Estimating what the hidden rifleman had accomplished, Tully guessed that it would be a week before parts could be obtained from Denver and the cat made usable again. A simple welding job would put the compressor in use by tomorrow.

Tully looked up to see the cook cautiously approaching. "You never hired me for this," he said. "I quit."

"All right," Tully said. "Get your stuff together. I'm going to town."

AN HOUR later Tully was again on his way to town with the gas tank from the compressor. He ignored the cook beside him as he figured what he must do next. First, he would check the camp of the hunters he had kicked off the claim the day before. He was certain that if one of them were the rifleman, his guilt would show. If he could satisfy himself that the hunters were innocent, that left Hodes—and he would have his showdown with Ben.

After a bruising ride down to the survey road, he began watching the dust of the road for the tire tracks made by the hunters' pickup. The truck, oddly, had kept to the road, as if the hunters had abandoned the idea of making their camp on the mine property. And the tracks had all been made yesterday.

Reluctantly, Tully decided that the hunters were not guilty. That left Ben Hodes. At the Liberty Gulch road Tully turned right toward the Mahaffey. Swinging into the parking lot, he stopped the jeep, climbed out and entered the Mahaffey office. Two middle-aged women, one seated at a typewriter, the other standing before a filing cabinet, looked around.

"I'm looking for Mr. Hodes," Tully announced.

The file clerk said, "He's not in and he won't be for a week. He's at the mining convention in Denver."

Tully scowled. "When did he leave?"

"Yesterday morning."

For an angry moment Tully considered this. Ben could easily have arranged for the events of this morning, then have left town to ensure the appearance of his own innocence.

Without saying anything, Tully turned and went out. On the drive back to town he made a bleak appraisal of the future. What had once been only a nuisance had now turned into a genuine threat. He had promised Ben Hodes that, when it did, Hodes would be in real trouble. Yet Ben was unreachable. When he returned he would blandly protest his innocence, ask for proof of his guilt and continue to sabotage the Sarah Moffit operations. No he won't, Tully thought grimly.

When he reached town, he let the cook out at the nearest bar, unloaded the compressor tank to be patched, then headed straight for the courthouse. On the second floor he found Sheriff Olson in his musty office.

The sheriff was seated in a swivel chair facing a scarred roll-top desk, and he was carefully reading a tattered mail-order-house catalogue when Tully entered. He was a small, bald, wiry man in his early sixties, dressed in tight-fitting Oregon-style pants, blue denim shirt and high laced boots.

"Hi, young feller," he said, his voice friendly. "Looking for me?"

Listen to the rube accent, Tully thought, and he was sure the sheriff was living up to his own conception of the gun-toting, tobacco-chewing, rough-diamond sheriff of the movies.

"I guess I am," Tully said. "How do you go about swearing out a peace bond against somebody?"

"Why," the sheriff said slowly, judiciously, "you go to the justice court and state your case with your witnesses. Then, if the justice of the peace grants a peace bond, if there's any more trouble, the constable hauls your man in and he pays up."

"You're not the man to see, then?"

Sheriff Olson's roan-colored mustache lifted faintly as he smiled. "Well, we got no constable here for the justice court, so I guess I'm your man," he said. "It's illegal, but I'm still your man. Who you gunning for?"

"Ben Hodes," Tully said grimly. "Where's the justice court?"

SHERIFF OLSON leaned back in his chair and ignored Tully's question. "Ben Hodes, huh? It don't seem likely. What'd he do?"

"Somebody he hired shot up my camp today. He wrecked my machinery so it'll be out of commission for a week. Once I get it repaired, he'll do it again. I want him bonded. If that doesn't work, I'm going to start shooting back."

Sheriff Olson ignored this also. "What proof you got Ben Hodes hired a man to shoot you up?" he asked.

"Without going into a thirty-minute lecture, I'll tell you this much," Tully said. "Hodes has been trying for years to buy the Vicksburg claims for a tenth of what they're worth. I've got them and I'm mining them. This is his way of trying to scare me off."

"I'm still waiting for your proof," Sheriff Olson said.

Tully nodded his head toward the street. "Would a shot-up compressor gas tank impress you?"

"No, no," Olson said, still amiably. "I don't doubt you were shot at. But what proof you got that Hodes is behind it?"

"Who else could be?" Tully asked.

"It's hunting season," Olson said

Next in Collier's

October 2d Issue on Sale September 18th

BILL STAPLETON

Quebec prospector tests rock with Geiger counter

CANADA'S GREAT URANIUM RUSH

Lured by the chance of finding a fortune, everybody is out hunting the atom-bomb ore—housewives, businessmen, college kids, vacationers. Thousands of claims already have been filed and more are piling up every day. The article gives the results of a 5,000-mile survey by Collier's of the 1953 Klondike—and its colorful atom-age prospectors

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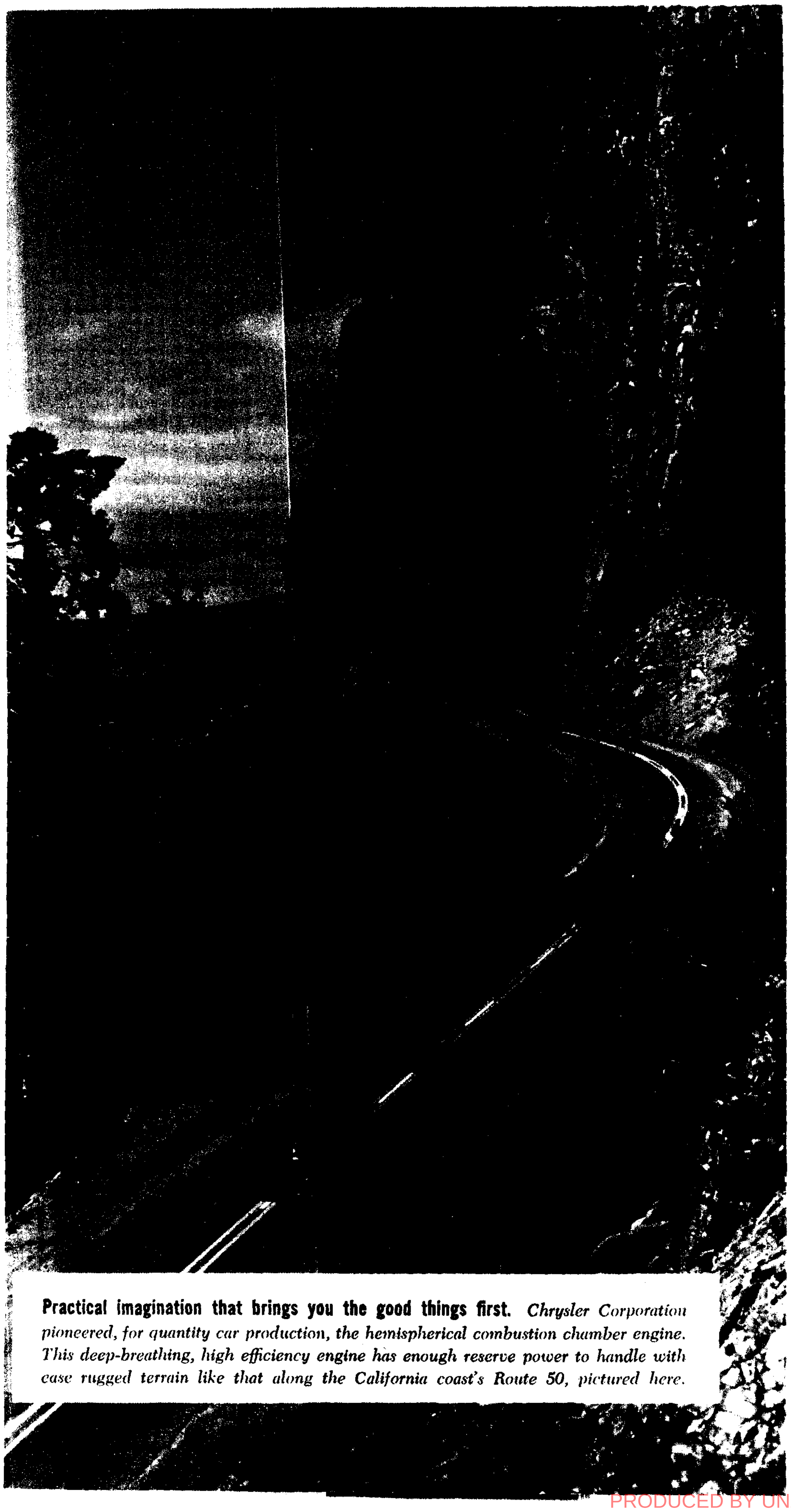


Practical imagination that brings you the good things first. *Chrysler Corporation pioneered, for quantity car production, the hemispherical combustion chamber engine. This deep-breathing, high efficiency engine has enough reserve power to handle with ease rugged terrain like that along the California coast's Route 50, pictured here.*

What's happened to automobile engine design?

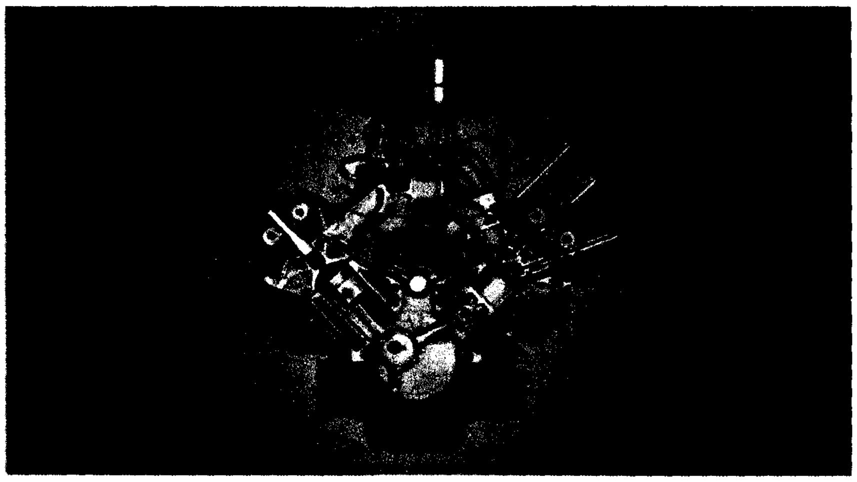
At Chrysler Corporation, something spectacular! America's most advanced car engine, the V8 hemispherical combustion chamber design, is already turning gasoline into power more cleanly, more efficiently, than any other power plant for passenger cars.

This extraordinary engine, which is now being enjoyed by Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge V8 owners, actually *breathes* deeper through the wider, straighter fuel passages. Valves are larger, open wider. Spark plugs fire directly above pistons. So efficient is performance that the engine doesn't "carbon-up" with resultant power loss and costly repair bills.

This design is so inherently "right" that, with minor modifications, its range can be extended enormously. For instance, one test version turns out 309 horsepower—without supercharging, without boosting compression, without superfuels!

Another version, with fuel injection and air intakes in place of carburetors, developed 404 horsepower, and has now gone beyond that.

Chrysler Corporation engineers, however, are not interested in power for power's sake. They *are* interested in the performance of your car *today*. And *tomorrow*. They engineer superb performance into Chrysler-built cars by putting power in proper balance with car weight. Result: you get spirited getaway, economy of operation, and enough reserve for safety in emergencies.



Cutaway view of Chrysler-built V8 engine showing (1) dome-shaped chamber, (2) bigger, high-lift valves, (3) wide fuel channel.

This is another example of how practical imagination puts *more value and worth* into Chrysler Corporation cars. To measure this worth, and to get the "feel" of this thrilling new engine, call a Chrysler, De Soto or Dodge dealer for a demonstration . . . today!

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mildly. "These hunters nowadays will shoot at anything, including their wives." He cackled at his own humor, but Tully did not smile.

"Look," he said angrily, "as a resident of this county and a property owner, I'm entitled to the protection of the law. What are you going to do about it?"

Olson shrugged. "What can I do?" he asked. "You want me to round up every hunter in the country and ask him if he might have shot at a bulldozer by mistake?"

"Well, that might be a start," Tully said curtly.

Now some of the amiability left the sheriff's eyes. "Don't go telling me my business, young feller. I'll be glad to take you to our J.P. when you show me any proof that Ben Hodes shot at you. Until you can, you better keep a civil tongue in your head."

TULLY stood looking at him a long moment, then he said, "Oh, the hell with it!" and turned and walked out of the office. The full tide of his anger almost sickened him as he went down the stairs, heading for the clerk's office and Sarah.

When he entered, Sarah was busy selling a license to the owner of a new car, and she greeted him perfunctorily. He took one of the high stools in the far corner of the room and lighted a cigarette. Presently, Justin Byers came out of the vault carrying a big ledger, which he put on the counter and studied a moment. Then he returned the ledger to the vault, came out and saw Tully. He nodded in greeting, picked up his hat off the counter and left the room. Soon Sarah was finished with the license registration and came over.

For the next ten minutes, Tully told her in detail of the shooting and of his visit to the sheriff's office. "But Olson's right, Tully," Sarah said when he had finished. "You do need proof."

Tully groaned. "There's that word again."

"All the same, you haven't a shred of evidence."

Tully slid off the stool, rammed his hands in his pockets and stood looking down at her. "So we get it fixed, so he shoots it up again."

"Oh, I know, Tully," Sarah said. There was a genuine sympathy in her voice that almost surprised him.

"What would happen if I shot up the Mahaffey?" he said gloomily.

"You'd be jailed."

"Yeah, but I can play rough too," Tully said. "It'd be easy enough to slip a handful of dynamite caps into the stuff the Mahaffey's milling."

"You'd just hurt the workmen," Sarah said.

"Hodes wasn't worried about hurting mine."

"You don't mean that, Tully," Sarah said softly.

Tully sighed. "No, I guess I don't. Only this guy has got to be stopped."

Sarah was silent a moment, and then she said, "Have you thought of asking Olson to make you a deputy?"

"Ha!" Tully said scornfully. "Olson can't wait to do me a big fat favor."

"All right, maybe not you, but every man you've got working for you out there has grown up in this town. If they say they're in danger, I think he'd do it. Send Alec in, and Olson would be afraid to turn him down. It's men like Alec who elect him."

"Where does that get us?" Tully demanded. "What good would a deputy have been today?"

"A deputy could have gone into the Mahaffey, stopped everybody's work and demanded an accounting of everybody's time. If he did it often enough, I think he could make plenty of trouble for Ben," Sarah said.

Tully considered this. There was a certain shrewdness in what Sarah suggested. At the very least it was protection—and it could be a weapon of retaliation. He decided he would send Alec in. Sarah rose now, looking at her watch. "I've got a doctor's appointment for a cold shot now, Tully. What do you plan to do?"

"I've got to phone Denver for parts, then I'll pick up some lunch and take the tank out."

Sarah walked over to put on her coat. "I'll buy you lunch at Joe's," she said over her shoulder.

"Fine," Tully said, trying not to show the surprise he felt at her invitation.

Why did I say that? Sarah wondered as she descended the stone steps of the courthouse. She had promised herself that she would be firmly suspicious of him and mistrust his every move. Yet this morning she had sympathized with his troubles and had even arranged to have lunch with him. He was, she decided almost bitterly, getting to be a bad habit with her, one that was increasingly hard to break.

Dr. Richards' waiting room was empty of patients, and when Sarah closed the street door Dr. Richards called, "Come on through, Sarah."

She crossed the waiting room and entered the consultation room. Dr. Richards, in shirt sleeves, was at the sink scrubbing syringes and placing them in the sterilizer nearby. He was a small man in his middle forties. Since he was the county medical officer, he and Sarah saw much of each other at the courthouse. When his duties occasionally brought him before the commissioners, Sarah always took his side against them. The three commissioners, with their rough country humor, loved to bait him, to deride his skill and refuse for hours his most reasonable requests before giving in.

SARAH rolled up her sleeve as she watched Dr. Richards' small, precise hands prepare the syringe and fill it with cold vaccine. "Did the commissioners kick about my last month's bills?" he asked.

"They never really do. They just like to tease you," Sarah said easily. "But you always have the last laugh, don't you?"

"How's that?" he asked.

"They're all your patients, aren't they? A blunt hypodermic needle, for instance, can make up for a lot of rude remarks."

Dr. Richards smiled wryly. "They're never sick. If I depended on them for a living, I'd starve."

"What about Justin Byers' gas?" she said, laughing.

Dr. Richards' hand, poised for the shot, halted, and he looked blankly at her. "His what?" he asked.

"I said, what about Justin Byers' gas?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Dr. Richards said. "Justin Byers has never come to me for anything. Now, hold still, will you?"

He administered the shot expertly and when he was finished, Sarah continued thoughtfully, "He came to you about eleven o'clock last Monday, didn't he?"

"Why, no," the doctor replied. "I was in Galena."

He turned away to clean the syringe, and Sarah rose and reached for her coat. In her mind she was reviewing the exact happenings of last Monday morning. She was certain that after Tully left the commissioners' room Byers had gone out. He had returned later, presumably after making a telephone call. It was then he had announced that he would countersign the warrants later, since he had an appointment with the doctor."

"Come back a week from today," Dr. Richards was saying.

"All right," Sarah said. And then she added, "Are you sure Byers didn't come to you Monday?"

Dr. Richards looked at her curiously. "I haven't so many patients, Sarah, that I forget them. I've never treated Justin Byers for anything."

Out on the street Sarah looked at her watch, then turned up the street, leisurely heading for Joe's Restaurant. Dr. Richards' words about Byers bothered her. She stubbornly remembered Byers' statement that he had a doctor's appointment—and since Dr. Richards was the only doctor in Azurite, he would have had to come to him. Carefully now she thought back. When Byers went out of the room he had turned left. Only the county assessor's office lay in that direction. If Byers had made a telephone call he must have used the telephone in that office.

Sarah was passing the hotel now and impulsively she went into the lobby, headed for the telephone booth, and called Ann Hoffman at the assessor's office.

After identifying herself, she said, "Ann, were you in the office last Monday morning?"

"All morning," Ann said. "Why?"

"Did Justin Byers come into the office around eleven o'clock? Remember, that was the day the commissioners met."

"Why, sure," Ann said. "He came in and asked to use the phone."

"You didn't hear any of the conversation, did you?" Sarah asked.

Ann's voice took on a note of huffiness. "He made very sure I didn't. He sent me out of the room before he even started to dial. Why?"

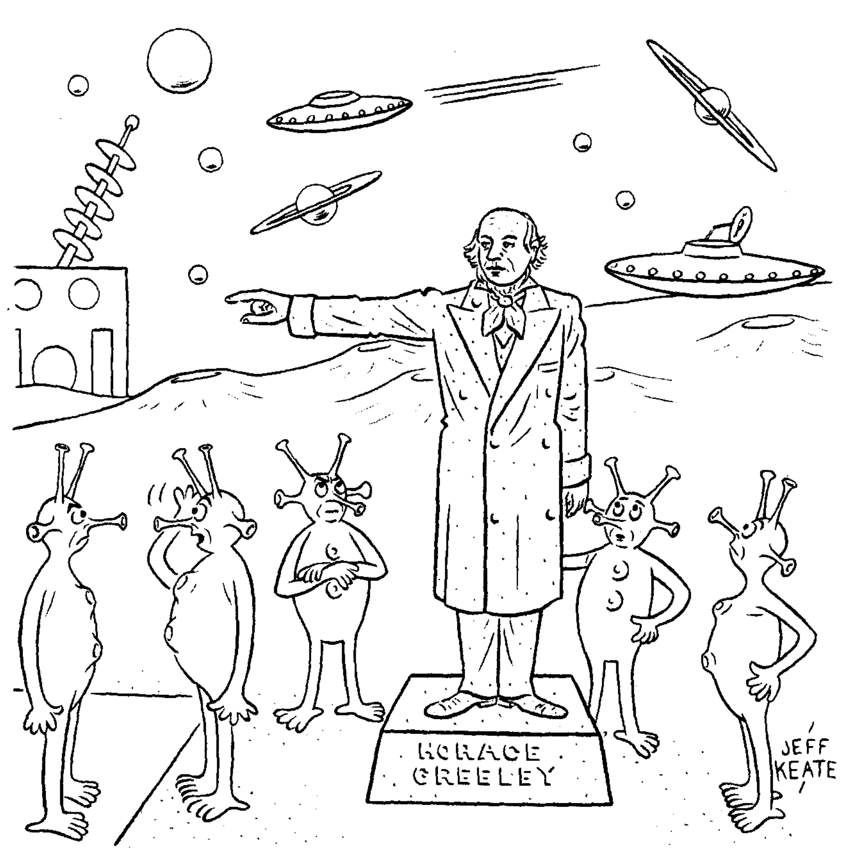
"Nothing," Sarah said, "just county business. He promised to make a call and I never found out if he did or not. Thanks, Ann."

SARAH hung up and sat motionless in the booth. All she knew now was that Byers had made a phone call and had lied publicly about the person he had called. Byers had also made the call seem urgent enough that he had to leave the commissioners' meeting. Swiftly, then, she reviewed what had taken place at the commissioners' meeting. Nothing of importance had occurred except the stubborn interview with Tully. Turning that over in her mind, Sarah felt a growing curiosity. That interview with Tully must have been so important to Byers that he found it necessary to make an immediate call and to lie about it.

Slowly, Sarah got up and walked out into the lobby, heading for the street. She decided now that she was being a plain snoop. Yet the thought persisted: Why should Byers lie? There was something else about Byers, too, that Sarah wondered about now. During the last week he had been spending quite a bit of time in her office, looking at the county records. As a commissioner he had every right to do so, but it did seem a little strange. Added to this business of the fake call to the doctor it was all very mystifying.

—LUKE SHORT

(This is the third of four parts)



COLLIER'S

"We managed to capture one, sir, but Earthmen are very hard and tough. Despite all our efforts, we can get nothing from this one"

JEFF KEATE

CURTISS
Slice and Serve
Baby Ruth
CANDY... enriched with dextrose [a food energy sugar]
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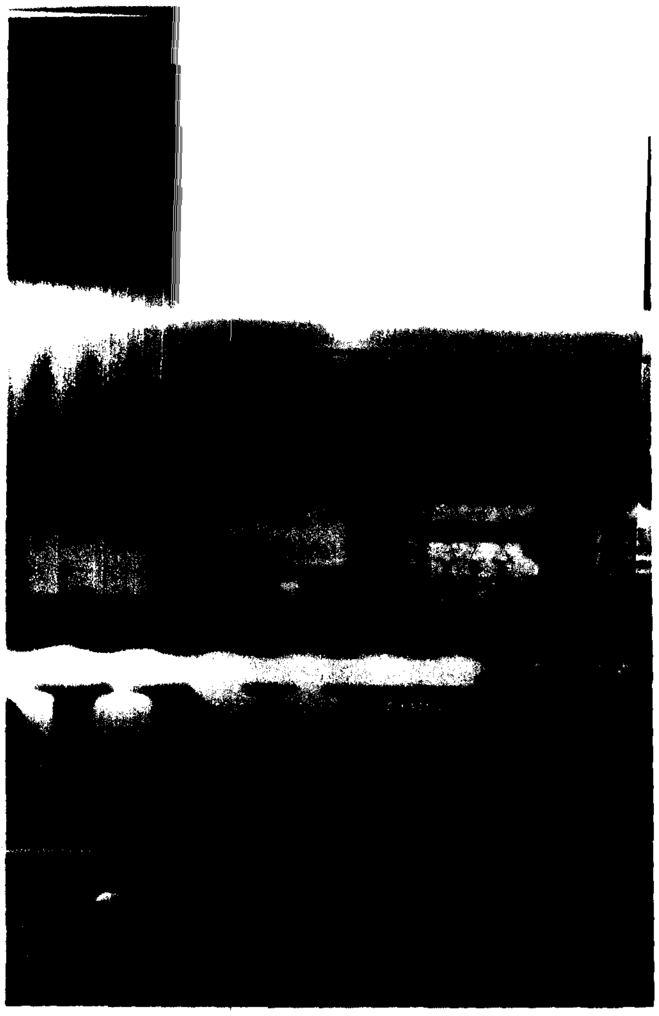
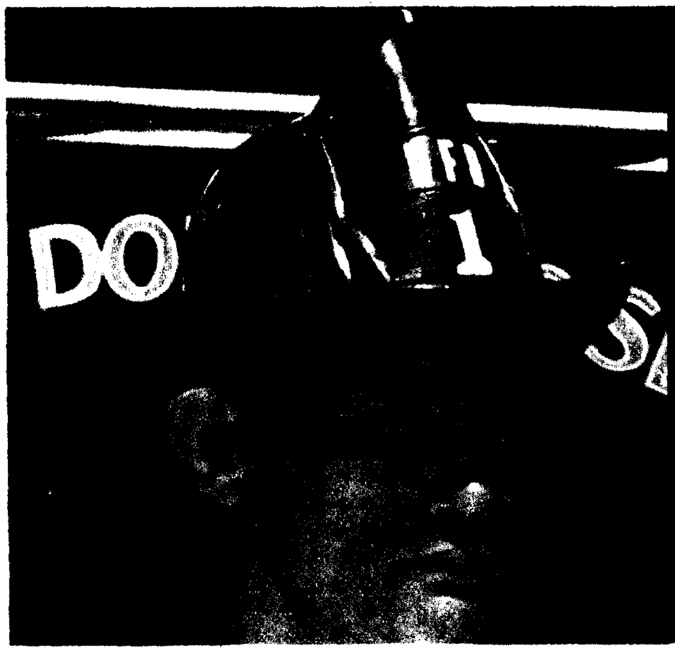
The Color of AMERICA

The land of red-white-and-blue has its own spectrum. It pops out of byways and highways like man-made rainbows—a result of energy, enterprise and good humor

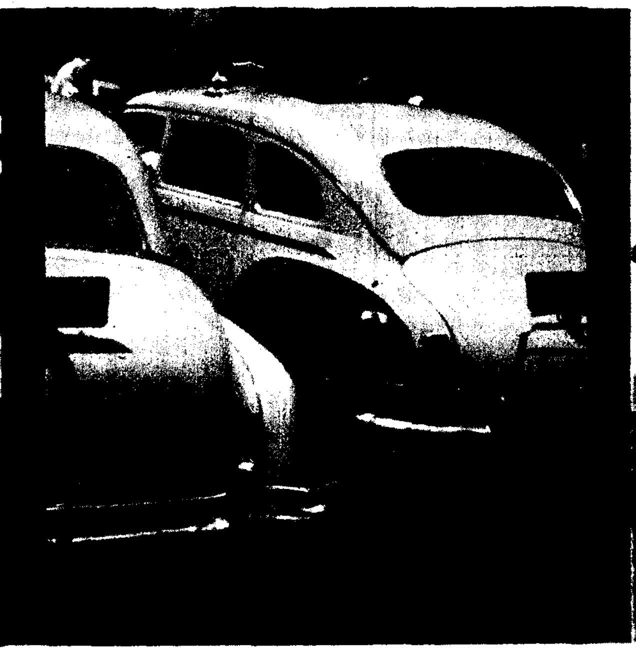
COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA



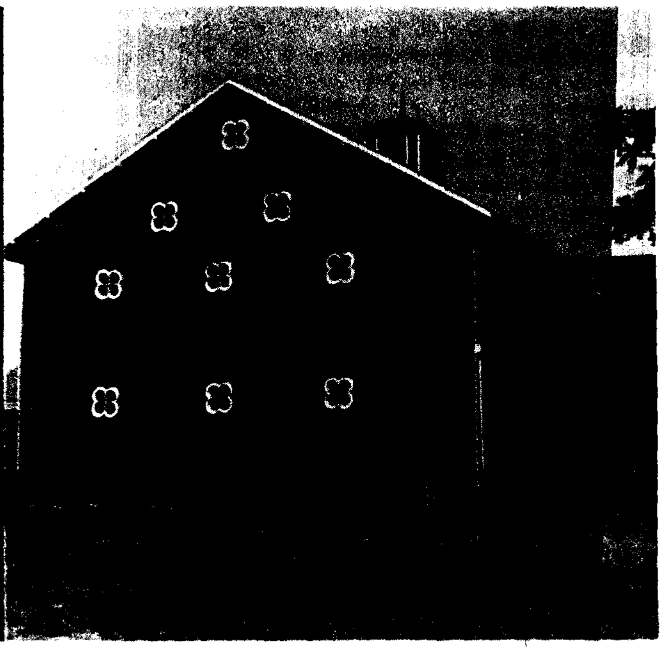
In Allentown, Pennsylvania, photographer Rosenberg c



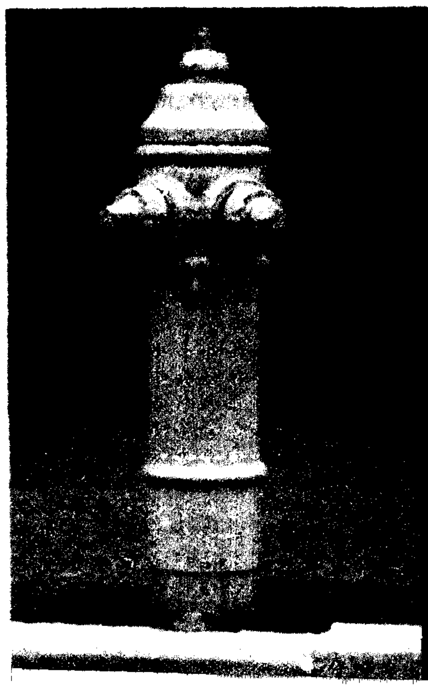
Primary colors in spectrum of U.S. flash in Dolgeville, N.Y.—the red of a fire engine; and in Easton, Pa.—the yellow of a fire plug (below)

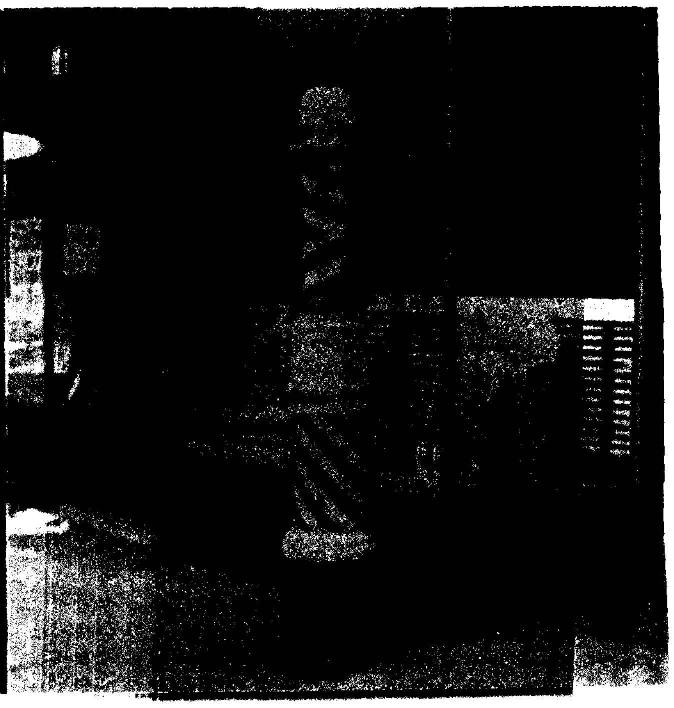


The photographer snapped yellow taxicabs in Manhattan (above). Then he went home to the Bronx and found his daughter, Ruth, seriously attacking some orange ice on a stick (below)

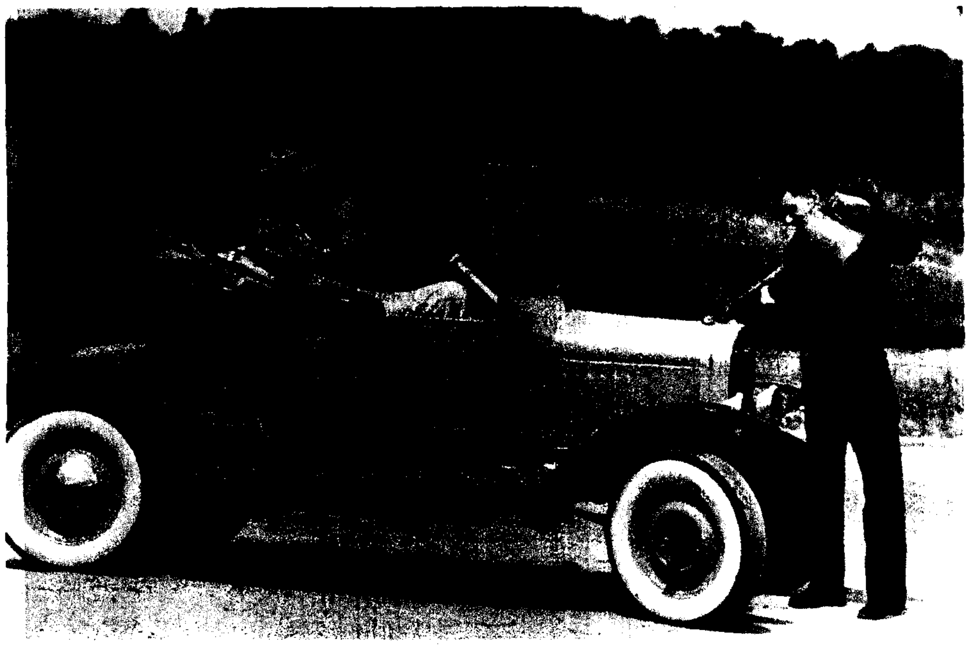


A red barn near Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (above), stands almost as a symbol of rural America. And there are few sights more familiar than barbershop poles like this candy-striped one in New York City (below)





a rainbow. Not a blend of colors in the heavens after a rain. But an assembly of man-made hues equally vivid. It was a neon-lighted diner



"In other countries," says Rosenberg, "they have flowers. Here we have cars. You can buy them in a grand array of colors, or, like Ulster McDole, of Pine Bush, N.Y. (above), you can paint them yourself. Individuality is the keynote. Now look at this house (below) which I found on a highway near Easton, Pa."

IT TAKES a lonely man to see the beauty in his home place, to recognize the truth in words and phrases he knows by rote and never stops to listen to. Photographer Sam Rosenberg found that out a few months ago. He had just come back from six years of working for the government overseas. Even though he got homesick, he had learned to like Europe. It was pretty, quaint, interesting, strange and pleasant in a way. But something was missing; Rosenberg didn't know what. He couldn't put his finger on it. Then he came home. He was hardly off the boat before he discovered what the United States has that no other nation has—color. Not the color of deep blue Minnesota lakes, or of New England wild flowers or even the blazing dazzlement of the Grand Canyon. But color made by people.

In Sam Rosenberg's eyes—and in his camera—America the Beautiful was a reflection of the vitality, the imagination, the enterprise and the irrepressible good humor of his countrymen. The color of his native land was in cars and clothing and fire hydrants and neon tubes. It fairly sang of energetic men and women in a bustling nation.

"I began taking pictures," he says; "I couldn't stop. Then I saw a rainbow made in the U.S.A. It wasn't up in the sky. It was an electrically lighted diner by the side of the road. And inside there was a man doing business. For me that's the color of America—that and a gaudy taxi and a red barn sitting in the sun." ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SAM ROSENBERG

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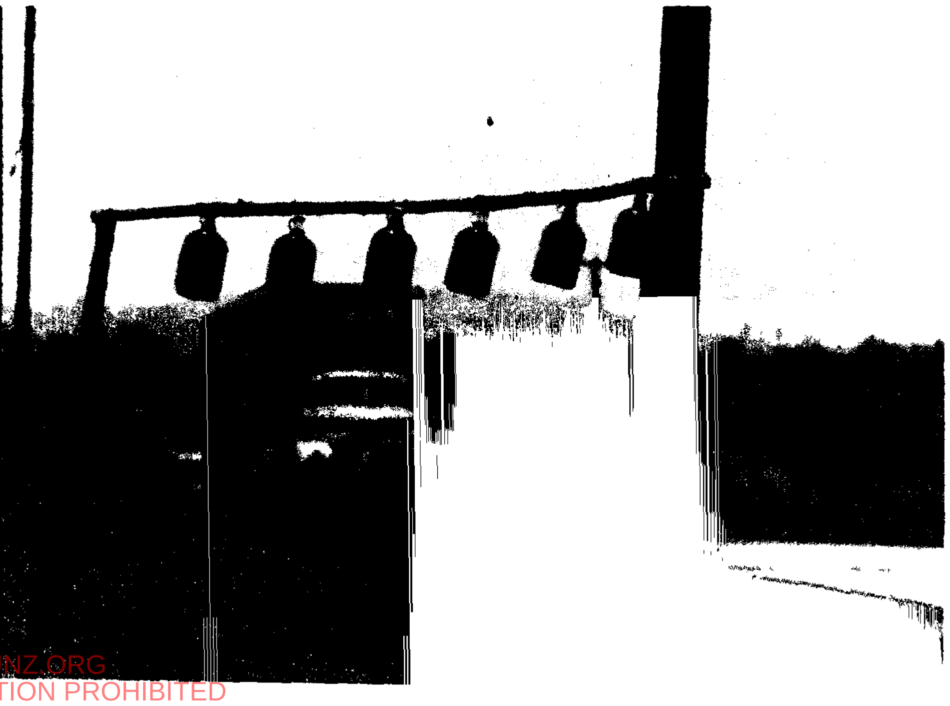

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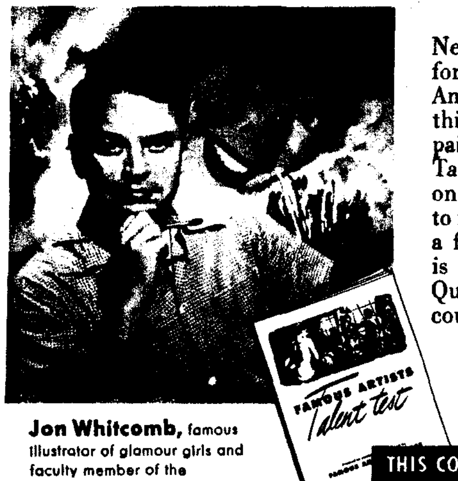

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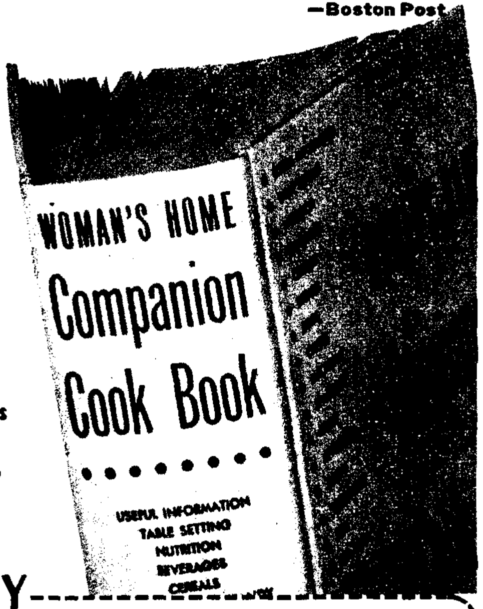

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Get Going, George!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

said, "but not to let it go to her head. Or yours, either, Mary."

"You're the greatest!" Mary Combes said with satisfaction, but he could tell she was annoyed.

The greatest *what* is the question, George was thinking that evening as he walked toward the butcher shop at the corner of Twelfth Street and Sixth Avenue. What kind of man, he was thinking moodily, would cook a dinner so his wife could impress a prospective employer. But then, George told himself, he was taking it all too seriously. The fact was that he'd taken to cooking their evening meal once when Phyllis had been ill and had enjoyed it so much that he'd stayed with it. He got a genuine enjoyment out of cooking, and furthermore, knowing so much about food and how to prepare it was actually an asset in his business.

THUS, in more philosophic mood, he entered the butcher shop. He remained philosophic while three women who had come in after him, managed, as women do, to appear to have been there first. It was the fourth woman, a woman in a black beret, who really made George's long, lean body slump disconsolately inside his gray flannel suit. She didn't even bother to be sneaky about it—that was the humiliating thing. From well behind George's shoulder she had stated her order for a pound of calves' liver.

But the butcher was a man of honor. With the imperious air of a Roman senator he bade citizen Hayes speak his mind. "The gentleman was ahead of you, madam," the butcher said.

"A nice roasting chicken," George said, "and try to find one without pinfeathers. I'm going to roast it myself and I won't have time to fool around."

"You plan to stuff it?" the butcher asked with interest, as he selected the prettiest little chicken in the case.

"Potato dressing—" George said, "lightly boiled, diced potatoes, two eggs, chopped parsley and onions. The onions lightly browned, of course, to bring out the flavor."

"Potato dressing," the butcher said dreamily. "Haven't had that since boyhood days—"

"Sounds fattening," the woman in the beret said.

"Sage?" the butcher asked.

"No," George said firmly. "Just a whisper of garlic in the butter I rub the chicken with—"

Even the woman in the black beret moaned appreciatively.

"Salad?" inquired the butcher.

"Thinly sliced Bermuda onions between slices of tomatoes on a bed of fresh water cress," George said. "That's all. And for dessert—hot gingerbread smothered with clotted cream."

"Are you a Rombauer or a Boston Cook Book man?" the butcher asked reverently.

"A cookbook is simply a point of departure for me," George said; "a good chef must have a creative imagination."

"Women are not great cooks," the butcher announced, as though this was a natural law.

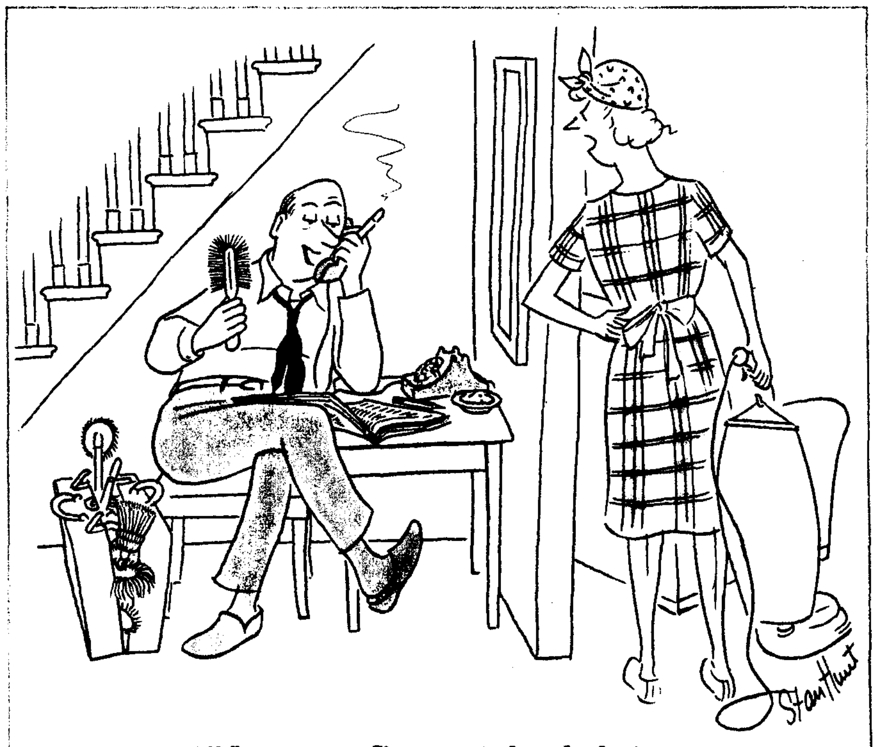
"I'll have to disagree with you there," George said. "My wife is one of the best—"

"And she lets *you* cook?" the woman in the beret asked.

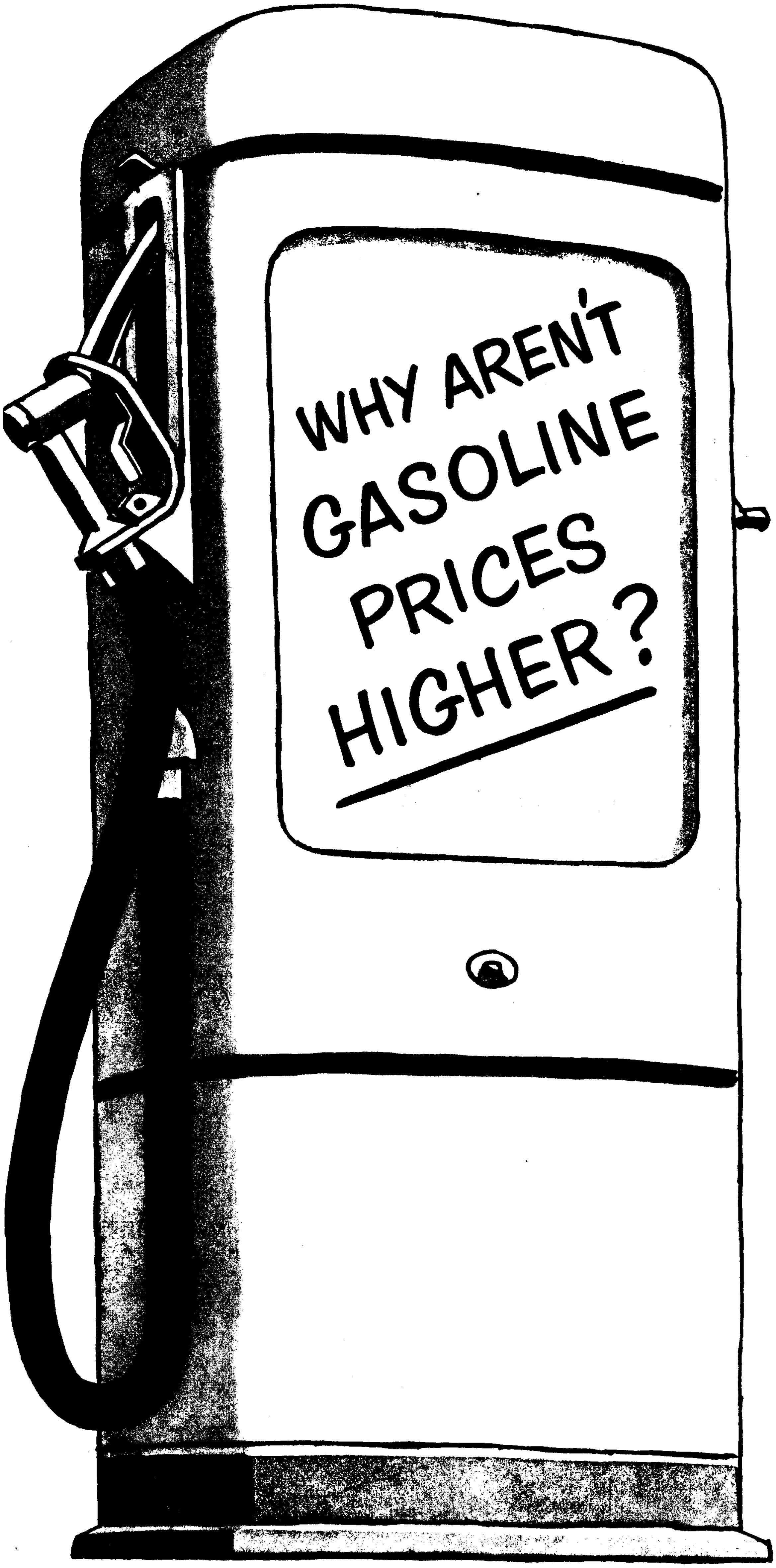
"She's promotion director for the test kitchens of a gas-range company," George said defensively. "You might say she works over a hot stove—twenty of them, to be exact—all day. It's a treat to her to come home to a surprise meal."

"Well, really," said the woman in the black beret, "it'll be a treat to me if I have *any* meal tonight!" She gave the butcher a dirty look and then said cryptically to George, "It's later than you think. You men waste too much time talking."

Hastily, George paid the butcher and was soon out on the street again, with the chicken tucked under his arm. But the woman in the black beret had struck home—especially on top of the way Phyllis' secretary, Mary Combes, had treated him. Was there more to it all than just the natural asperity of



COLLIER'S "All I can say is, I'm married to the laziest house-to-house salesman *I* ever saw . . ." STAN HUNT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women? Was he a classic example of the new man who showed a fantastic lack of ambition? Would it be better for him, George wondered, if he was more ambitious, more like Phyllis? The tenacious way she was working toward landing the job with Honeycutt made him laugh, really. He liked to listen to Phyllis, but personally he thought she suffered from pipe dreams. Yet Honeycutt *had* sent her a preview model of one of his infrared broilers with a note asking for her opinion of it.

"See, George," Phyllis had said, showing him the note, "I told you I made a big impression on him."

"I see he's signed it *With affection,*" George said. "Just what kind of impression did you make on him in Chicago?"

"Oh, George, Wendell Honeycutt isn't in the least interested in me because of *that.*"

"I've always been interested in you because of *that,*" George said, "and I never claimed to be more of a natural man than anybody else. You're a damned attractive girl—"

"Look, I only want to work for him," Phyllis had said, but she'd blushed.

GEORGE had left it at that. He was not the suspicious or jealous type. But in the past week all she could talk about was Wendell Honeycutt. The great man was in New York to make all the final decisions for his enlarged Eastern offices. George knew, from Phyllis, that Honeycutt was a widower and he assumed him to be an elderly party too, as people always assume widowers to be. But now George wondered. Being perfectly honest with himself, he thought he might even be jealous of Phyllis' chance at a big new job. After all, everybody said that with his talents he ought to be higher up the ladder of success himself.

I must think about all this, soon, George thought, ready to drop the subject at the moment. But that was when he ran into a girl he knew—she was the kind who wouldn't let him drop the subject.

"Elaine Pitney," George said, "whatever are you doing in this neck of the woods?"

"If it's necking you're interested in, George," Elaine said wickedly, "I live right around the corner from you—on Twelfth Street. I knew Phyllis hadn't told you." Elaine was a lithe, predatory blonde who did commercials on television. She had shared an apartment with Phyllis before George and Phyllis married. Afterward, though Phyllis often lunched with Elaine, the three of them never seemed to get together any more.

"Elaine is only interested in men who belong to other women," Phyllis had explained. "Definitely neurotic. Now that you're married to me, she'll want you. I trust you, George, but why tempt fate?"

"I saw your wife today," Elaine said now, "having lunch with guess who?"

"Wendell Honeycutt," George said, pretending indifference.

"Don't you care?" Elaine asked, moving up close to him.

"Oh, Elaine!" George said. "She only wants to work for him."

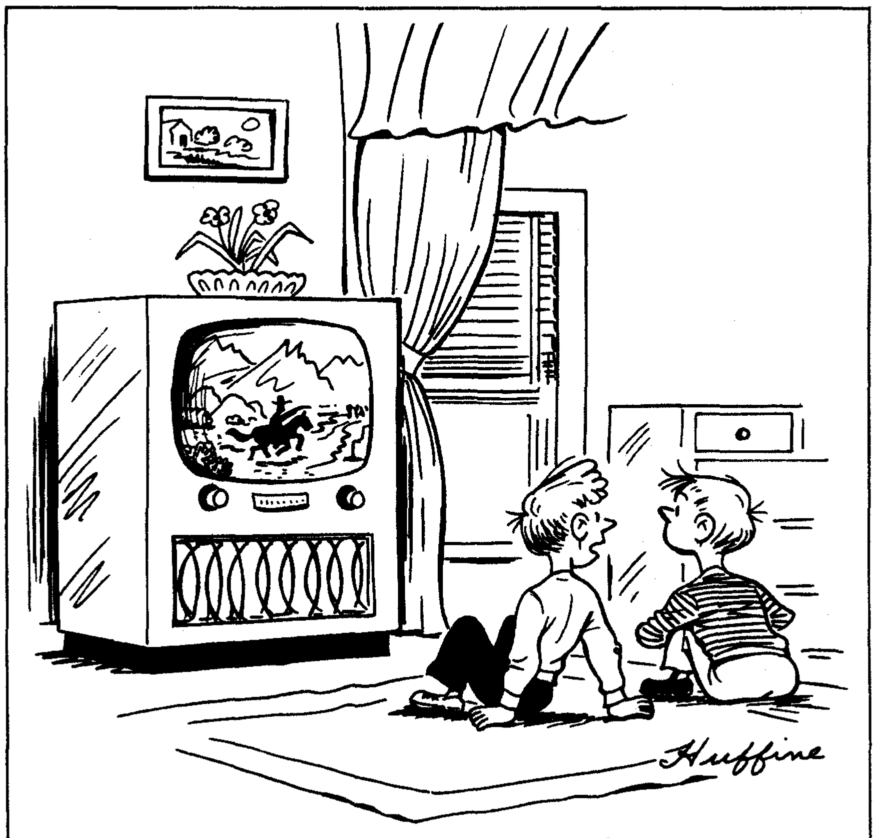
"Oh, George!" Elaine said, mimicking him. "That's what she tells you. They must have got very well acquainted at the Chicago show last year. You really should go to those shows yourself, you know—you might be missing something."

"Phyllis keeps me posted. She brings me all the folders and—"

"Bully for her!" Elaine said. She had been fishing in her purse and now she flashed a small white card at George. She moved closer to him. "And now," she said, gazing up into George's eyes, "a word from our sponsor." She tucked the card into his breast pocket, and went on with her mimicry of a television announcer: "If you live in New York, call MacDougall 2-0469. And some night," Elaine continued in a throaty whisper, "when Phyllis is busy, why not drop around and see me? My phone number is on that card."

"Well, thanks," George said, "but Phyllis already has your number, Elaine—"

"And now *you'll* have it too, dear,"



COLLIER'S "Oh, it's some guy named William S. Hart trying to act like Roy Rogers" DAVID HUFFINE

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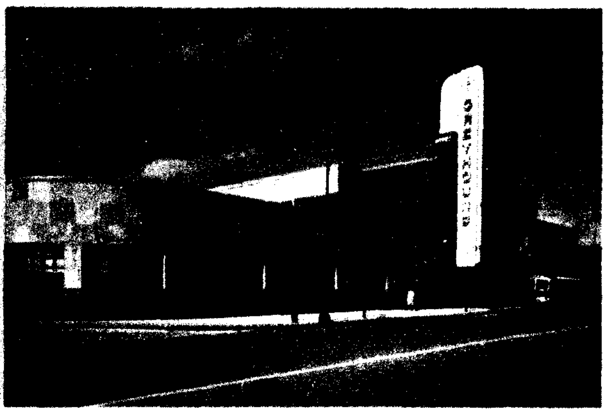

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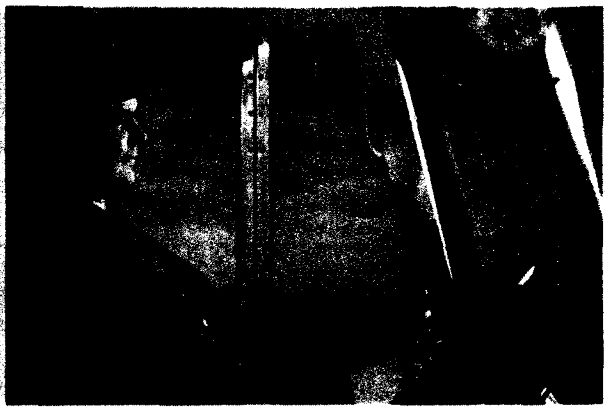

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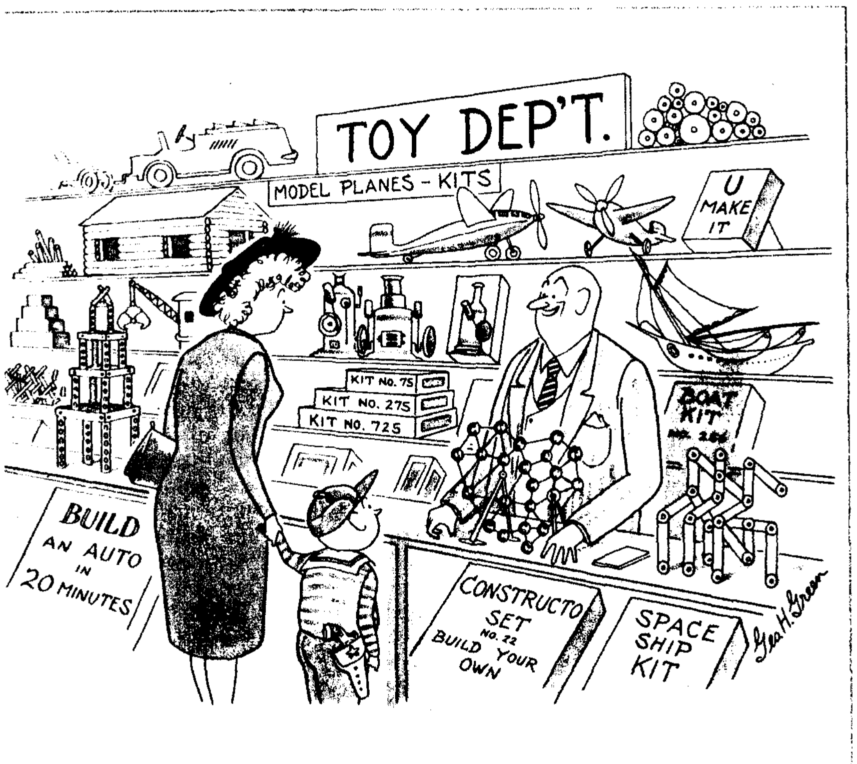

COLLIER'S "We have constructive toys for all ages, Madam. How old is the boy's father?" GEO. H. GREEN

laine said. She blew George a kiss and ith a husky laugh she turned and alked away. Elaine's walk, George hought, was like something out of an alian movie. He wondered why so nany people had difficulty understandig Italian movies.

At home, George found Phyllis putng red roses into a crystal pitcher. Ier greeting to him was warm and lowing, if preoccupied. He came up ehind her and kissed her neck.

"The potatoes and onions are all eady for you," Phyllis said, and she wung within his embrace to survey the partment. "It looks quite good, oesn't it?" she asked, but she sounded nxious. "He'll be impressed, don't ou think?"

EORGE told her certainly, it would impress anyone. It always imressed him most favorably. The classic hite walls were massed with pictures f all sizes. Beneath the corner winows, a curved banquette seating arangement encircled a marble-topped able. There were low bookshelves on ither side of the black marble fireplace. n front of the fireplace, facing each ther, were handsome low black-figred sofas. A Mozart quartet was playng on the high-fidelity phonograph preading a sweet peace that seemed to ollow George as he started toward the itchen and his chores.

A large flat half-open package on ne of the sofas stopped him. He oked at it and saw it held two large ortfolios, one in a white cover and he other in black.

"Hey," he said to Phyllis, "you had our samples mounted."

George had never kept an organized ile of his sample book until he'd maried Phyllis. Until then he had merely ept clippings of successful ads he'd vritten, those he considered his best, nd stuffed them into old Manila enveopes. But Phyllis had made him keep neat file of samples of his work—with he thought that someday they'd have hem mounted. George had to admit ow that his career looked impressive vhen set out like this.

"It'll keep us from getting mixed up bout which are whose," Phyllis said astily. "See, mine are in the white cover—so I'll know it right off when I want to show them to Wendell."

George had one troubled moment, wondering whether Phyllis also intended to use *his* samples to help her land the job. But he put it out of his head a moment after he had it. . . .

By the time George's dinner was well under way, the doorbell rang, announcing the arrival of their guest.

The sight of Wendell Honeycutt was a bitter blow to him. The man was not quite so tall as George but his shoulders were broad and his dark hair was turning silver in exactly the right places. And he had brought with him a huge bunch of white violets for Phyllis—not orchids or camellias but violets, the most romantic of all flowers, and white ones, the most expensive. The violets were the next-to-the-last straw. The last straw was Phyllis in an elegant new hostess gown George had never seen, nervous as a cat and twice as guilty-looking.

To George's eyes, Wendell Honeycutt appeared slightly nervous too, the way a man will who is about to commit grand larceny in the state of someone else's wedlock. His silver-gray eyes took in George's aloof height and shifted uneasily toward the large multicolored painting at one side of the fireplace. It was an original—one of the abstract, brushless school, where the artist simply drips the paint on the canvas.

"Fellow really pours it on, doesn't he?" Honeycutt said. "Who is he?" he asked George. "Someone we're all supposed to know?"

"He's a pretty well-known abstract painter," George said. "DeGootz."

"He's a friend of George's," Phyllis said nervously. "That is, George went to high school with him."

"I'm sorry," Honeycutt said, and seemed genuinely sorry, "but I don't get it—yet."

"There's nothing to get," George said impassively. "Either you feel it or you don't."

"But I'd like to get it," Honeycutt said. "Frankly, Hayes," he added almost apologetically, "the French impressionists are about as far as I've gone, but I'd really like to understand this new nonobjective stuff—"

Despite himself and his suspicions, George felt himself responding to the big man's unpretentiousness.

"You might call these painters architects of emotion," George said patiently. "Haven't you ever felt nonobjective emotion?"

"Like listening to music?" Honeycutt asked quickly. Sort of subconscious feeling?"

"Sort of," George said, "if music could be transposed into color, form—"

"Say," Honeycutt said eagerly as he stared at the painting again, "that makes a little sense."

"Of course," George said, "it's more than that too. I mean—"

PHYLLIS broke in at this point to serve the pale, dry Martinis George had mixed.

"Listen," Honeycutt said, and his voice swelled as though he were suddenly happy about something, "maybe we can go into this more some time. I have a feeling you know what you're talking about, Hayes—or at any rate *I* know what you're talking about."

Be careful, George warned himself. He's just trying to lull you with his friendship.

Over dinner Wendell Honeycutt complimented Phyllis on the chicken. When he found out George had cooked it, his admiration was boundless. It turned out that he too was an amateur chef and he swapped recipes with George, was eager for George's opinions and treated Phyllis the way he might be expected to treat the attractive wife of any male associate.

But Phyllis got back at George in the kitchen. They had cleared the table together and George was about to put the gingerbread in the oven when it happened.

George's gingerbread, made with a mix of his own variation of a two-hundred-year-old recipe, was a classic dessert in the Hayes household. It always went into the oven after the table had been cleared and while the coffee was brewing. It stayed in the oven exactly twenty-five minutes and was served with heavy cream faintly flavored with almond. It was, as George had often been told, superb. But as George was about to put the gingerbread into the oven, Phyllis kicked the kitchen door shut.

"Listen," she whispered nervously, "if I'm going to make my pitch for this job it's got to be now."

"So?" George asked.

"So," Phyllis said, her breath coming unevenly, "I'm never going to be able to make it with you around—"

"Are you crazy?" George asked.

"George," Phyllis said, "please. Leave us alone for a few minutes. A half hour. Go get some ice cream. It'll be nice with the gingerbread."

George felt his nostrils flare with rage. "Ice cream! With my gingerbread? You know it's always served with plain cream."

"Oh, George!" Phyllis said impatiently. "If you want to know, I've always wanted to serve it with ice cream. Go get some—please—and stay out a half hour or so."

"It takes ten minutes to get the ice cream," George said frigidly. "What do you suggest I do with the other twenty minutes?"

"Do?" Phyllis whispered. "How should I know? Talk to the ice-cream man. Buy a magazine and read it. Go watch television in a bar. Certainly you can amuse yourself for twenty minutes!"

He thought of Elaine Pitney. "Or

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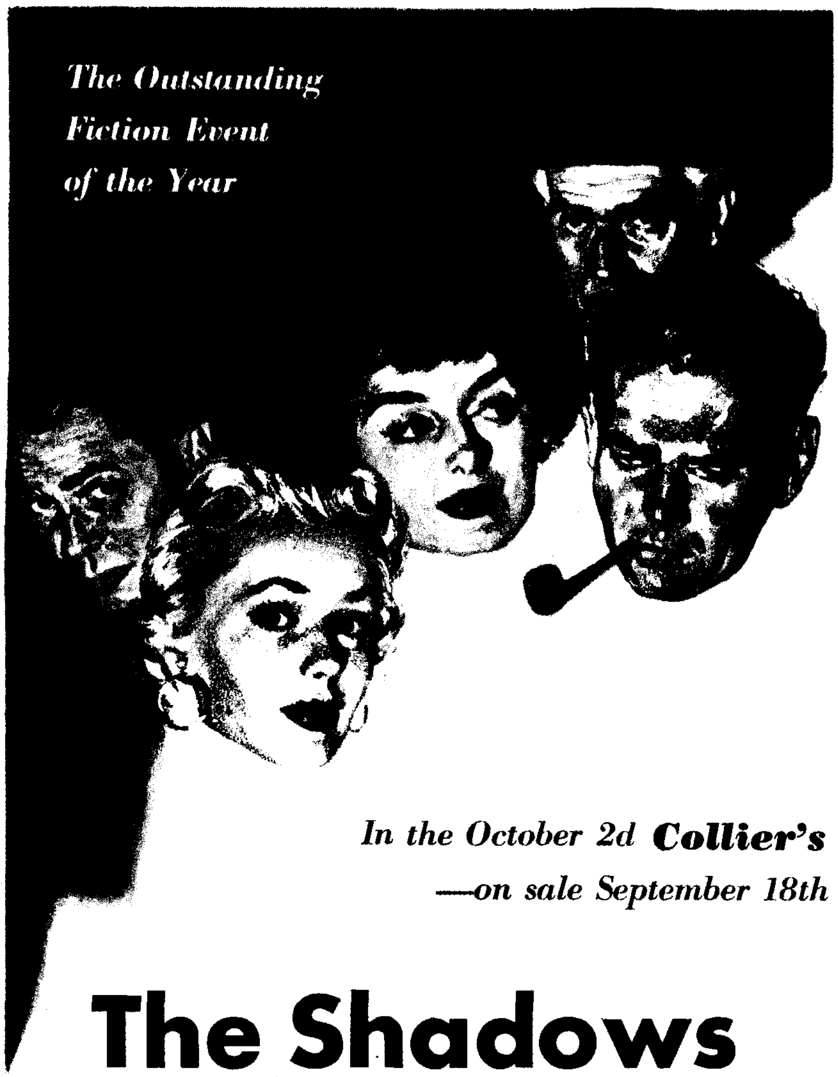

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find some other woman to amuse me," he said.

Phyllis was beyond comprehension —or listening, really. "Exactly," she said, "but just go, George. Get going!"

George went. Outside the apartment door he found himself shaking with anger. He put his ear close to the door and he could actually hear the murmur of his wife's voice and then the deep boom of Honeycutt's answer. When the voices stop, George told himself, I'll pop back in and catch them at—well, catch them.

But he was caught himself—in the act of eavesdropping at his own door by another tenant getting off the self-service elevator.

"Anything wrong, Hayes?" the other tenant asked.

George straightened up and let out a thin laugh. He murmured something about thinking he'd heard his telephone ring, but since the tenant didn't go away, George had to. He got into the elevator and thought, well, he might as well go get the ice cream.

AT THE drugstore, after he'd made his purchase, a soft-drink poster with its curvaceous blonde model reminded him of Elaine Pitney. He took her card out of his pocket and saw that, as she had said, she lived just around the corner.

Elaine answered her doorbell wearing skinny pants and a tight sweater, an outfit she wore outrageously well. She was almost too glad to see him.

"What's in the package," she cooed, "a present for me?"

"Ice cream," George said.

"You're kidding," Elaine said and laughed.

"Vanilla ice cream," George said doggedly.

"Well, thanks, pal," Elaine said. "But what am I supposed to do with it, George?"

"Oh," George said, "well, nothing. I was sent out for it. I mean—"

Elaine raised her eyebrows. "Oh," she said, "of course. Phyllis has a guest. Don't tell me. Is he a living American? Has he had his success during this century?" She was mimicking a television panel-show member. "Does he deal in home appliances? Aha! Wendell Honeycutt. And poor George was shooed out of the house. Well, put down your ice cream, George, and put your feet up on something." Elaine beckoned him over to the studio couch.

"I can't really stay," George said, beginning to feel foolish for coming.

"I'm not the new woman," Elaine said. "I'm more interested in men than business. The old-fashioned vamp type. Ever since I first knew you I've wanted to know you better."

"Now look—" George began, feeling even more foolish. She was so damned blatant about it that it couldn't possibly be any fun. He was getting uncomfortably warm and he could almost feel the ice cream melting in its package. He tried to think of a way to make a graceful exit.

Elaine must have read his thoughts. She sprang off the studio couch and rushed at him. Involuntarily, George tried to defend himself by putting the ice cream between himself and Elaine. As her arms went around him, the ice cream gave out a sad whoosh and rose in a solid mass straight out of its carton. As Elaine yelled and backed away, George noted with detachment that the front of her black sweater was covered with sticky vanilla blobs. His flannel suit hadn't been touched.

Gingerly, George put the half-empt carton on the table.

"Another job well done by yo Treasury men in action!" Elaine sai furiously, daubing at her sweate "Just go, George. Just—get going!"

Outside his own apartment do George had a strange thought. Eve if his wife was in love with anothe man, he preferred her to any othe woman. Suddenly all women b Phyllis seemed Elaines in his min He would, he decided firmly, wo Phyllis back from this handsom wealthy stranger.

From inside the apartment, Georg heard the strains of Tenderly, a ne record he himself had bought, with wonderful clarinet solo deliberately intended to break a man's heart. Ou rage flooded him again. Why shoul Phyllis play his record for anothe man? As he strode into his living roo he found Phyllis and Honeycutt sittin close together on a sofa. Phyllis wa showing him some of the mounte samples, and Honeycutt glanced u briefly to nod at George.

My *own* samples, George thought— *my* dinner, *my* records, *my* sample He felt sick. Phyllis leaped up an rushed over to him and shooed hi into the kitchen.

"You came back too soon!" sh whispered. "Fix the gingerbread an ice cream. I'll call you when we'r ready." Phyllis' face was glowing George thought he had never seen he looking so pretty, as if she were flushe with an inner radiance. He wanted t take her in his arms.

The clarinet in the other room crie on, and suddenly perverse anger welle up in him.

"Do that," he said loudly. "Call m when you're ready, madam. Shall serve the gingerbread on flamin swords?"

"Don't be silly, George," Phylli said coolly.

"Oh, I won't," George said, "an more. I hate to be stuffy, but do yo think it's quite cricket to seduce thi guy with *my* book of samples?"

"Really, George—" Phyllis began but she was interrupted by Honeycutt He burst into the kitchen waving on of George's samples.

"Hayes," Honeycutt was saying "these are really something! And th way you cooked that chicken! Listen, fella, how about coming to wor with me?"

GEORGE thought he was really going crazy, especially when Phylli let out a delighted moan and kisse him instead of Honeycutt.

"But Phyllis—" George said. " mean, Phyllis is damned good, yo know—" He really didn't know wha he was saying.

"Oh, Phyllis has *her* job," Honeycutt said. "Had it since lunchtime But this New York operation is going to be big, very big. I need a man too, somebody who thinks in a big way like me." He laughed in self-deprecation. "Hayes, I want you to head up the whole thing."

"Me?" was all George could say.

"You," Honeycutt said. "I happened to tell Phyllis about the kind of chap I was looking for and she said well, she'd try to think if she knew anyone big enough—"

"I just had a feeling you two would hit it off," Phyllis said demurely. "I thought it was worth a try—"

"How about it, Hayes?" Honeycutt asked. He named a salary substantially larger than the one George was getting.

He briefly outlined the sort of operation he had in mind. Then he stopped and looked at George.

George took a full minute to think. He even watched the minute hand on the kitchen clock to be sure. A couple of times Phyllis opened her mouth to speak, but Honeycutt motioned for silence.

"I like it," George said finally, his voice firm. "But I couldn't accept it unless I'm to have complete authority over the department."

"Oh, absolutely," Wendell Honeycutt said in enormous relief. "You'll be the boss."

George tilted his head toward Phyllis but didn't glance at her. "But you've already gone ahead and hired one person for my department without consulting me," he said. "I can't do a good job unless I can pick my own staff."

Phyllis gasped. For a moment Honeycutt just stared. Then a faint grin seemed to tug at the corners of his mouth. He glanced at Phyllis and the grin broke loose.

"Well, kid," he said to her, "looks like you'll have to reapply for that job—to the new boss."

"But, George," Phyllis wailed, "I've already given notice that I was quitting my other job!"

"It's just that I want you to understand how things will be," George said. "I appreciate the fact that you hoped I'd get this job. But I wouldn't take it if I wasn't sure I could do it, so don't expect my gratitude to take the form of letting you run the department. Any of that and out you go!"

Phyllis looked awed. "But I—I still have the job?"

"We'll give it a try and see how you work out," George said. Then he grinned at her. Phyllis, after a moment, smiled faintly.

"That's the spirit!" Honeycutt said with relief. "I think you'll both be splendid."

"And now," George said to his wife, "suppose you fix the gingerbread for us—with the heavy cream."

"Oh," Phyllis spoke automatically, "don't you think we ought to use up the ice cream."

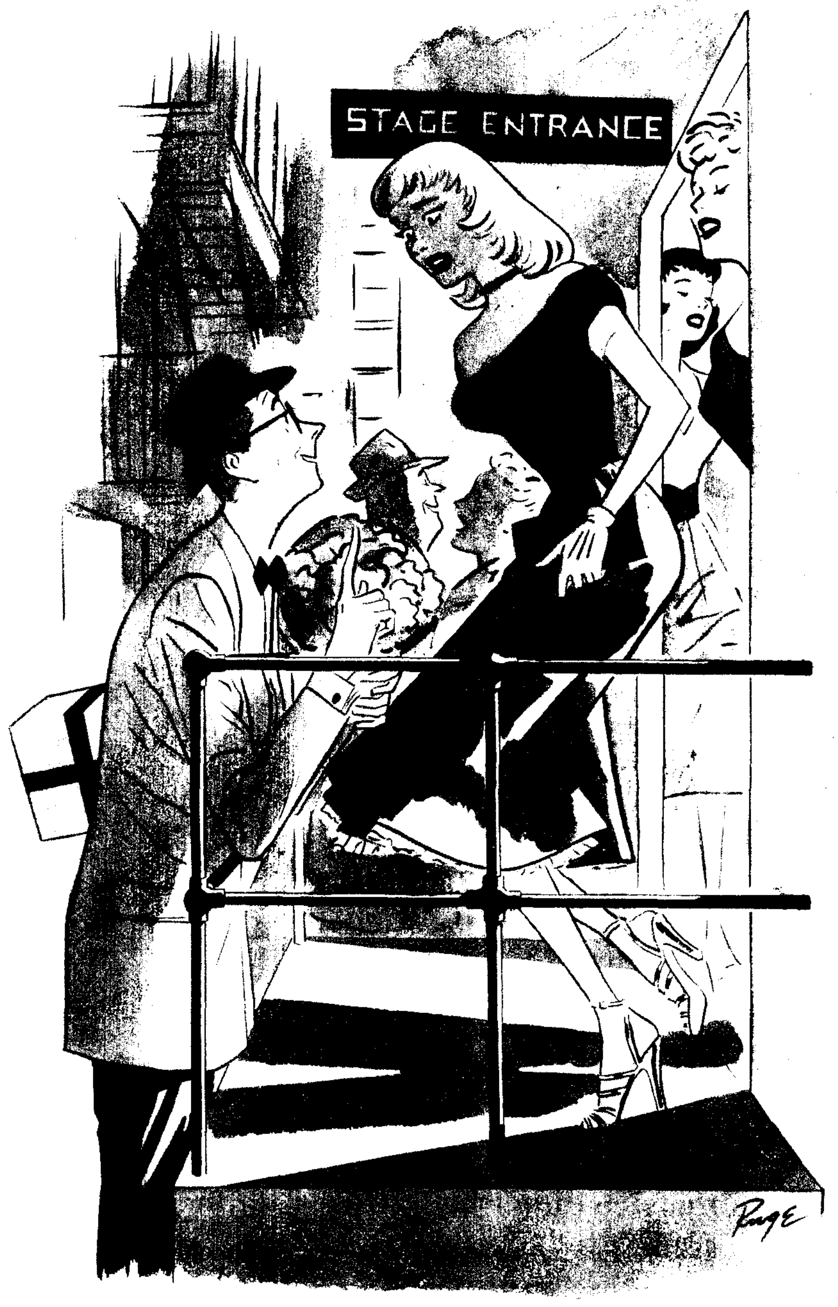
"No," George said, "I don't."

Phyllis suddenly began to look very young and befuddled and wide-eyed. She stared at George with half-open mouth. Finally she nodded.

Honeycutt took George's arm. His voice was impatient. "Come on, George. The kind of cream we have isn't important. I want to hear some more of your views on this abstract art stuff—"

As George followed Honeycutt into the living room he was thinking that he was going to like the guy very much, even if Honeycutt didn't know which were the really important things—to a married man.

—IRENE AND LOUIS KAMP



COLLIER'S "Are you the pink garter with the rosettes?" JOHN RUGE

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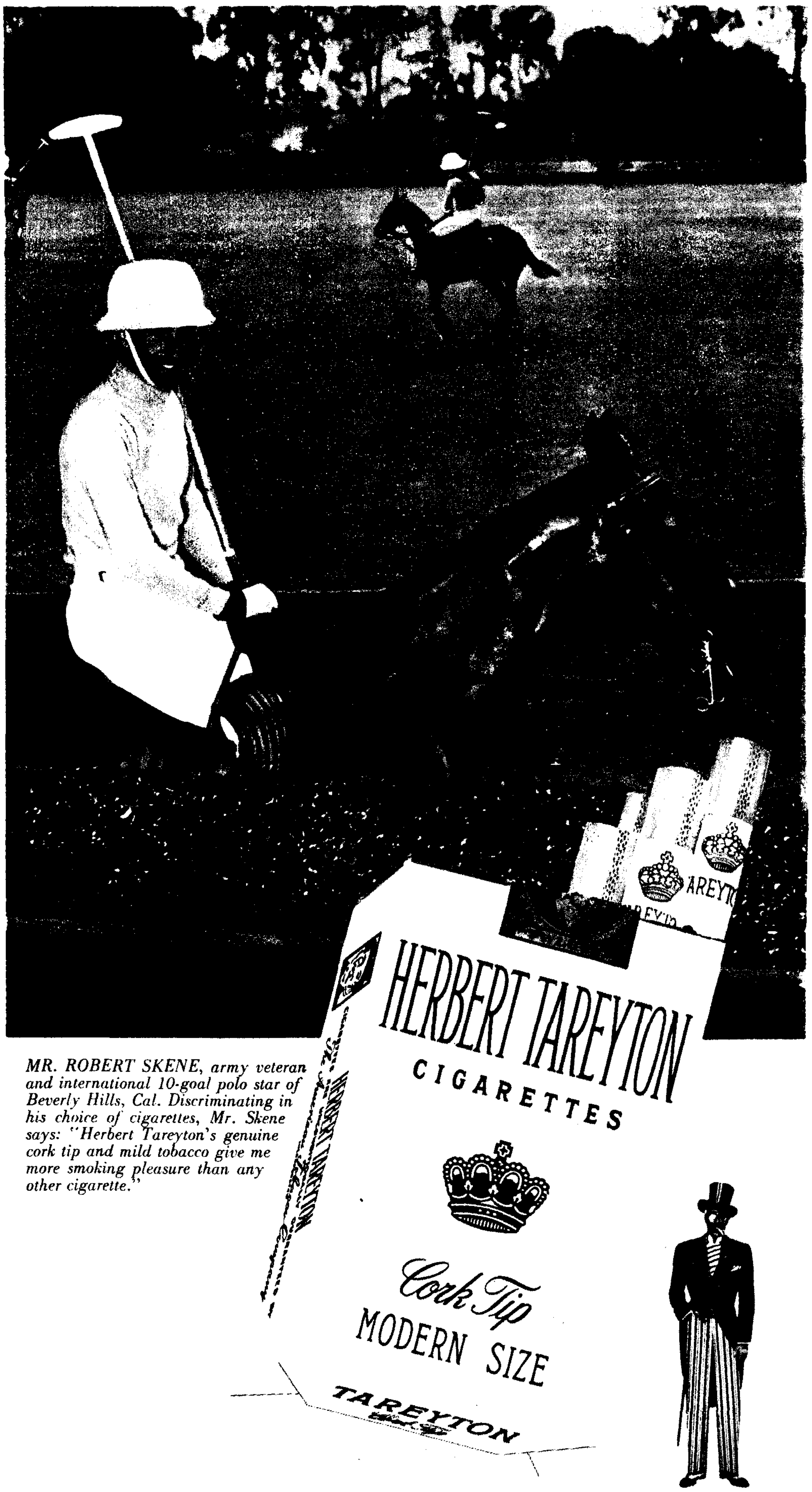

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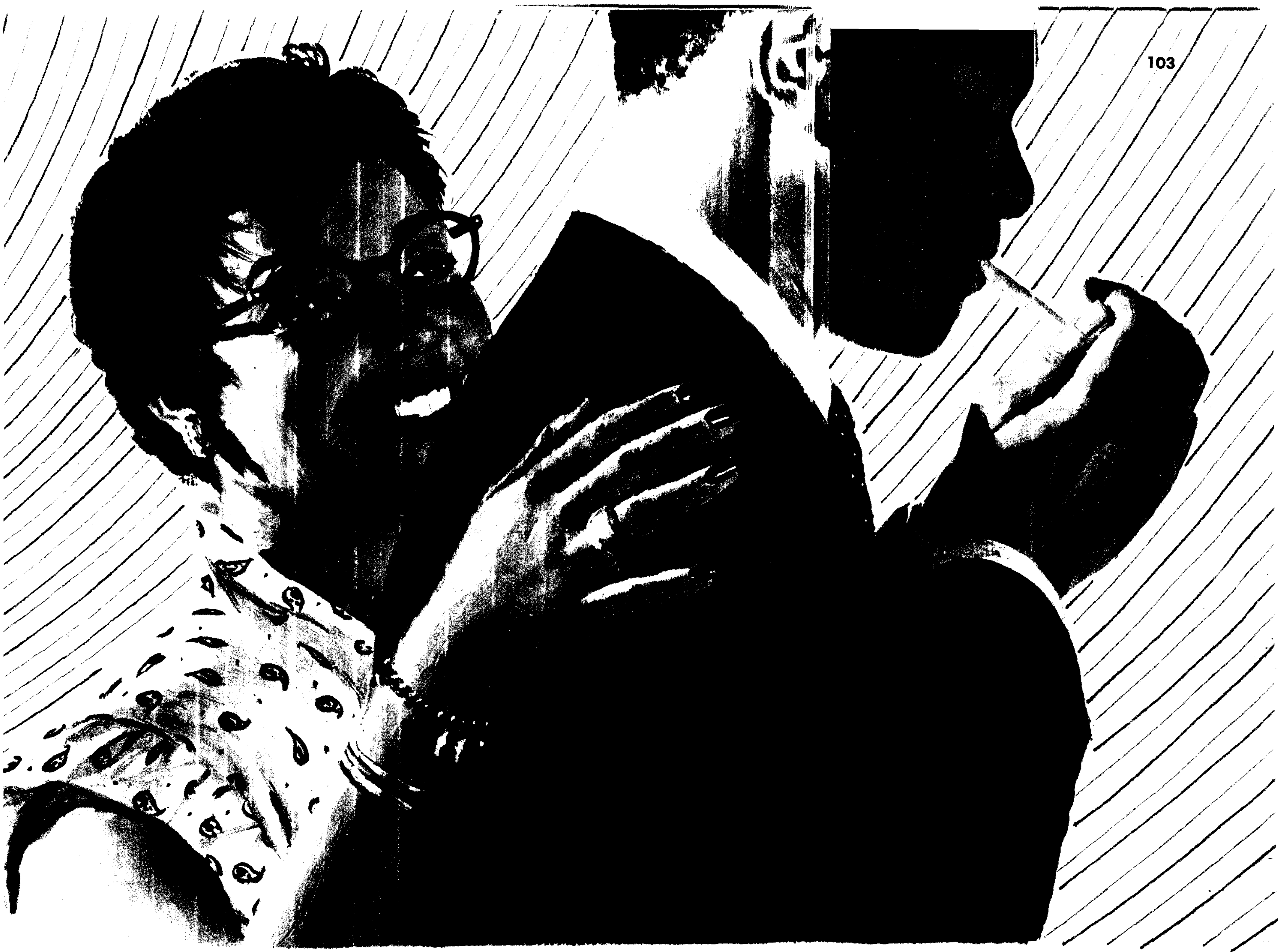
When it came to advising Rita about no-good men, Mama knew it all. You can't change them, she said, so don't fall in love. But advice didn't help when Rita met Sheldon . . .



By HILDA COLE ESPY

"YES," Sheldon was saying in his serious deep voice, standing tall and dignified in the kitchen of the Sugar Hill apartment, holding his hat. "Rita showed me the view from the Empire State Building. Looking down, there were so many lights you felt like you were looking up at the stars."

His eyes laughed as if Mama and Aunt Anita would know that, while the view was duly poetic, it was being with Rita that had counted. Over their cards—they were busy playing a game of double solitaire—Mama and Aunt Anita smiled at him, big smiles, unlike the respectful ones they gave to Clifford.

"I'll say good night," Sheldon said.

Rita walked him to the elevator. As the door slid open, she held out her hand. Shaking it, Sheldon seemed to take in her face, tilted nose, harlequin glasses, snapping black eyes, willful mouth. He seemed to understand everything and be touched by it.

"See you tomorrow," he said.

Rita went back to the kitchen, smiling and shaking her head. A date with Sheldon could be summed up in one word—amnesia. When you were out with Clifford, you noticed women's hats, what was in the store windows; you tasted your dinner and, if you walked too far, you felt your feet hurt. Out with Sheldon, what did you see, what did you have to remember? Just Sheldon—the way he moved, his easy talk, his alive face, the sudden laughter in his eyes.

"Girl, you mean to tell me you walked all the way up here from downtown?" Aunt Anita demanded.

Mama said nothing, but from her pursed lips and cocked head, from the way she pushed her spectacles up with her forefinger, Rita knew what she was thinking.

"You let a man walk you, he'll always walk you," Aunt Anita said. "Girl, anything you don't complain about, it won't worry him—"

"It was fun," Rita asserted. "We got to talking about a million things—"

"A man may talk about a million things," Aunt Anita said, "but there's just one thing on his mind, don't worry about that."

Rita got herself a glass of water and stood leaning against the sink, sipping her drink, looking more "flippy," as Mama put it, than she felt.

Mama played a card and glanced up at the girl. "Where he work at?" she asked.

Rita smiled to herself. They are giving me the business. They are really giving me the business. "I know he's working on and off," she said.

"Never mind what he do when he's *off,*" Aunt Anita said. "What he do when he's on?"

"I don't know, he hasn't said exactly. But he intends to go to college nights, in the fall. He's going to be a psychologist."

Mama exploded in a scoffing laugh. "All men is, honey," she said. "Don't you worry about that."

Rita smiled and put down her glass.

"Girl, just keep your eyes open," Mama warned. "Don't be like me."

Rita pressed her palms together as if to say her prayers. "God forbid," she said, kidding.

She stepped into her bedroom next to the kitchen. It was neat, not like Mama's. Mama's bureau was cluttered with snapshots, letters, perfume bottles, pencils, buttons. Reflective, sobered, she began to get undressed, tucking her pumps into a shoe bag, hanging up her suit, putting her earrings in a white leather box.

Don't be like me—that had been the story of her education. And every

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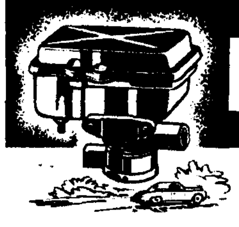

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difference had been praised by Mama and Aunt Anita. She could hear their voices, proud, exultant, exhorting, every step of the way. *Don't you think she shine her shoes every night of the week? Time she get through, ain't a speck of dust, ain't a scuff mark on them. Rita, you a real little lady.* (She had copied the way a certain teacher talked, the way an older girl wore her hair, or an actress walked.) *Any time I see a B on her report card, I'll be surprised. Rita made a speech at the graduation, stood up there just as big. Rita pass her typing speed test today; Rita got her a good job. Her boss a big lawyer. Rita going out with Clifford Martin. Clifford very nice, Rita. When the time come, girl, you get you a good husband. Ain't nobody going to take care of you if you don't take care of yourself. Don't be like me: wreck your life over some no-good man . . .*

RITA switched out the light, turned down the covers, kicked off her slippers. Aunt Anita had her records going now. Since Rita was little she had fallen asleep to the sounds of the blues and the talk rising over them. Men, men . . .

"Girl, who *want* to mess up their lives?" Mama was saying to Aunt Anita. "You think any woman say, 'Yes, suh, I'm going to ruin myself over that man. I just can't wait to get started making a mess of my life'?"

"Well, ain't it the truth!" Aunt Anita exclaimed.

Uneasily, Rita turned over and closed her eyes. I'll have to sort of pull myself together more when I'm with Sheldon, she thought, until I know him better.

"Girl, you know it's all there if you want to look," Mama was saying. "They tell you just as plain what they're like. A woman just don't want to spoil it by looking. A woman laugh at a lot of nonsense she going to have a fit over later—"

I laughed, Rita thought. Can't even remember what it was I laughed at. That's bad. . . .

Their date was for two o'clock, near the seal tank at the Central Park Zoo. It was a warm day—the sun wanted to sink in—but as Rita headed down the path that led past the polar bears, past the cafeteria and into the square, her hands were clammy cold.

When she saw Sheldon, relaxed in the sunlight, his arms resting on the rail around the seal tank, her defensiveness seemed ridiculous.

He smilingly placed her arm through his. "Let's wander," he said.

It was easy to fall into step beside him—like dancing, almost.

Girl, don't expect the devil to wear red velvet horns. When you out of your natural mind—you better watch.

As they turned into the monkey house, several teen-age boys rowdily rushed out. One slammed against her shoulder.

Rudely jolted, Rita turned, her eyes snapping. "Wake up!" she shouted after them. "Why don't you watch where you're going?"

"Why doesn't who watch where who's going?" Sheldon asked. Rita glanced up at him. His eyes were laughing.

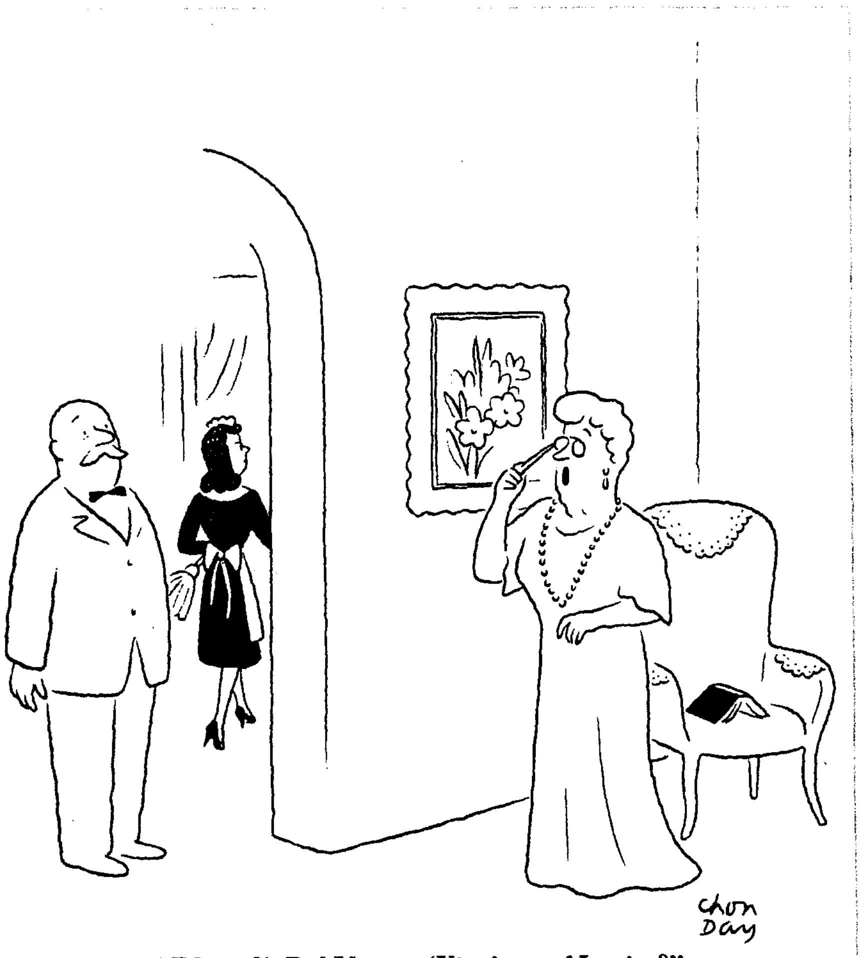
"I used to have to walk home from school through streets full of boys like that," she said. His amusement irked her. "They'd throw a baseball and it would hit you on the nose. They'd knock you over, spill your books—"

"I'll bet you worked pretty hard at being a little lady, didn't you?"

"I still do!" She looked at the monkeys as if they were all the boys and men she had ever known.

Sheldon laughed again, and she had to laugh, too. "Come on," he said, "let's have some coffee."

They wandered down the aisle in the cafeteria. She got coffee, a roll, jam. Sheldon picked up a tall, gooey sundae. (This would tickle Mama. Mama would throw back her head and laugh. "Ain't it a shame?" she would say.)



COLLIER'S "Edward! Did I hear a 'Yipe' out of Louise?" CHON DAY

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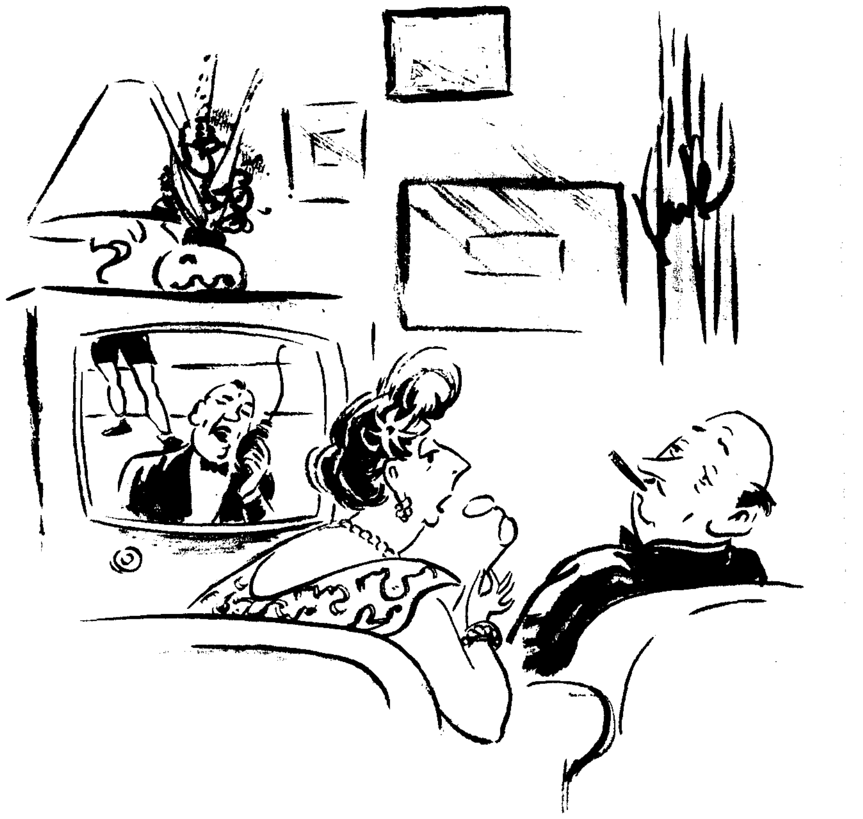

COLLIER'S "Who did he say is 'his woiddy ipponint'?" KIRK

They were standing before the cash register and Sheldon was slapping his pockets. He turned to her, abashed. "I changed jackets before I left my room and I must have left my wallet in the pocket. Can you lend me five until the next time I see you?"

Rita wanted to laugh. Then came Mama's voice and a feeling like a dip in a roller coaster. *Girl, look out for the ones that want to borrow. Let it happen once and, you watch, it'll happen again.*

Sheldon didn't seem worried or embarrassed for long. Sitting at one of the small round tables under a gay umbrella, he looked out at the sunny park and turned to her with a big smile that seemed to convey all the brightness he had seen.

"I really like this city. You grow up here, Rita?"

She was born in Baltimore, she told him, but had come to live in Harlem when she was seven. "Mama and Aunt Anita just picked up and left. That was the only way they could get rid of their husbands—"

Oh, they were faithful when it comes to that. Just as faithful and just as selfish as cats. Drink. Gamble. And don't ask them to work. Oh, no. Don't ask them to keep a job.

"Poor Rita," Sheldon said.

"Why?"

"Such a thing could make you feel a man isn't of much use to a woman," he explained.

"Well," she said, smiling, "a lot of them aren't!"

SHE thought Sheldon seemed a little quiet. Perhaps he didn't like her as much this way, being what Mama would call flippy. But this was the real Rita, bright-eyed behind the harlequin glasses. It was time he knew her. She finished her roll and coffee and carefully repaired her lipstick.

"I have to be downtown about five o'clock to check in on my job. I'd like to walk you to the subway first," Sheldon said.

She walked along by his side, looking and feeling pert. Maybe answering Sheldon's questions had served as a sort of catechism, helping her to recover herself.

"What kind of a job is it?" she asked.

"Tell you about it someday—"

Girl, just try and pin them down.

"How about meeting me Tuesday evening?" he asked as they neared the subway steps.

She nodded. *Some men are all right, if you willing to take them as they is. Don't think you can change them. Just enjoy them. And, girl, you can have a good time with them. But that's all they good for and don't you forget it, hear?*

"Remember the cafeteria where we went the first night? Let's meet in there, in case it's bad weather," he said.

"All right," she said.

THAT night when Rita was clearing off the dinner dishes, Aunt Anita asked, "Where's Clifford at?"

"Down in North Carolina for the firm," Rita said. "I'll see him Wednesday night."

"Thought maybe you had given him up," Aunt Anita went on.

"Why?" Rita said, scraping the dishes. "I never have thought going out with just one boy friend was a very good idea—"

"Girl," Mama reproved Aunt Anita, "Rita *smart.* She ain't a crazy fool woman without a brain in her head the way I was."

Rita could still get a feeling of solid satisfaction from Mama's approval. But she winked at Aunt Anita. "Who'd want to be like *her?*" she demanded, affectionately indicating Mama. "All broken down. All beat up."

Mama laughed, showing her gold teeth. "No, *suh,*" she said. "Don't be like me."

Tuesday morning Rita's boss told her to take some papers to the owner of a big pawnshop on Lenox Avenue. The morning was clean and bright. It'd be fun to be in the park with Sheldon, she thought, and then being flippy again, she thought: Say what are *you* doing on my mind? She looked around. All the windows needed washing. Signs needed

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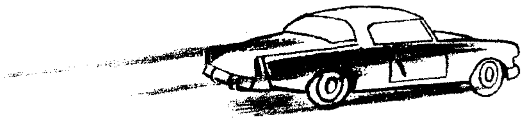

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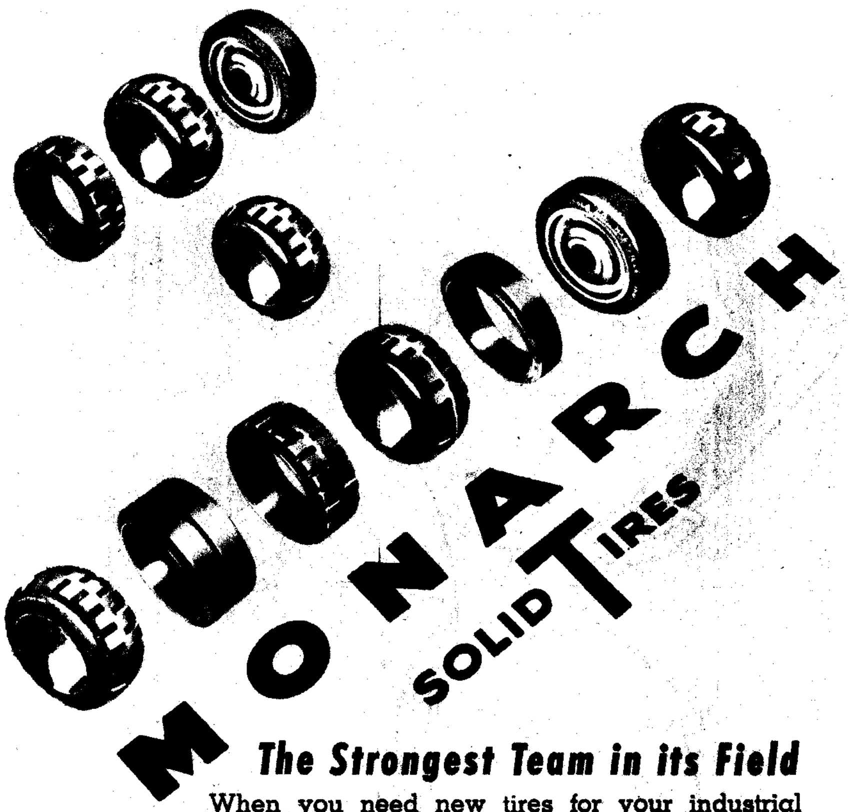

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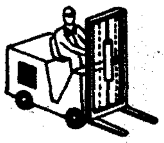

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repainting. The morning put everything to shame.

She was approaching Sam's, a poolroom of ill repute, which was filled with men at this hour of the morning. "I got work now, honey," a boy friend of Aunt Anita's had told her when she'd urged him to see about a job she'd heard of. Passing this window, one day Aunt Anita had glanced in and discovered that he was a liar as well as a loafer.

"There he was, just as *big,*" she'd come home and told Mama.

Just as big. Rita didn't know whether she was hearing Aunt Anita's voice or her own. She kept walking, kept hearing "just as *big.*" But what she saw, and kept seeing as she blindly walked the blocks ahead, was Sheldon. Oh, yes, it had really been Sheldon back there in Sam's poolroom.

Rita kept seeing the way his feet had slapped down as he walked around the pool table, the way he wore his hat turned up in front, like a high-school hot-shot, and the way he threw his head back when he laughed. All the earmarks—all the familiar earmarks of the no-good man.

When she had asked him about his job, he had said, "I'll tell you about it someday."

"Someday," Rita now echoed grimly.

Girl, never mind about someday. Ten to one that someday is one day you never going to see.

Be glad you know, she told hersel You felt nervous about him and thi was why. Meet him tonight, make som excuse to him, and then never se him again.

Girl, no use fighting with them Mama would say to Aunt Anita. *Don' you think they know that means yo still interested, just can't keep you hands off?*

No use thinking about what migh have been, Rita thought. Get back t the office and get to work. Catch u on the filing. Answer everything i "pending." Keep busy.

Midafternoon, her shoulders achin from a fury of typing, she went to th water cooler to get a drink. She straightened up, and her eyes behind the harlequin glasses were very black and ver bright. See—I can forget you, sh thought. It's easy.

THAT evening as she entered th cafeteria she saw that Sheldon wa sitting at a table near the window neatly dressed in a gray suit, readin the paper.

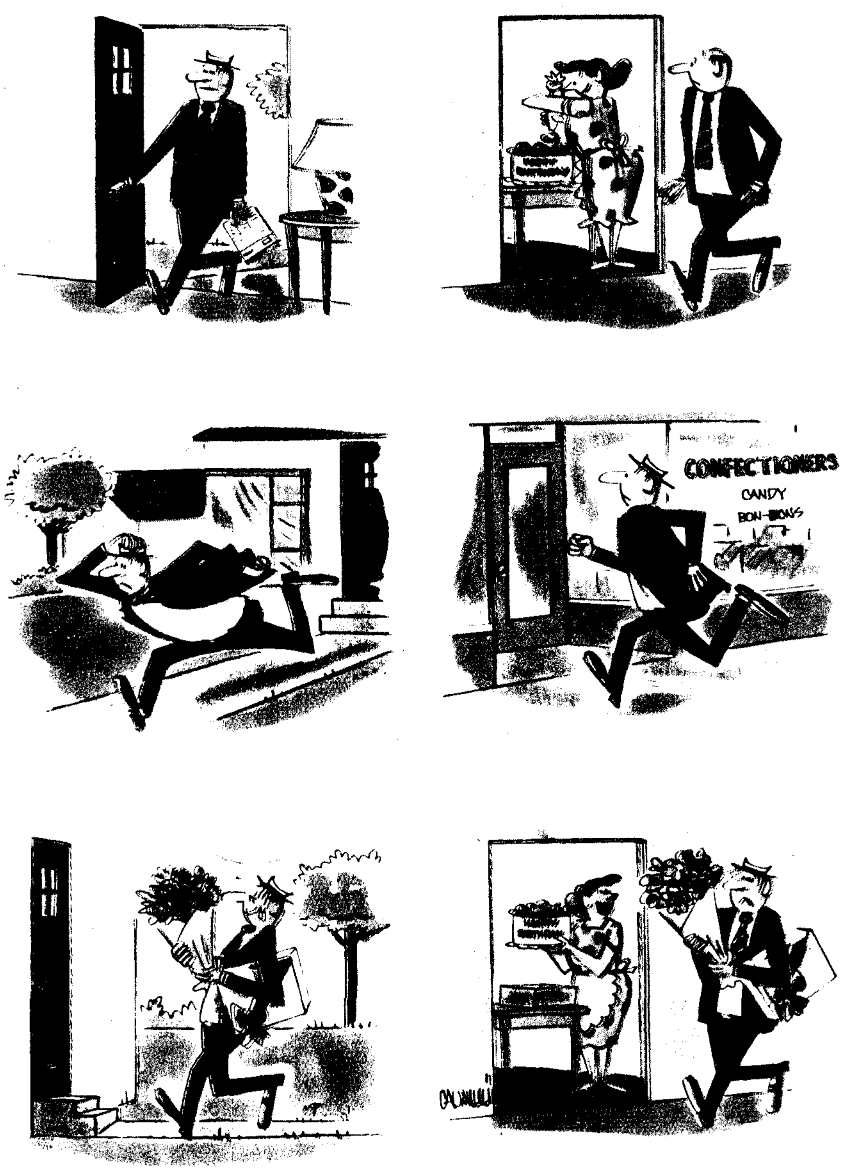
Girl, they can fool you so that, wel as you know them, they can get yo thinking you the one that's crazy.

"Hello, Sheldon," she said.

He stood up. "On your feet," he said smiling. "There are ladies present."

Never mind a sense of humor. Jus let's have some sense.

She sat down. "I can't stay long



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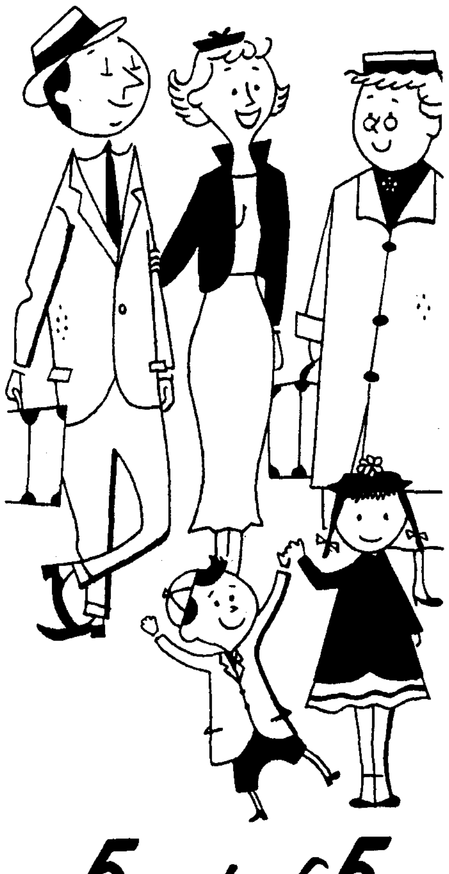

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Mama isn't feeling well, so I must get home early."

"I'm sorry."

They can talk so sweet, make you feel so mean—

"Did you work hard today, Sheldon?" Rita asked.

He nodded and made a face, as much as to say: Things were really popping.

She had not intended to say anything. But her voice came out, trembling and accusing. "There ought to be a law against that long hard trip around the pool table," she said.

What are you saying? That's what his flabbergasted expression demanded. How did you know?

"I passed by a place called Sam's this morning," she told him. "Nobody who is any good ever goes there."

"Is that right?"

His arrogance was incredible to her. She stared into his laughing eyes, with hurt and shame spreading through her like a stain.

Girl, I'd tell your father, "Listen here," and he'd just laugh at me. Just laugh. Girl, if a man ever laugh at you, don't you cry.

She was going to cry. She stood up.

"Rita," Sheldon said. He reached out his hand. He had a poor-little-girl look on his face, as if somebody else had hurt her, as if he thought he could fix everything by touching her hand.

Dance Dunce

Foremost among my social faults
Is this: when sambas play, I waltz.

—JOHN FALLON

She wanted to slap his face. The urge was fierce, specific. Instead, horrified by her mounting emotion, she backed away. "You're just no good," she said. "You're just no good at all."

She was pushing through the crowd on the street, she was looking for a token in the bottom of her purse, she was sitting in the subway train, trembling and sick.

Oh, I shouldn't have said that, she thought miserably. There was no use to say that, to hurt him. All her life she would hear her voice saying, "You're just no good at all."

Honey, try to hurt them, and you just hurts yourself. No use in hard words. You got to forget them, just move on and forget them.

I WON'T tell Mama, she thought. I know what she'd say. *Girl, you lucky. Thank your lucky stars. Supposin' you was in love, supposin' you was married to him?*

Is nothing to come of the happy way I felt but this—this sickness? she wondered. Is this really all?

"Girl, what happened to Sheldon?" Aunt Anita would ask her.

And she'd give a flippy look through her harlequin glasses.

"Sheldon?" she'd say. "Who's he?"

They'd laugh—that's all it would take—and then they'd drop it. But I've got all this business *inside* me to get rid of, Rita thought—weak in the knees, trembling like a leaf, wanting to cry....

Clifford called for her at eight o'clock Wednesday evening.

He stood in the kitchen, addressing Mama and Aunt Anita. "And how have you been since I have seen you?" he asked. His short, clipped mustache rose as he smiled. His teeth flashed.

"Very well, thank you," Mama said. She nodded and smiled. "Very well."

"I'm glad to hear that," Clifford said. "I had a very interesting trip. Yes, it was very interesting."

WATCHING Mama and Aunt Anita, Rita thought, startled: He bores them! She remembered how they had smiled at Sheldon—big smiles. They didn't trust him—he was too good-looking—but he tickled them. Oh, there was nothing like a no-good man to put a glint in your gold teeth!

"On my return this morning, my employer told me some very good news, some *very* good news," Clifford said. "He's going to take me into the firm."

"Oh, Clifford," Rita said. "That's wonderful."

He nodded. Why did she find herself thinking: Poor Clifford?

"Come on in here," he said, teeth flashing again.

He winked at Mama and Aunt Anita, and they looked at each other as if to say: Don't he think *he* something?

They were in the living room, and Rita was suddenly very frightened. She could have cried, in warning and with compassion: No, Clifford—not now!

While she watched, he took a small white box out of his pocket. "I celebrated my raise of salary with this—" he said.

"Clifford, you mustn't!"

He did not understand. He did not get it. "It's a ring," Clifford said.

"I know it is. I know."

"Rita, I thought—"

"So did I," she said. "So did I. Yes, I really did. But you see, I met somebody else. It's got me all mixed up, Clifford. I'm afraid—"

He put the ring in his pocket. "Want to see the Danny Kaye movie?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I'm very upset. I think I'd better be by myself, maybe take a walk."

Poor Mama. Rita could just hear her bragging. *Clifford and Rita bought a spinet piano. Rita, she got all modern furniture. She don't want to be bothered with fussy stuff. Honey, does you want a convertible or a coupé, Clifford ask Rita. Lord, she don't let him get away with nothin'...*

That's the kind of wife I'd be, Rita thought. Snapping at him sometimes, being impatient, sounding bored.

Take, take—give nothin'. That's a man for you. Sometimes that's a woman for you too, Rita thought.

She did not return to the kitchen but waited for Clifford to get clear of the apartment; then she went out onto the street.

If I hadn't met Sheldon, I wouldn't have known what it feels like to be in love, she thought. It was an important thing to know.

Sheldon *had* given her something. And what had she given him? A cold wave of horror swept over her, then another feeling—a potent yearning, a feeling that she could undo it. She hailed a taxi.

Nobody but a crazy fool woman would be chasin' down Lenox Avenue this time of the evening, fixin' to tap a pool-playin' man on the shoulder.

There was a crowd outside Sam's.

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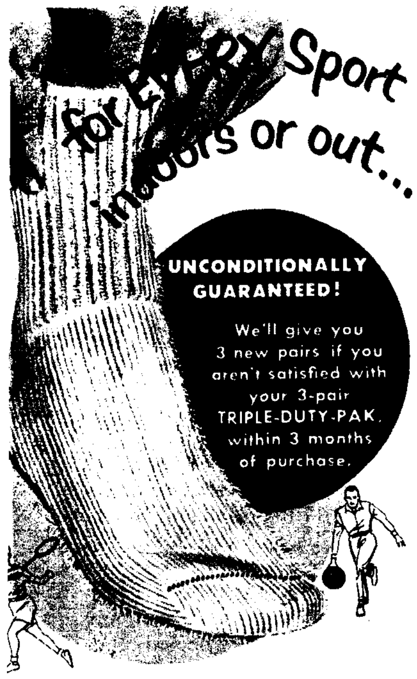

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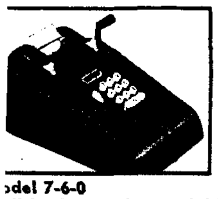

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Rita stepped out of the taxi and then stood for a moment, watching. There was a cop at the door. The lights were on, but nobody was inside.

"What's the matter here?" she asked an older woman.

"Place been raided," she was told.

Rita swallowed. She began to shiver. "What for?"

"Dope. Lookin' for pushers. Took them all away to the police station."

Girl, when you can't believe your eyes it's time to ask yourself what the good Lord took the trouble to put them in your head for.

Still, I don't believe he was mixed up in it at all, she thought swiftly. But, even if he was, I have to help him.

Goin' to make him over, honey? Well, you be the first woman ever had any luck.

This is me, she thought, standing in front of a stationhouse desk and speaking to the cop. "I'm looking for a man called Sheldon Ball. I'm not sure he's here, but there was a raid on Sam's poolroom—"

Why was the officer looking at her this way? She's not the type—maybe he was thinking that. Maybe he was thinking: She's not the type to run after a man like that.

"Just a minute," the officer said. "Sit down."

He motioned toward a bench. She sat down, aware of the lights on the dark varnished wood, the dreary pattern of the linoleum.

SHELDON came in. When he saw her his eyes darkened—not with meanness but with astonishment. She started to speak to him, but nothing she had thought of saying came out.

"I shouldn't have spoken to you the way I did," Rita began. "You see, ever since I was a child—" Her voice trembled and she had to fish in her purse for a handkerchief.

He sat beside her. "I know. I don't blame you," he said. "I came around early this evening, but you were expecting a caller—a gentleman friend, your mother told me. I thought: She's picking up the pieces, and I wouldn't have come again. But here you are. How did you know where to find me?"

"I went to Sam's."

"Oh."

"I came here to help you—help you any way I could."

Sheldon placed his hand over hers. "Rita, try to get it out of your head that I'm like the man your mother left in Baltimore."

"Sheldon," said the officer at the desk. Sheldon stood up. "I see no reason for you to hang around here all night. We're pretty well set."

"Okay. There's one more thing about the guy they call Lobo—"

RITA listened. And so she knew that he hadn't been bundled away in the raid. He had helped stage it.

The tears were dry on her cheeks. Oh, yes. She was going to be luckier than Mama. She had found someone to love that she could live with. But if she hadn't been suspicious like Mama tonight (someday I'll tell her, Rita thought), she might never have known it.

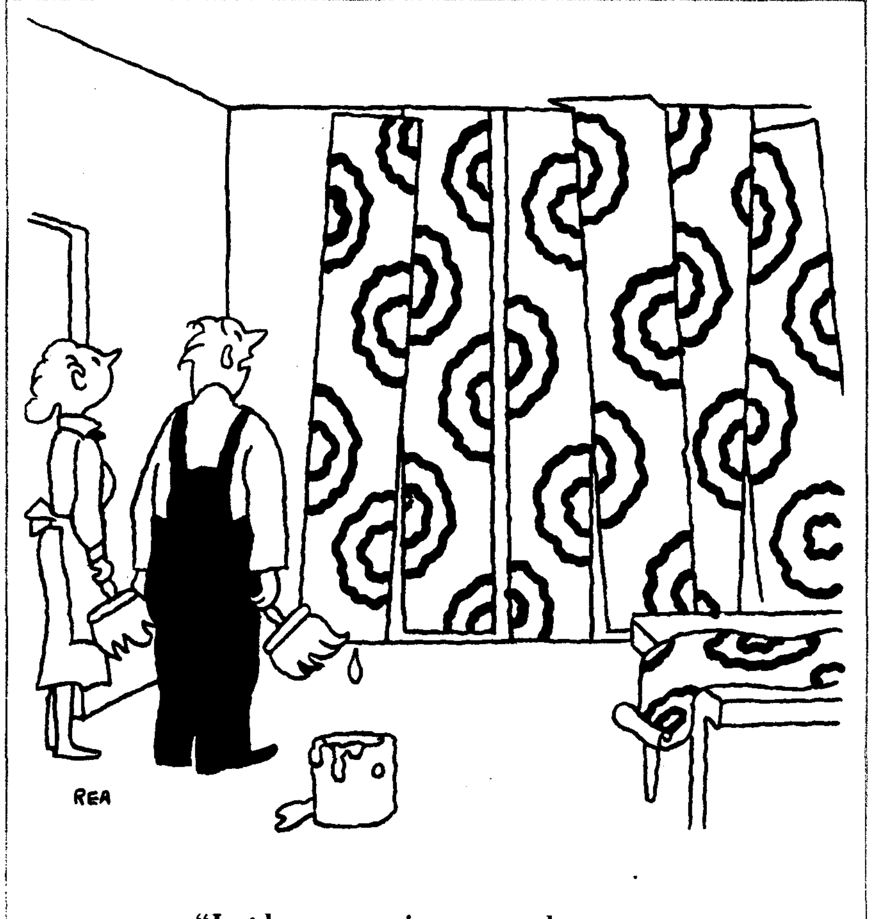
Watching Sheldon bend over the desk, she could hear Mama now, and Aunt Anita. They would never understand how lucky she was. *Where his royal highness? Mean to tell me he's in bed? Done wore himself out? Now ain't that a shame?*

You mean to tell me, Mama, you think I've got a no-good man? she would ask.

Honey, they ain't any other kind.

"All set?" Here was Sheldon, smiling, holding out his hand. She walked beside him out of the stationhouse, with the feeling she always had when she was with him—a togetherness that was like dancing.

—HILDA COLE ESPY



"Just keep on saying over and over to yourself: We're saving thirty bucks—we're saving thirty bucks—we're saving thirty bucks . . ."

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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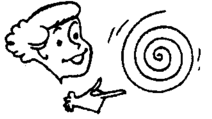

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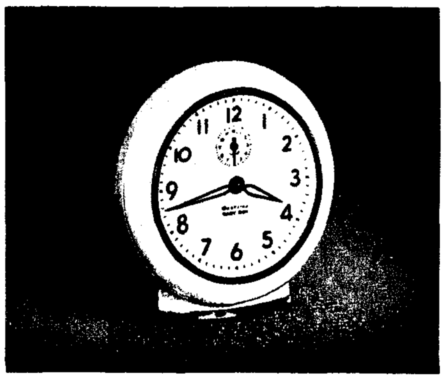

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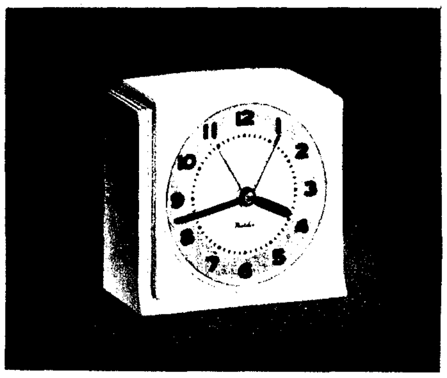

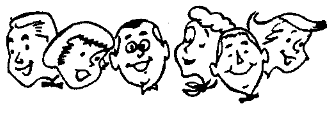

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Moondog and his strange music

In Times Square, where the bizarre is often commonplace, Moondog is a standout

Moondog
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THE dazzling Broadway trail which stretches through Times Square and environs in midtown Manhattan, is full of strange and mirthless minstrels. As much a part of the Square as its frenetic lights, they wander through seemingly homeless days and nights among the mobs of gaping tourists and casual natives: ragged kids singing for pennies, crippled violinists on wheeled platforms, old women singing the praises of their lavender wares. And one, a man who calls himself Moondog.

Moondog is one of the best-known of Broadway's bizarre street musicians. His real name is Louis Thomas Hardin. Blind, bearded, hooded, dressed in draped and flowing garments of indeterminate origin, he crouches each night in one of the small shop entrances off Times Square and plays his strange music. He uses instruments of his own invention, which he calls by such names as "oo," "uni," "trimba"; and the music they make is a strong insistent blend of primitive and Oriental rhythms which almost demands listening. Hardin calls it "snake-time."

A familiar sight in Times Square since 1949, the Kansas-born composer began studying music when he lost his sight, at sixteen. Now thirty-seven, he is regarded along Broadway not as a musical dead beat, but as a serious talent. He has made records for several companies and promotes his own products by selling them to his sidewalk audiences. Hardin doesn't have to play on the streets, but he seemingly has no intention of leaving them. "I like to flaunt convention," he says. "In commercial music, I'd have to conform. But so long as I stay on the streets, people take this"—pointing to his strange garb—"because they think I'm a harmless eccentric. Maybe I am. But I do as I please. That's more than most people can say. So far as I'm concerned, I've arrived." ▲▲▲

Manhattan strollers cluster about blind composer Moondog, listening to primitive rhythms he beats out with instruments he invented. Left, standing on concrete island in middle of Times Square, he waits for people to buy his records, sheet music

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

I fired the boy!

YES! I fired the boy who made me listen!

The city is playing a symphony and its beauty has held me spellbound for almost an hour. You see, the sounds of everyday are new to me. A match *scratches* before it bursts into flame – a light switch *clicks* – a typewriter *taps* – minutes *tick* . . . these sounds are so much a part of life that, until they are lost, you take them for granted.

I lost them five years ago. Certainly, I fought to keep them. Who wouldn't strain to hear . . . who wouldn't clutch at the sound of laughter? But, finally and bitterly, I had to give up.

I pretended I didn't want pity or sympathy, but misery *does* want company. So, my loss became a burden that my wife carried, my son carried, my friends carried. I shut my mind to suggestions. I absolutely refused to recognize that anything could be done to regain my hearing . . . until I was flatly accused of wallowing in sympathy!

A young "comer" I had hired to train in my business flared in anger one day and shouted at me in a way that penetrated my stubbornness and the silence.

I fired the boy. I hired him again the next day. His blunt statement repeated itself over and over again in my mind until I reached for the phone book and looked up a hearing-aid specialist. I remember stomping out of the office to keep the appointment – the appointment that changed my life. He showed me a real miracle. Hearing aids no bigger than my package of cigarettes. Compact, precision-made hearing aids that weigh no more than a few ounces!

I've got one on now . . . and now *I hear!*

I must say, the first time I wore my hearing aid, I felt pretty self-conscious. I suppose wearing glasses for the first time makes you feel the same way. But, my friends didn't even mention it, and, after a few days, that feeling left . . . I've been too busy listening and living again!

P. S. You can depend on "Eveready" hearing-aid batteries for uniform performance the same as I do. And you'll find "Eveready" batteries last a lot longer, too.

This letter reflects the experiences of many thousands of progressive men and women. If you are hard of hearing, get professional advice without delay. There are competent physicians and highly trained hearing-aid dealers in your neighborhood, anxious and able to help you.

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MARRIAGE

DELLENBACK

Dr. Emily Mudd confers with Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey

By DR. EMILY HARTSHORNE MUDD with BILL DAVIDSON

A distinguished marriage counselor says the new book could mean the difference between happiness and despair for many worried couples. It supplies additional facts professional advisers long have needed to help save foundering marriages

THERE'S no denying many people feel that any public discussion of sexual behavior is distasteful—that any show of interest in it is somehow shameful. I'm sure that's the attitude behind a question I'm often asked by clients and acquaintances: "Why should Dr. Kinsey—a really important scientist, isn't he?—spend fifteen years of his life studying *that* subject?" Or I'm asked what amounts to the same question this way: "Sure, the Kinsey reports are sensational—but what good are they?"

You might be interested in my answer because I believe that most people—even those who are not upset by the reports—don't realize the great value of Dr. Kinsey's studies.

Professionals in the field of human emotions—whether marriage counselors, clergy, psychologists or psychiatrists—are *using* the Kinsey findings, using them to save tottering marriages, to rebuild wrecked lives, to prevent the anguish of millions of children whose security is threatened by divorce.

Until the appearance of the first Kinsey volume, Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, we counselors had to rely largely on trial and error and on our own comparatively limited clinical experience to prevent domestic tragedies and mental crack-ups stemming from acute sexual problems. This whole area of human experience was cloaked in mystery.

Dr. Kinsey threw bright light on this region of darkness. For the first time, as a result of his work, we have facts based on the systematic observation of large numbers of people; previous pioneers in the field—mainly Sigmund Freud and Havelock Ellis—had instead given detailed reports on individual cases. With the publication this month of the new Kinsey Report on the sexual behavior of 5,940 women, we professionals are buttressed by even more scientific fact, by additional statistically valid averages and patterns.

How do we use the Kinsey material? Here's an illustration: A few weeks ago a tearful woman came to my office. "I don't know what's happening to my marriage," she said. "My husband and I are both forty years old. We've been married fifteen years and have three children, but now it looks as if we're just not meant to live together." I calmed her, and encouraged her to talk. After a couple of separate sessions with her and her husband, this story emerged:

The husband, a salesman, was an average man with average desires—but the wife had never once responded completely in all the years they'd been married. Like many other Americans, both had an imperfect idea of the feminine physical structure, and neither understood the source of a woman's satisfaction. Without realizing what was wrong, they had allowed their relationship to build up internal tension until now it was approaching the explosion point.

The woman was a bundle of nerves because of anxiety about her marital difficulties. The husband, stung by his wife's accusations that he was too demanding, became obsessed with the idea that there was something wrong with him, that his desire was abnormal. He limited his relations with his wife—and that, along with the feeling that he was unwanted and unloved, increased *his* tension. He couldn't sleep at night and he lost three jobs in a brief time. His wife began to think he was a failure, inadequate in his work. By the time they came to the Marriage Council, they bristled with hostility and the marriage seemed headed for the divorce courts.

We believed that the key to the tangle was the couple's conviction that the husband was abnormal and we spent a full session discussing with him the pertinent facts of Dr. Kinsey's book on the sexual behavior of the human male. We talked over the chapters and tables showing that his desire was not excessive for a man of forty. At the end of the session, he broke into a big smile and said, "So I'm not different!"—and we knew we had much of his problem solved.

After that, we used the same Kinsey material to help the wife understand that there was nothing wrong with her husband. She began to realize how difficult it was for him to bottle up his normal feelings, and how selfish her attitude must have seemed to him. Through further counseling, she learned how she, too, could enjoy marital relations, while the husband—by basic reading and discussion—found out how to make his wife respond (it would have been much easier if the second Kinsey Report on the human female had been available at the time).

This couple had no other major problems, we learned, and after seven interviews we closed the book on the case. The wife had had a completed marital relationship for the first time, and she was happier and better adjusted. The husband was doing well in his new job; the marriage definitely was saved.

Of course, marriage problems are not always about sex—and even when they are, the Kinsey

Dr. Emily Hartshorne Mudd, shown here advising a couple, is one of the country's outstanding marriage counselors. She is director of the Marriage Council of Philadelphia, an assistant professor in the Psychiatry Department, University of Pennsylvania Medical School, and president of the American Association of Marriage Counselors. A thousand couples a year seek advice at the Philadelphia council

Report is not a magic wand. But, as you can see, it's often a tremendous help, when combined with our usual talking-it-out process.

As many as 1,000 couples a year come to our Marriage Council of Philadelphia (which is affiliated with the Department of Psychiatry of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine). We speak with another 8,000 to 10,000 people a year in groups outside our offices. Of the active cases handled by our eight counselors and seven postgraduate trainees, one third come in before marriage and two thirds after marriage—and of the married couples, one out of every five is having sexual difficulties. In many of these cases, we use the Kinsey material in our counseling.

A Must for Marriage Counselors

When you consider that there are more than 30 marriage councils in other cities, plus hundreds of social-service agencies doing part-time counseling, the importance of the Kinsey books becomes obvious. They are a must for every professional counselor trying to help people find happier lives.

Besides helping us directly in our work with patients, Dr. Kinsey has widened the scope of our thinking by challenging many of our old theories with fact—principally regarding what we used to consider "normal" and "abnormal" behavior. He has given us so much new data that we are forced to think more, work harder, before we classify a case in any specific category. When copies of the Kinsey Report on women arrive in our office, we will have to hold one staff meeting after another to consider the implications of the new data.

At the Marriage Council of Philadelphia, the first Kinsey Report on the human male got lots of use, and we anticipate even more service out of the second volume, on the human female. But there will be a difference in how we use the two reports in counseling patients.

The main value of the first volume has been in getting people to say—as the salesman did—"So I'm not abnormal! So there *isn't* anything wrong with me!" We have heard those welcome words time and time again—even where the anxieties were so deeply rooted that we feared the person might be the one case in ten that we refer to our medical specialists in these matters, the psychiatrists.

I remember one man in particular, a twenty-seven-year-old engineer who came back from his honeymoon in a state bordering on hysteria. He and his wife were deeply in love, but he had been unable even to begin marital relations with her. "What's the matter with me?" he kept asking. His wife, hurt and puzzled, wondered, "What sort of man did I marry—or is there something wrong with *me?*" He couldn't eat or sleep, and I could see the beginnings of a sanitarium case shaping up.

The young man had a complex of problems, all stemming from his ignorance of sex. His few experiences before marriage had frightened him and filled him with a sense of guilt. When he was a boy, for example, a young man had made advances to him on two occasions. The engineer now was convinced that something was fundamentally wrong with him, that he was incapable of a normal marriage.

There seldom has been a patient more susceptible to the Kinsey figures. We showed him that the various experiences he considered wrong or shameful actually are undergone by 80 per cent or more of the male population—and that nearly two men in five have at least one climactic homosexual experience at some time between adolescence and old age. We relied on Dr. Kinsey to convince him that nearly all these men, after that brief lapse, go on to live normal married lives.

The young engineer reacted with the "So there's nothing really wrong with me" response at the end of the very first session. After just three more sessions—during which we gave him more facts, helped him talk out his problems and built up his confidence—he reported that he and his wife were beginning to have adequate marital relations, and both were obtaining satisfaction. His acute tension was gone, and it was hard to believe that just a few weeks before he was a man on the verge of a mental crack-up.

The first Kinsey book is, in short, mainly a yardstick to allay anxieties by letting people know authoritatively just what is and what is not done by a majority of our male population.

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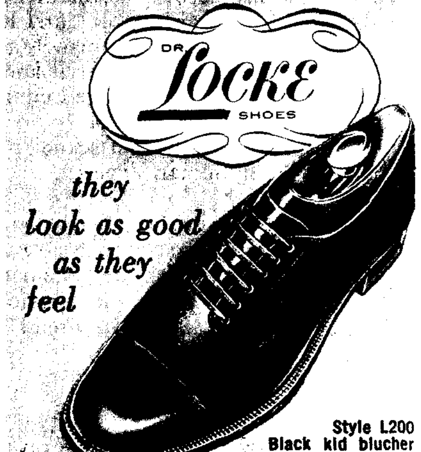

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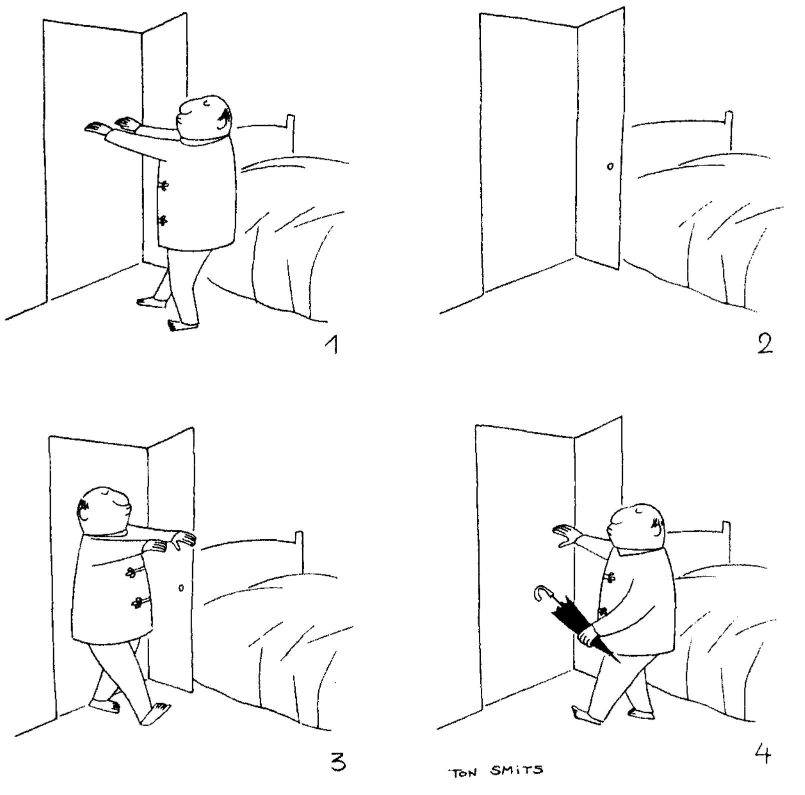

COLLIER'S TON SMITS

The new Kinsey Report on women s much more. It is crammed with information which never until now has been collected on such a statistically sound basis. There is, for example, a chapter on the Physiology of Sexual Response, which, if it were read by all men, might cut dramatically the work of marriage councils like ours. It would each husbands facts about marital re-ations that many of them never knew and it would show them how their wives—with the correct physical stimu-ation—can enjoy those relations as much as they themselves do. Another chapter, Psychologic Factors in Sexual Response, can do much to make husbands and wives better understand one another by teaching them that each needs different *mental* stimulation for a mutually satisfying experience.

Education Is Urgently Needed

Besides using the Kinsey Report on women as a yardstick for the average (as we did with the first report) we also will use it more broadly—to educate people. Such education is badly needed. We have actually had hundreds of cases where neither the husband nor the wife realized that women are capable of *any* sexual response. There are many wives who consider their husbands unfaithful because they are aroused by outside stimulation, such as pictures of other women. Dr. Kinsey's new report will show these brooding wives that nearly all men react strongly to nudity, thoughts of other experiences and so on—and that these mental stimulations help the man respond to his wife as his immediate love object.

I can think of many occasions in the past when the new Kinsey material would have lightened our load considerably if it had been available. One day a seventeen-year-old girl broke down in the office of one of our counselors. She had just married a nineteen-year-old soldier who was on his way overseas, and they had taken their honeymoon during his last week's leave in this country. The week had been horrible for her. Her young husband's demands were excessive. By the second day she had become hurt and upset, and by the fourth day she was literally sick. "If this is marriage," she told us, "I just don't want it."

We were able to convince the youngster that her husband was probably overstimulated by the uncertainties of his future in the Army and that she should make due allowances. But if we had had the new Kinsey book, we could have helped her even more, by showing her the significant new charts indicating that most men reach the peak of their desire in the late teens and then gradually decline, while a woman starts more slowly but then continues with unabated desire into her fifties and sixties. Those charts might have saved us the hours of talking it took to assure her that one day she and her husband could be thoroughly compatible.

At the other end of the age scale was the fifty-five-year-old banker whose desires had lessened to the degree which, according to Dr. Kinsey, is natural for most middle-aged men. He was having fewer and fewer experiences with his fifty-two-year-old wife—but her desire was no less than it had been. Tensions were developing between them: the husband thought his wife's demands were abnormal; the wife thought she no longer was attractive to her husband. The wife's next step—judging from our past experience—might have been to seek out an extramarital affair, simply to prove to herself that she still had appeal for men. Fortunately, they came to us, and we were able to help them solve the problem by our talking-it-out process, whereby they learned to understand each other's feelings and to communicate with each other. But the new Kinsey charts would have hastened the understanding considerably.

Perhaps the most dramatic case in which the new Kinsey material might have helped was one involving an Army captain who, in the emotional chaos of going off to war, insisted on spending a week end in New York with his fiancée—whom he later married. But when he returned from overseas, he was terribly upset about that past

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He was, obviously, instituting a continuing sacrifice in which Christians of every generation might join with Him in the most pleasing act of worship that can be offered to God. In this, as in other ways, the Apostles were to act as Christ's earthly ministers ... as priests in the external offering of the sacrifice. And when they followed Christ's instructions, Our Lord would offer Himself in sacrifice – the victim would be present as He promised.

This is the heart and core of the Mass, which has been the central act of worship in every Catholic Church on the face of the earth since the time of the Apostles. As successors to the Apostles, the bishops and priests at the Mass recite the very words Christ used at the Last Supper. And when this is done, Christ is present on the altar – offering Himself as He had promised, "for the remission of sins." If this were not true, "Do this in remembrance of me" would be empty and meaningless words, which is inconceivable.

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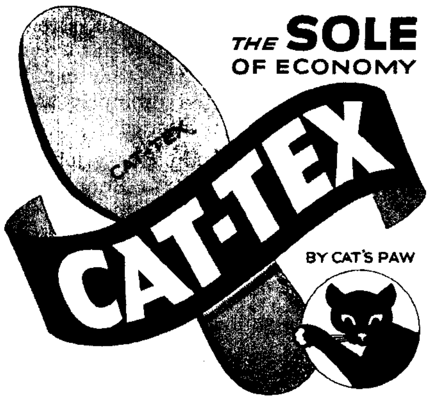

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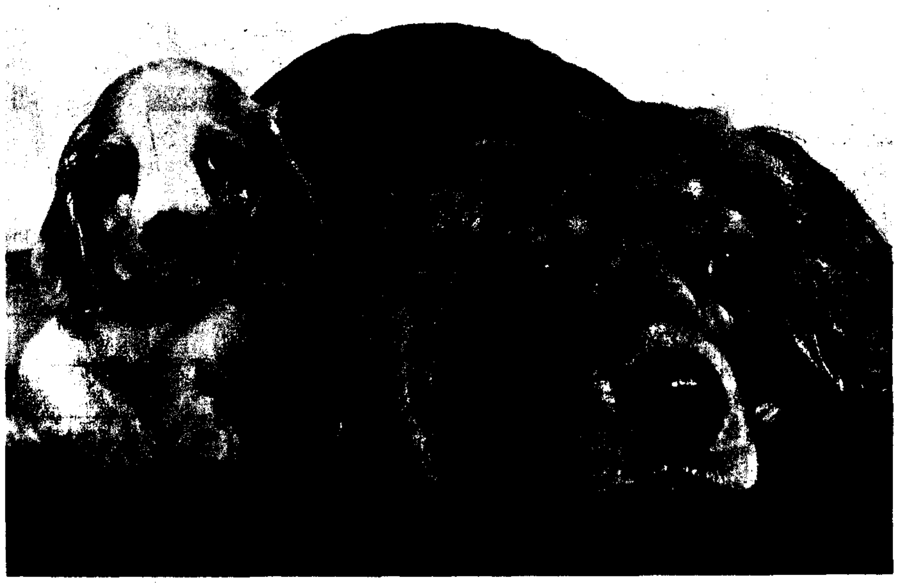

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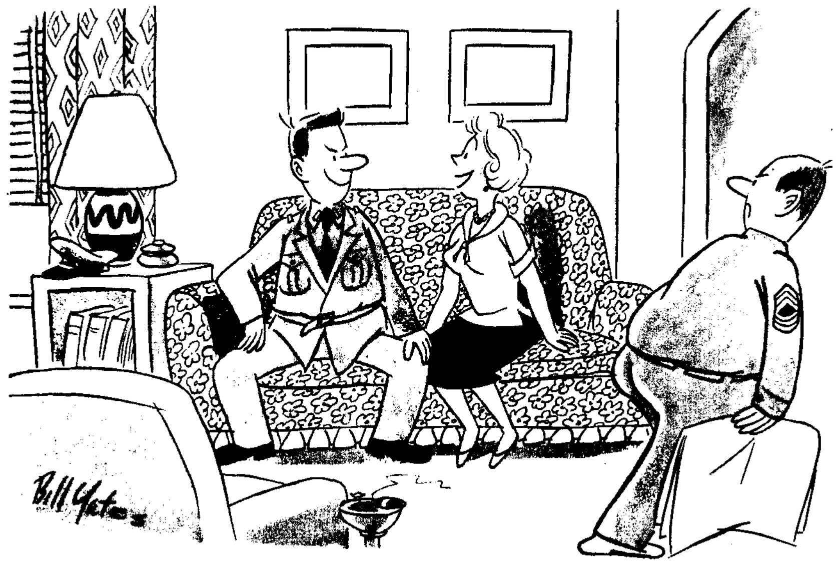


COLLIER'S "I thought that was cute, the way you ordered Daddy to leave the room!" BILL YATES

experience. He kept saying, "If you spent a week end with me, there must have been week ends with other men. How many others?"

The wife, very much in love with her husband, was at first hurt, then resentful. But the thought of the week end continued to obsess him. It froze him up every time he attempted marital relations. He would shout, "You're not worthy of being the mother of my children!" Soon the tension became so great that it affected his work in the Army, and after his discharge his doctor sent him to see us. The case was one of those in which there was nothing we could do but refer him to psychiatric help. The wife got a divorce and the husband currently is trying the care of a psychoanalyst.

It is extremely risky to attempt to predict what might have happened in so complex a situation had the new Kinsey book been available then, but there is one interesting section of the new report that might have done some good. Of those married women who had a premarital experience, nearly half had it with only one man—the man they later married. Perhaps that fact might have provided solid ground for the captain to stand on, so that he might not have been so upset by this particular premarital experience—or at least might have been able to talk it out with a marriage counselor.

The Problem of "Frigid" Wives

On the basis of past experience, we expect to make the greatest use of the new Kinsey book in cases involving supposed frigidity in women. The problem is quite common among the one in ten married couples who bring sex difficulties to the Marriage Council. The story almost always is the same. The husband says, "I love my wife. She's neat, capable and pretty, and we don't have any financial problems. Everything should be wonderful, but somehow I just can't make my wife respond to me. I can't stand it. I love her, but I can't spend the rest of my life with her." Or the wife comes in and says, "I'm afraid I'm one of that big group of frigid women you read about. I'm scared. I don't know what to do."

It's true that, in the past, there have been estimates that as many as 75 per cent of American women are frigid. Dr. Kinsey challenges those figures. His facts indicate that the number may be as low as 28 per cent among unmarried women and no more than 15 pe cent among those who are marrie Our experience bears him out. In th cases we encounter, it usually develop that, although the woman never has a tained a climax in her marital relation she used to become aroused during pe ting before marriage, sometimes eve achieving complete satisfaction. Th point, of course, is that she can't b frigid if she has ever had such an e perience.

Then what has caused her lack c marital response? Little by little th story comes out. The husband tells u he believes marital relations should b carried out in a certain specific way that any variation is never practiced b nice people who respect one anothe Then we ask if they still engage in mu tual caressing, as they did before the were married. No, he says, nice peopl don't do that after they're married. Hi wife, obviously, isn't frigid; she isn responding simply because she isn receiving the stimulation necessary t *make* her respond.

Now, armed with Dr. Kinsey's find ings, we'll be able to educate such peo ple. (Again, the new Kinsey book wil be no magic cure-all, but it is an im portant additional aid.)

In many areas of sexual experience like these frigidity problems, Dr. Kin sey has confirmed theories which man of us in the counseling field hav worked out by trial and error in ou clinical work. We learned long ago for example, that women who are no otherwise aroused sometimes can b stimulated by reading beautiful lov stories together with their husbands Sure enough, the new Kinsey Repor shows that while women rarely re spond to the stimulation of imagery they do react to "stimulation by liter ary materials."

On the other hand, there is much in the new book that we professionals dic *not* know. Counselors often have bee puzzled by women who say, "I don' know what's the matter with me, but I find myself thinking of recipes and household duties during relations with my husband." This has often been thought an abnormality that might lead to serious anxieties in both the husband and the wife.

Now Dr. Kinsey has provided important information. He reports that since few women are stimulated by mental imagery, it is easy for them to be distracted when the physical stimulation is interrupted by husbands in clumsy efforts to prolong the experiɜ. Thinking of recipes or house- i duties apparently isn't abnormal ll. This new knowledge should help nselors in dealing with the unwit- ; clumsiness of men.

ɜut there are other revelations in the ' Kinsey Report which are not so / for us to absorb. As a thoughtful fessional person, I must admit a ing of humility and helplessness in face of some of the new facts. First, ugh the book will help us under- ıd reactions and behavior that have en rise to a lot of pain and dis- bance, it also will *cause* a lot of n and disturbance.

.sbands Who Will Be Dismayed

Many inhibited American husbands o are overwhelmed by the demands their wives—and to whom divorce ks like the only solution—will be mayed at the new theory that women potentially sexually responsive in way that men are.

Then there is the saddest figure of the genuinely frigid woman. Until v she has taken refuge in the sup- ition that she was in the majority— t it's normal for a "ladylike" woman be unresponding. But now the Kin- findings indicate she's part of a atively small minority. Her sense of urity may be badly shaken as she uggles to readjust to the new sit- ion.

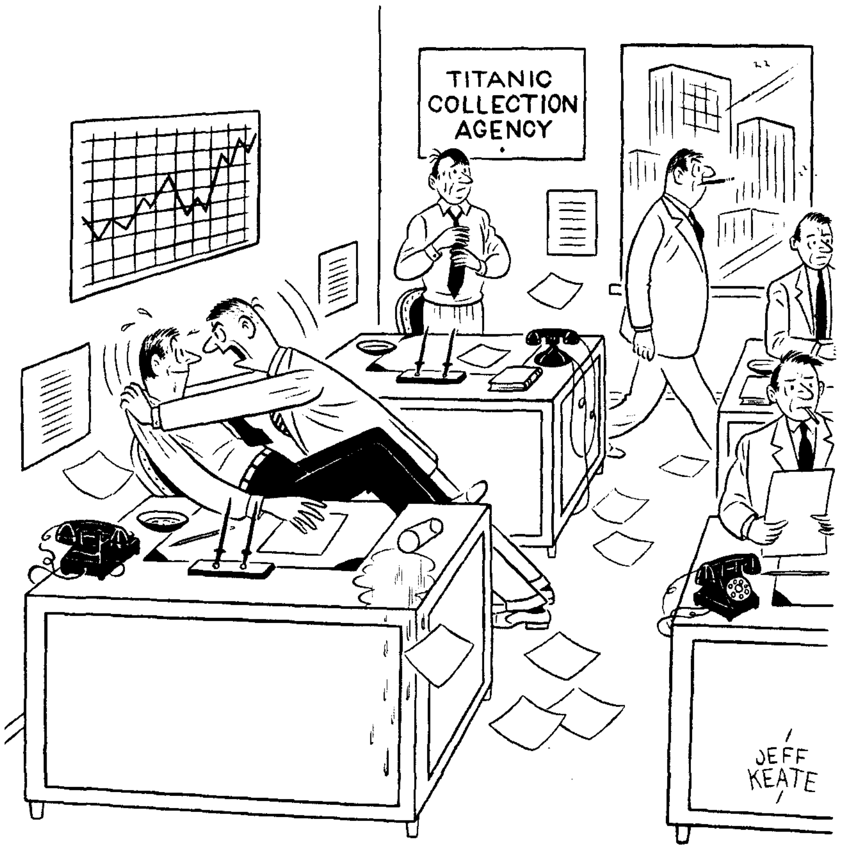
Such tragic figures raise many ques- ns for all of us. If, as Dr. Kinsey licates, the frigid woman is a prod- : of our civilization, shouldn't we to learn what in her environment to her plight?

And we counselors—what do we do en an engaged couple comes to us premarital advice, and the Kinsey ideposts indicate that the girl may frigid? Is it our duty to warn the ɔom-to-be? Or should we remain ɜnt, despite our suspicion that the ırriage may be destined for trouble? The principal job of experts in my d is to help people adjust. But in ht of the new Kinsey facts we must now ask, "Adjust to *what?* If we accept all of the Kinsey findings, average behavior often runs counter to the concepts of morality on which our Western culture is based. Dr. Kinsey infers from his statistics, for example, that a completed sexual feeling in some form *before* marriage helps women achieve satisfaction more quickly *in* marriage. Yet we counselors obviously can't translate that into advice for young girls; they still must live within certain codes and mores, and openly flouting them might lead to even greater unhappiness.

It's not surprising that Dr. Kinsey's Sexual Behavior in the Human Female is being described as one of the most controversial books of our age. Fundamentally, it is a magnificent piece of basic research which will be used by scholars for years to come as a jumping-off place for further studies. It and its companion volume give us the fullest set of facts we have at the moment on the subject of human sexual behavior. We still don't understand the implications of some of the facts; others may be disproved later on; and we may never find a practical application for much of the material. But the book should make us at least review some of the codes and mores that were set up before we knew the facts.

Certainly the new Kinsey Report should bring happiness to far more people than it may hurt, and it could even change important aspects of our culture. Several of my colleagues have commented, "Don't be surprised if in the next few years you see a quiet revolution in America, with more and more thinking parents encouraging their children to marry very young—to spare them the frustrations of having no permissible sex outlet during the peak years of their desires."

If this and other significant changes do take place in our culture, it will be difficult to believe that people once asked: "Why would an important scientist like Dr. Kinsey spend fifteen years of his life studying a distasteful subject like sex?" ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "One of the boys is ill, Ed, and we're taking up a little office collection . . ." JEFF KEATE

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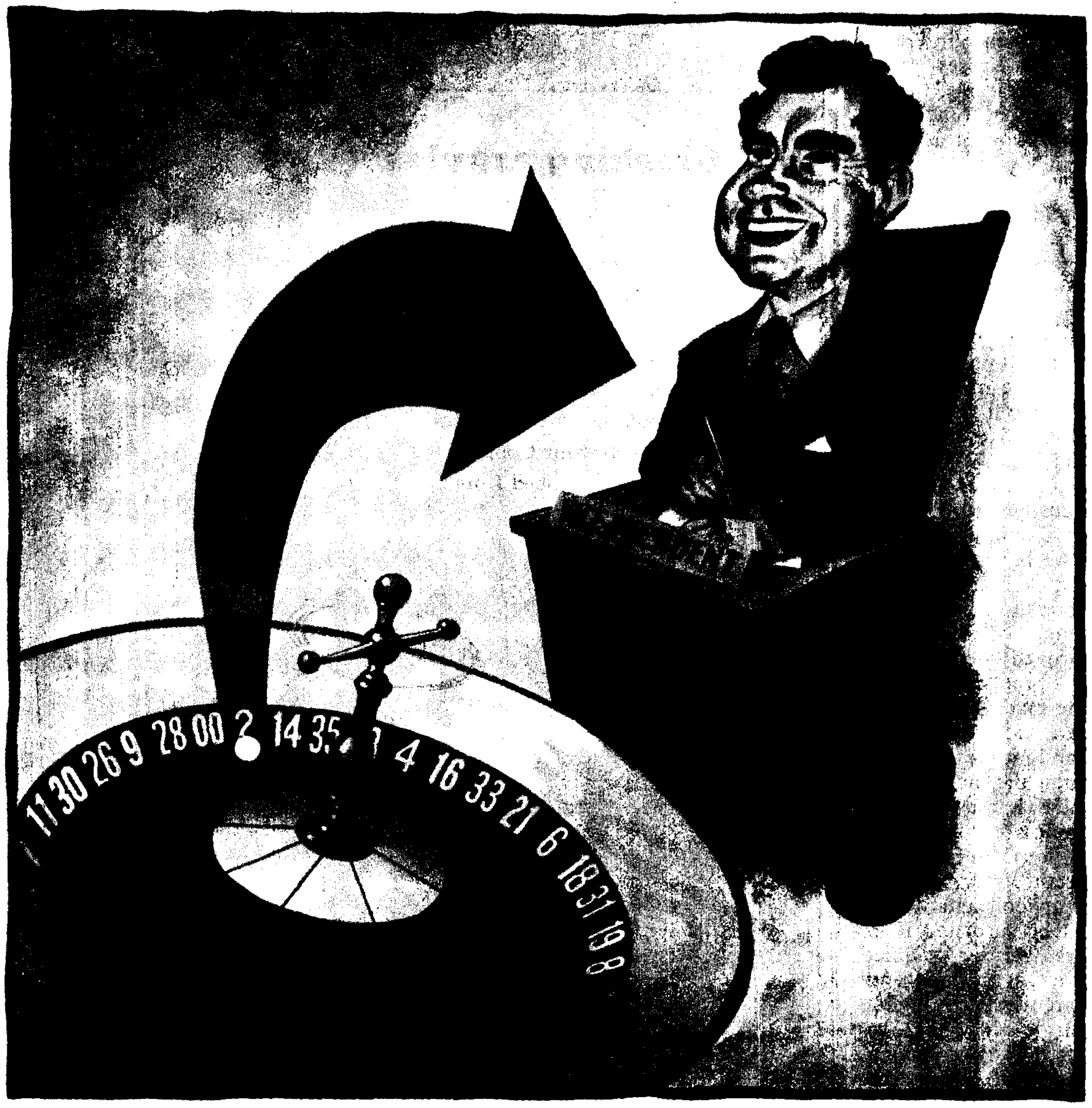

LOWELL HESS

Good Man—Bad Method

RECENTLY we have been hearing and reading a number of comments on the better-than-good job that Richard M. Nixon is doing as Vice-President. This praise from experienced observers is encouraging for several reasons. One is that Mr. Nixon has ridden out the rather unfortunate publicity that attended his campaign last year and has settled down with unspectacular diligence to the duties of his office. But perhaps the greatest encouragement lies in the fact that a capable younger man is on hand to continue the liaison work between Congress and the White House in which he was aided so skillfully, though for so unhappily brief a time, by the late Senator Robert A. Taft.

The Vice-Presidency is "a hybrid in the government," as The New York Times's Arthur Krock has put it, since the Vice-President is both an executive and a legislative officer. His chief duty, of course, is to preside over the Senate. But in recent years Presidents have taken to assigning their possible successors important tasks at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, such as membership in the National Security Council, for example.

President Eisenhower has given Mr. Nixon a particularly large load of responsibility, doubtless because the Vice-President, for all his comparative youth, is an experienced politician who has served in both Houses of Congress, while the President and his Cabinet are pretty largely political amateurs. Mr. Nixon's experience has paid off in helping to compose some rather serious differences within the G.O.P. which were reflected in White House-Congress relations. Among the differences were the contrasting attitudes and political philosophy of the President and Senator McCarthy, and the bitter opposition of Representative Reed to Mr. Eisenhower's request for an extension of the excess profits tax.

In these and other instances Mr. Nixon, along with Senator Taft, did much to avoid an open break and to counsel the new executives and administrators in their dealings with the legislative branch of the government. We think the country can count itself fortunate in having so able and energetic a man in its service.

Let's Choose, Not Gamble

Speaking of V.P.'s, we still believe that it should not be simply a matter of chance whether the United States has a competent or incompetent man in the Vice-President's chair.

A few weeks before the 1952 conventions we published an editorial titled No More Throttlebottoms, in which we said, as regards the Vice-Presidency, "The selection of the candidate —or rather the convention's confirmation of the candidate already picked by the Presidential nominee and party bosses—is almost always a hurried afterthought. . . . This is the time-honored way of doing things, but we think it's wrong."

We still think it's wrong, even though our present V.P.'s record to date seems excellent. It appears that the party leaders settled on a good man for the number two spot on the ticket. But that isn't the way the man who may become President should be picked. The choice of government leaders should not be in the hands of the few, but should be entrusted to the collective wisdom of the majority of the nation's citizens.

So we say, as we have said before, that every state which does not now have preferential Presidential primaries should adopt them, and the candidates for Vice-President as well as President should be chosen by the conventions in the light of the popular will. If we are to have democratic elections, then let us do it democratically the whole way.

Help the Honest Cop

A FEW YEARS AGO a hopeful soul, whose name has long since escaped us, launched the admirable project of publishing a newspaper in which crime, violence and corruption would be ignored, and only good deeds and good news would be noted. Needless to say, the project failed swiftly, and for two good reasons.

The first, and most hopeful, is that kindness, decency and orderly abidance by the law are happily so common and normal that they aren't interesting reading. The second is that news of crime, violence and corruption does more than satisfy curiosity. Frequently it calls necessary attention to situations which demand action by the community. Such reporting is an indispensable part of law enforcement.

That is the reason why we are publishing Albert Deutsch's series of articles on The Plight of the Honest Cop, which begins in this issue. The articles deal largely with dishonesty in the police forces of many cities, and with the causes of that dishonesty. But it deals with them in an effort to show that, what with generally low salaries, the ever-present temptation of graft, and public apathy, it is a fortunate miracle that there are after all so many honest cops.

So we should like to re-emphasize and underline Mr. Deutsch's point that honest men make up the great majority of American police officers, and that they deserve and have earned the respect of their communities.

As Mr. Deutsch puts it, "Hardly a week passes that does not see a police officer, somewhere in these United States, become a martyr to the public safety. The myriad acts of kindness, courtesy, skill and courage that occur daily in police routine all over the country seldom get press notice; front-page space is more usually reserved for the cop who betrays the public trust."

The venal police officer and the criminal elements which are responsible for his venality are matters of public concern and, to a great extent, of public responsibility. But the pervading integrity of police throughout the country should never be forgotten by a nation of grateful citizens.

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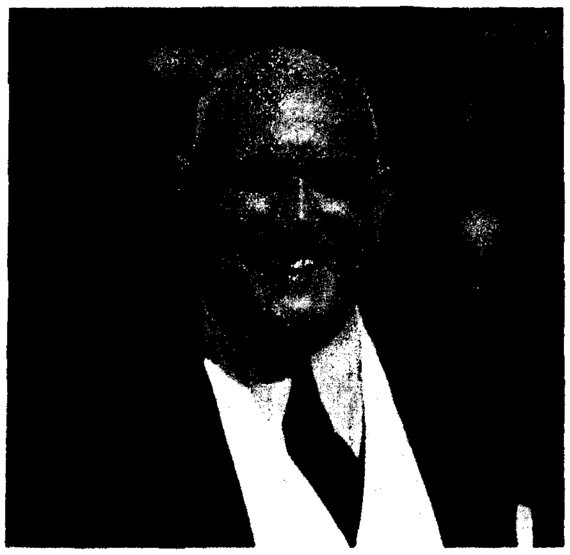

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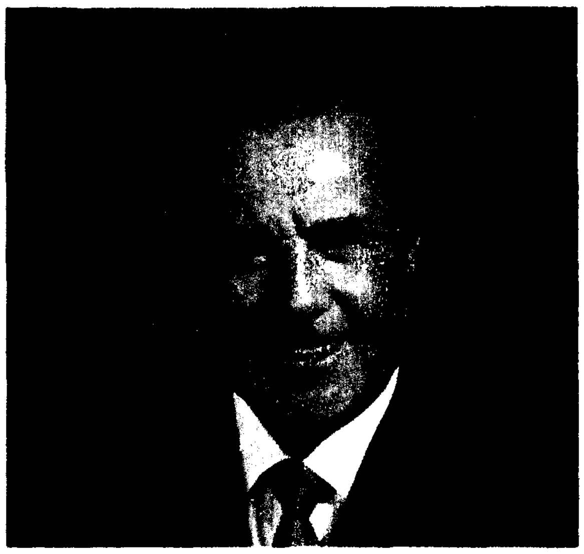

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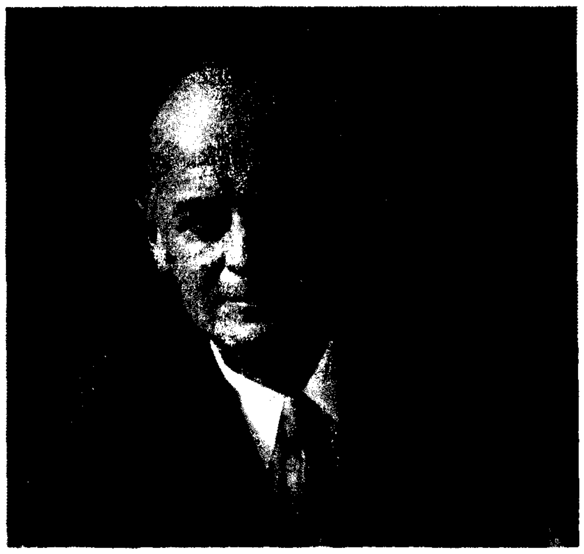

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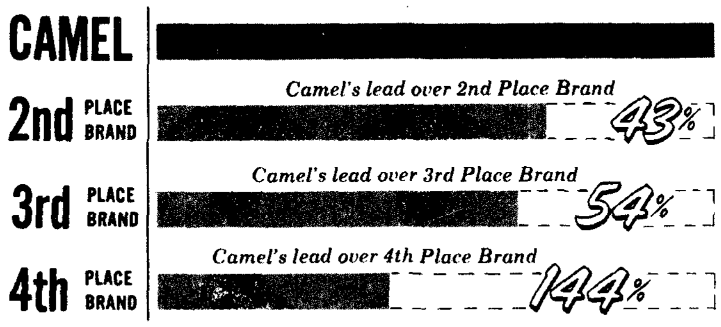

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